

AIYANGAR COLLECTION

WAVERLEY NOVELS

Centenary Edition

VOL. V.



THE OLD MOUNTAINEER

About the beginning of this century he climbed his nearest hills, being killed on the highway, exhausted and feet swollen.

The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying mountaineer.

OLD MORTALITY

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.



EDINBURGH: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

1870

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1870

TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY JEREMIAH CLERKHOOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH CLERK OF SANDHURST.

FIRST SERIES.

Here, Land o' Cakes and butter Buns,
From Mallowish to Johnny Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I wad ye mend it;
A shillie among yon tatter' mites,
An' think he'll mend it!
Nonsense.

*Adieu, then, Adieu et Dieu: breathe, your delight, adieu, then, for
the pale eye: Que un plus, respectueux, yachante un moment, au d'
de son merveilleux rôle, arrive au sein d'adieu, y adieu, adieu, adieu
elle, son, Adieu, grand, y son, grand, de son, grand, de son, grand, de son,
adieu.—Don Giovanni, Para L. Caplanova.*

It is nighty well, and the priest: yep, half, being no more, look,
for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, toward the heart, and
going to his chamber, he brought out a little old scholar, with a quill
and stick to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some
manuscript papers, which he a few minutes.—[Jury's Foundation.

TO
HIS LOVING COUNTRYMEN,
WHETHER THEY ARE DENOMINATED
KIDS OF THE SOUTH, GENTLEMEN OF THE NORTH,
PEOPLE OF THE WEST, OR FOLK OF THE
THESE TALES,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANCIENT MOUNTAIN HANDBS, AND OF
THE TRADITIONS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE DISTRICTS,
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THEIR FRIEND AND MORE FELLOW-SCHOLAR,
JEREMIAH CLEGGHODHAM.



INTRODUCTION

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THE TALKS of MY LANDLORD.

FIRST SERIES.—THE BLACK DUFFLE & OLD MORTALITY.



As I may, without vanity, presume that the names and official descriptions prefixed to this Process will secure it, from the select and reflecting part of mankind, to whom only I would be understood to address myself, such attention as is due to the zealous instructor of youth, and the careful performer of my Sabbath duties, I will labour to hold up a mirror to the daylight, or to point out to the judicious these recommendations of my labours which they must necessarily anticipate from the perusal of the volume. Nevertheless, I am not unaware, that, as Every always says Mark at the head, there may be those who will object, that whilst my learning and good principles cannot (blessed be the heavens!) be denied by any one, yet that my situation at Gloucestershire hath been more favourable to my acquisitions in learning than to the enlargement of my views of the ways and works of the present generation. To the which objection, if, peradventure, any such shall be started, my answer shall be thorough:—

[B. 2.—The Black Duff has been transferred to vol. vi.]

VOL. V.

B

First, *Glasburgh* is, as it were, the central part—the wheel (if for so I dare) of this our native-rod of Scotland; so that men, from every corner thereof, when travelling on their errandments of business, either towards our metropolis of law, by which I mean *Edinburgh*, or towards our metropolis and mart of gain, whither I intimate *Glasgow*, are frequently led to make *Glasburgh* their abiding stops and place of rest for the night. And it need be acknowledged by the most impartial, that I, who have sat in the leather arm-chairs, on the left-hand side of the fire, in the common room of the *Wallace Inn*, winter and summer, for every evening in my life, during forty years (except the Christian Sabbath only excepted), must have seen more of the manners and customs of various tribes and people, than if I had sought them out by my own painful travel and bodily labour. Even as both the tellers at the well-frequented inn-panels on the *Wallace-hall*, sitting at his ease in his own dwelling, gather more receipt of custom, than if, moving forth upon the road, he were to require a contribution from each person whom he chance to meet in his journey, when, according to the vulgar adage, he might possibly be greeted with more looks than language.

But, naturally, supposing it again asked, that *Flintus*, the most wise of the Greeks, acquired his renown, as the Romans poet hath named us, by visiting states and men, I reply to the Enquirer who shall adhere to this objection, that, in fact, I have seen states and men also; for I have visited the famous cities of *Edinburgh* and *Glasgow*, the former twice, and the latter three times, in the course of my worthy pilgrimages. And, moreover, I had the honour to sit in the General Assembly (meaning, as an auditor, in the gallery thereof), and have heard as much goodly speaking on the law of patronage, as, with the justification thereof in mine own understanding, hath made me be considered as an oracle upon that doctrine ever since my safe and happy return to *Glasburgh*.

Again—and finally, if it be nevertheless pretended that my information and knowledge of mankind, however extensive, and however painfully acquired, by constant domestic inquiry, and by foreign travel, is, without, incompetent to the task of recording the pleasant narrative of my *London*, I will let those critics loose, to their own eternal shame and confusion, as well as to the abashment and discomfort of all who shall rashly take up a song against me, that I am not the writer, redactor, or compiler, of the *Tales of my London*; nor am I, in one single line, answerable for their contents, more or less. And now, ye generation of critics, who raise yourselves

up as if it were brass expands, to him with your tongue, and to make with your stings, how yourselves drive to your native dust, and acknowledge that you have been the thoughts of ignorance, and the words of vain foolishness. Let ye are caught to your own snare, and your own pit hath passed for you. Turn, then, aside from the task that is too heavy for you; destroy not your teeth by gnawing a flint; waste not your strength by quarreling against a castle wall; nor spend your breath in contending in trifles with a flat steel; and let them weigh the Tides of my Landlord, who shall bring with them the scales of wisdom, cleaved from the rust of prejudice by the hands of intelligent society. For those alone they were compiled, as will appear from a brief narrative which my text for truth compelled me to make supplementary to the present Poem.

It is well known that my Landlord was a pleasing and a fastidious man, acceptable unto all the parish of Clonsillaugh, excepting only the Laird, the Enclosure, and those for whom he refused to draw liquor upon trust. Their causes of dislike I will touch separately, adding my own reflections thereon.

His house, the Laird, accused my Landlord, deceased, of having encouraged, in various times and places, the destruction of horses, rabbits, fowls black and grey, partridges, mag-picks, waders, and other birds and quadrupeds, at unseasonable seasons, and contrary to the laws of this realm, which have secured, in their wisdom, the slaughter of such animals for the good of the earth, whom I have remarked to take an uncommon (though to me, an unsatisfactory) pleasure therein. Now, in defiance to his house, and in justifiable defence of my friend deceased, I reply to this charge, that however the form of such animals might appear to be similar to those so protected by the law, yet it was a more despicable vice; for what resembled horses more, in fact, kill-hills, and those partaking of the appearance of mag-picks, were truly wood-pigeons, and common and taken on turf-lands, and not otherwise.

Again, the Enclosure protested, that my deceased Landlord did encourage that species of manufactory called distillation, without having an especial permission from the Great, technically called a license, for doing so. Now, I stand up to confront this falsehood; and, in defiance of him, his pompous-ship, and you and others, I tell him, that I never saw, or tasted, a glass of unseasonal aqua vitae in the house of my Landlord; nay, that, on the contrary, we needed not such drinks, in respect of a pleasing and somewhat salutiferous liquor, which was vended and consumed at the Wallace Inn, under

the name of mountain dew. If there is a penalty against manufacturing such a liquor, let him draw out the statute; and when he does, I'll tell him if I still obey it or no.

Concerning those who came to my Landlord for liquor, and were thirty times, for lack of present coin, or future credit, I cannot but say it has proved my benefit as if the case had been mine own. Nevertheless, my Landlord considered the necessity of a thirty mark, and would permit them, in extreme want, and when their need was supererogated for lack of wasters, to drink to the full value of their wares and wearing apparel, and make up of their inferior habilitaments, which he was uniformly inexorable in obliging them to return, for the credit of the house. As to mine own part, I may well say that he never refused me that measure of refreshment with which I was wont to reward wasters after the fatigue of my school. It is true, I taught his few sons English and Latin, writing, book-keeping, with a tincture of mathematics, and that I instructed his daughter in penmanship. Nor do I remember me of any far or honourable service from him on account of these my labours, except the computation afforded;—nevertheless, this computation raised my humour well, since it is a hard measure to bid a dry throat wait till quarter-day.

Not, truly, were I to speak my simple conceits and belief, I think my Landlord was chiefly moved to value in my behalf the usual reputation of a scholar, or scholarship, from the pleasure he was wont to take in my conversation, which, though cold and abiding in the main, was, like a well-built palace, decorated with fastidious narratives and devices, leading much to the enjoyment and amusement thereof. And so pleased was my Landlord of the Wealth in his raptures during such colloquies, that there was no district in Scotland, yet, and no possible end, as it were, distinctive reason therein perceived, but was deemed laudable as; inasmuch, that there was also by once went to say, it was worth a bottle of ale to hear us conversants with each other. And not a few travellers, from distant parts, as well as from the remote districts of our kingdom, were wont to stoop in the conversation, and to tell news that had been gathered in foreign lands, or gathered from others in this our own.

Now, I thought to have contracted for teaching the lower classes with a young person called Pate, or Patieck, Pattison, who had been educated for our Holy Kirk,—yes, had, by the license of Presbytery, his voice against therein as a preacher,—who delighted in the collection of olden tales and legends, and in parading them with the flourish of pomp, whom he was a vain and frivolous professor;

for he followed not the example of those strong poets whom I proposed to him as a pattern, but formal verification of a fixed and modern scheme, to the compensating whereby was necessary small pains and less thought. And hence I have said him as being one of those who bring forward the fatal revolution prophesied by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in his *Pastiches on the Death of the celebrated Dr. John Donne*:

*Now thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry;
Fill verse (by the bygone) in this last age
Thou hast shaped.*

I had also disputes with him touching his inclining rather to a flowing and volubility than a concise and stately diction in his prose compositions. But notwithstanding these symptoms of inferior taste, and a manner of contradicting his letters upon passages of dubious construction in Latin authors, I did seriously lament when Peter Pattison was removed from me by death, even as if he had been the offspring of my own loins. And in respect his papers had been left in my care (to answer funeral and deathbed expenses) I carefully sought to dispose of my parent thereof, entitled, "Tales of my Landlord," to one running in the track (as it is called) of bookkeeping. He was a somewhat rare, of small stature, running in counterfeiting of coins, and in making fraudulent tales and responses, and whom I have to hand for the truth of his dealings towards me.

Now, therefore, the world may say the injustice that charges me with iniquity to write these narratives, saying, that though I have protested that I could have written them if I would, yet, not having done so, the answer will inevitably fall, if at all due, upon the memory of Mr. Peter Pattison; whereas I must be justly entitled to the praise, when any is due, saying that, as the Dean of St. Patrick's wittily and logically expressed it,—

*That without which a thing is not,
Is Cause and yet not.*

The work, therefore, is made me as a child is to a parent; in the which child, if it prove worthy, the parent hath honour and praise; but, if otherwise, the disgrace will necessarily attach to itself alone.

I have only further to intimate, that Mr. Peter Pattison, in arranging these Tales for the press, hath more consulted his own fancy than the accuracy of the narrative; nay, that he hath sometimes

blended two or three stories together for the sake of brevity of his plot-line, of which I disapproved, although I disapproved not what my testimony against it, yet I have not taken upon me to correct the error, in respect it was the will of the deceased that his manuscript should be submitted to the press without discrimination or abridgement. I feared, indeed, it was on the part of my deceased friend, who, if thinking wisely, might rather to have engaged me, by all the tender ties of our friendship and common parents, to have carefully revised, altered, and augmented, at my judgment and discretion, that the will of the dead must be scrupulously obeyed, even when we may see their personality and infelicity. So, gentle reader, I bid you farewell, recommending you to seek for in the materials of your own country produce; and I will only further promise, that each tale is preceded by a short introduction, mentioning the persons by whom, and the circumstances under which, the materials thereof were collected.

JEREMIAH CLARKE-WHITE.



MINERAL SPECIMEN BY MR. HOWE.

INTRODUCTION TO OLD MORTALITY.

1830.

THE remarkable person called by the title of *Old Mortality* was well known in Scotland about the end of the last century. His real name was Robert Fergusson. He was a native, it is said, of the parish of Clachura in Dumfriesshire, and probably a weaver by profession—not least adapted to the use of the distaff. Whether *frankly dissensions*, or the deep and enthusiastic feeling of *supposed duty*, drove him to leave his dwelling, and adopt the itinerant mode of life in which he wandered, like a peevish, through Scotland, is not known. It could not be poverty, however, which prompted his jaunts, for he never accepted anything beyond the hospitality which was willingly rendered him, and when that was not preferred, he always had money enough to provide for his own humble wants. His personal appearance, and severity, or rather mild, appearance are accurately described in the preliminary chapter of the following work.

It is about thirty years since or more that the author met this singular person in the churchyard of Dumnotter, when spending a day or two with the late learned and excellent clergyman Mr. Waller, the minister of that parish, for the purpose of a close examination of the ruins of the Castle of Dumnotter, and other subjects of antiquarian research in that neighbourhood. *Old Mortality* seemed to be at the same place on the usual business of his pilgrimages; for the Castle of Dumnotter, though lying in the anti-conventual district of the Marston, was, with the parish churchyard, celebrated for the oppressive mutilated stone by the Government in the time of James II.

It was in 1688, when Apple was threatening a descent upon Scotland, and Monmouth was preparing to invade the west of England, that the Privy Council of Scotland, with great precipitation, made a general arrest of more than a hundred persons in the southern and western provinces, supposed, from their religious principles, to be inclined to Government, together with many women and children. These captives were driven northward like a flock of huddles, but with

less protection to provide for their wants, and finally perished up in a subterranean dungeon in the Castle of Doune, leaving a window opening to the front of a porch which overhangs the Ocean Ocean. They had suffered not a little on the journey, and even death had both at the sight of the northern prisoners, and the music, pipes, and spontaneous songs played by the soldiers and sailors who had come from every quarter as they passed, to triumph over the cruelty of their sailing. The ropes which the maliciously dangerous afforded them was nothing but well-observed. The guards made them pay for every indulgence, even that of water; and when some of the prisoners resisted a demand as unreasonable, and insisted on their right to have this necessary of life returned, their keepers replied the water on the prison floor, saying, "If they were obliged to bring water for the country ships, they were not bound to afford them the use of boats or pilchard boats."

In this prison, which is still termed the *Whigs' Frock*, several died of the disease incidental to such a situation; and others broke their limbs and incurred fatal injury in desperate attempts to escape from their stern imprisonment. Over the graves of these unhappy persons their friends, after the Revolution, erected a monument with a suitable inscription.

This peculiar strain of the *Whig* martyrs is very much honoured by their descendants, though residing at a great distance from the land of their captivity and death. My friend, the Rev. Mr. Walker, told me, that being once upon a tour in the north of Scotland, probably about forty years since, he had the best luck to involve himself in the labyrinth of passages and tracks which cross in every direction the extensive waste called *Luther Moor*, near Dunfermline, one of which it is scarcely possible for a stranger to extricate himself; and there was no small difficulty in procuring a guide, since such people as he was were engaged in slipping their paths—a work of permanent necessity, which will hardly find interruption. Mr. Walker could, therefore, only proceed unobscuredly in the northern breeze, which blows steadily from that of the Atlantic. He was beginning to think himself in a serious dilemma, when he started his car to a farmer of rather the better class, who was employed, on the station, in slipping his winter feed. The old man at first made the same excuse with those who had already declined, saying on the traveller's point; but perceiving him in great perplexity, and paying the respect due to his profession, "You are a slippyman, air?" he said. Mr. Walker started. "And I shure from your speech that you are from the

north!"—"You are right, my good friend," was the reply. "And may I ask if you have ever heard of a place called *Dunrobin*?"—"I ought to know something about it, my friend," said Mr. Walker, "since I have been several years the minister of the parish."—"I am glad to hear it," said the Dissentist, "for one of my near relations has lived there, and there is, I believe, a monument over his grave. I would give half of what I am ought to know if it is still in existence."—"He was one of those who perished in the *Whig's* *Funst* at the castle?" said the minister; "for there are five coachmen's bodies lying in one shroud-pile, and none, I think, having names."—"Even one—even one," said the old Dissentist, for such was the former. He then laid down his glass, sat on his seat, and heartily offered to see the minister out of the room, if he should lose the rest of the day's charge. Mr. Walker was able to requite him amply, in his opinion, by setting the *epitaph*, which he remembered by heart. The old man was conducted with *gliding* the memory of his grandfather, or great-grandfather, faithfully recorded amongst the names of brother sufferers; and rejecting all other offers of recompense, only requested, after he had guided Mr. Walker to a safe and dry road, that he would let him have a written copy of the inscription.

It was whilst I was listening to this story, and looking at the monument referred to, that I saw Old Mortality engaged in his daily task of cleaning and repairing the ornaments and epitaphs upon the tomb. His appearance and equipment were exactly as described in the *Novel*. I was very desirous to see something of a person so singular, and expected to have done so, as he took up his quarters with the hospitable and liberal-spirited minister. But though Mr. Walker tucked him up after dinner in *portals* of a glass of spirits and water, to which he was supposed not to be very warm, yet he would not speak freely upon the subject of his occupation. He was too hot humour, and had, according to his phrase, no freedom for conversation with us.

His spirit had been awfully roused by hearing in a certain *Abode* that the postively directed by a pitch-pipe, or some similar instrument, which was to Old Mortality the demonstration of absurdities. Perhaps, after all, he did not feel himself at ease with his company; he might suspect the question asked by a north-country minister and a young barrister to answer more of his curiosity than profit. At any rate, in the phrase of John Bunyan, Old Mortality went on his way, and I saw him no more.

The remarkable figure and occupation of this ancient palatine was

recalled to my memory by an account transmitted by my friend Mr. Joseph Train, supervisor of works at Dinan, to whom I owe many obligations of a similar nature. From this, besides some other circumstances, among which are those of the old man's death, I traced the particulars described in the text. I am also informed that the old peasant's family, in the third generation, survives, and is highly respected both for talents and worth.*

While these sheets were passing through the press, I received the following communication from Mr. Train, whose venerable kinsman had, during the intervals of laborious duty, collected the materials from an indelible source:—

"In the course of my periodical visits to the Oratoire, I have become intimately acquainted with Robert Paterson, a son of Old Mortality, who lives in the little village of Elnorshillan; and although he is now in the 70th year of his age, preserves all the vivacity of youth—has a most retentive memory, and a mind stored with information far above what could be expected from a person in his station of life. To him I am indebted for the following particulars relative to his father and his descendants down to the present time.

"Robert Paterson, alias Old Mortality, was the son of Walter Paterson and Margaret Scott, who accepted the form of Wesleyism, in the parish of Hawick, during nearly the first half of the eighteenth century. Here Robert was born, in the memorable year 1712.

"Being the youngest son of a numerous family, he, at an early age, went to serve with an older brother, named Francis, who resided from Sir John Jardine of Applegarth a small tract in Glenvalle Moor, near Lichemden. During his residence there he became acquainted with Elizabeth Gray, daughter of Robert Gray, pastor in Sir John Jardine, whom he afterwards married. His wife had been for a considerable time a maid-servant to Sir Thomas Ridgpatrick of Chesham, who procured for her husband, from the Duke of Queensberry, an advantageous lease of the freehold grounds of Gathelubrigg, in the parish of Hawick. Here he built a house, and had as much land as kept a horse and cow. My informant cannot say, with certainty, the year in which his father took up his residence at Gathelubrigg, but he is sure it must have been only a short time prior to the year 1746, as, during the memorable first in 1746, he says his mother still resided in the service of Sir Thomas Ridgpatrick. When the Highlanders were returning from England on their route to

* (See the Introduction to the Description of the Oratoire, vol. iii.)

Glasgow, in the year 1744-5, they plundered Mr. Paterson's house at Gorbalsbridge, and carried him a prisoner as far as Glasgow, merely because he said to one of the struggling army that their retreat might have been easily forced, on the strong arm of the Lord was evidently relied, not only against the bloody and wicked house of Stuart, but against all who attempted to support the abominable heresies of the Church of Rome. From this circumstance it appears that Old Mortality had, even at that early period of his life, imbibed the religious enthusiasm by which he afterwards became so much distinguished.

* The religious sect called *Kill-men*, or *Conventuals*, one of that they much valued for austerity and devotion, in imitation of *Chambers* their founder, of whose tenets Old Mortality became a most strenuous supporter. He made frequent journeys into Galloway to attend their convocations, and occasionally carried with him guests from his quarry at Gorbalsbridge to lay in remembrance the righteous whom that land had been gathered to their fathers. Old Mortality was not one of those religious devotees who, although one eye is seemingly turned towards heaven, keep the other steadfastly fixed on some earthly object. As his enthusiasm increased, his journeys into Galloway became more frequent; and he gradually neglected even the common gradual duty of providing for his offspring. From about the year 1758 he neglected wholly to return from Galloway to his wife and five children at Gorbalsbridge, which induced her to send her eldest son, Walter, then only twelve years of age, to Galloway, in search of his father. After traversing nearly the whole of that extensive district, from the *Mirk of Bonnyton* to the *Fell of Bervillan*, he found him at last working on the Conventual monuments in the old *Belisard* of *Nichtchrist*, on the west side of the *Dee*, opposite the town of *Nichtnabright*. The little wanderer used all the influence in his power to induce his father to return to his family; but in vain. Mrs. Paterson sent even some of her female children into Galloway in search of their father, for the same purpose of persuading him to return home; but without any success. At last, in the summer of 1762, she removed to the little upland village of *Balmachellon*, in the *Glenhead* of Galloway, where, upon the small pension derived from keeping a little school, she supported her numerous family in a respectable manner.

WALK AT THE HOUSE

OF JAMES MCCORMIE IN CHURCH OF CONVENTUALS
AND WHO DIED MAY 1760 AGED 68

* There is a small monumental stone in the form of the *Chalice*,

near the House of the HM in Wilmshurst, which is highly venerated as being the first erected by Old Mortality in the memory of several persons who fell at that place in defence of their religious beliefs in the civil war, in the reign of Charles Second.*

"From the Cadden, the labours of Old Mortality, in the course of time, spread over nearly all the Counties of Scotland. There are few churchyards in Ayrshire, Galloway, or Dumfriesshire, where the work of his chisel is not yet to be seen. It is easily distinguished from the work of any other artist by the primitive rudeness of the outlines of death, and of the inscriptions which adorn the ill-formed blocks of his creation. This task of squaring and erecting gravestones, practised without fee or reward, was the only tolerable employment of this singular person for upwards of forty years. The door of every Quaker's house was indeed open to him at all times when he chose to enter, and he was gladly received as an inmate of the family; but he did not invariably accept of their civilities, as may be seen by the following account of his funeral expenses, found amongst other little papers (some of which I have thrown in my possession) in his pocket-book after his death:—

* *Calendar of Fact*, 181, February 1791.

Receipts & Payments after to MARYANN CROFTON.

To days Lodgings for seven weeks	£0	4	1
To Nine Anshils of old Steel	0	2	4
To 4 Lippins of Potatoes	0	1	8
To Coal Money at the time of Mr. Pett's Burialment	0	4	0
To 2 Choppings of Toll with Ready the Kilmessan†	0	0	8
	£0	15	0
Received in part	0	10	0
Unpaid	£0	5	0

"This statement shows the religious wanderer to have been very poor in his old age; but he was so more by choice than through necessity, as, at the period here alluded to, his children were all comfortably situated, and were most anxious to keep their father at home. But no anxiety could induce him to alter his erratic way of life; he travelled from one churchyard to another, mounted on his old white pony, till the last day of his existence, and died as you have described, at Dunsdall, near Lockerbie, on the 13th February 1791, in the 60th

* The grave was stored by a Captain Ordway or Orpourt, who was shot in Scotland.

† "A well-known historical name itself generally called by the name of Old Kilmessan, who lived in the last or death with which he was paid their dues."

year of his age. As soon as his body was found, information was sent to his sons at Edinburgh; but from the great depth of the snow at that time, the latter communicating the particulars of his death was so long detained by the way, that the members of the college were informed before any of his relations could arrive at Edinburgh.

"The following is an exact copy of the account of his funeral expenses—the original of which I have in my possession:—

"*Memorandum of the Several Charges of Robert Peterson, who died at Edinburgh on the 14th day of February 1704.*

To a Coffin	£5 2s 0
To Burying for do	0 2 0
To a Shirt for him	0 5 4
To a pair of Cotton Stockings	0 2 0
To Bread at the Funeral	0 2 0
To Wine at do	0 3 0
To 1 pint Rum	0 4 4
To 1 pint Whisky	0 4 0
To a man going to Ayr	0 2 0
To the gravedigger	0 1 0
To Church for a sheet to him	0 2 0
	<hr/>
	£5 1 10
Taken of him when dead	3 7 0
	<hr/>
	£1 14 4

"The above account is authenticated by the use of the deceased.

"My friend was prevented by indisposition from even going to Edinburgh to attend the funeral of his father, which I regret very much, as he is not aware in what character he was interred.

"For the purpose of erecting a small monument to his memory, I have made every possible inquiry wherever I thought there was the least chance of finding out where Old Mortality was laid; but I have done in vain, as his death is not registered in the register-book of any of the neighbouring parishes. I am sorry to think that in all probability this singular person, who spent so many years of his lengthened existence in striving with his rival, and would so perpetuate the memory of many less deserving than himself, must remain even without a single stone to mark out the resting-place of his mortal remains."

"(This good intention on the part of the Author has now been carried out. A tombstone was erected, November 1816, to the memory of Old Mortality in the churchyard of Canongate, where there is satisfactory proof of his having been interred in the month of February 1704.)

"Old Mortality had three sons, Robert, Walter, and John; the former, as has been already mentioned, lives in the village of Dal-
mordoun, in comfortable circumstances, and is much respected by
his neighbours. Walter died several years ago, leaving behind him
a family now respectably situated in this point. John went to
America in the year 1776, and after various turns of fortune,
settled at Baltimore."

Old M^d himself is said to have lived an innocent fool. (*The
Captain Magregor's Memoirs*.*) Old Mortality somewhat resembled
the Protector in this turn of feeling. Like Master Bruce, he had
been merry twice and once in his time; but even his joys were of a
melancholy and equilateral nature, and sometimes attended with
inconvenience to himself, as will appear from the following nar-
rative:—

The old man rose at one time following his usual occupation of
repairing the tanks of the mortars, in the churchyard of Glasgow,
and the notes of the parish were playing his kindred ball at no great
distance. Some republican machines were sporting near them, and by
their noisy gambols disturbing the old man in their serious occupa-
tion. The most petulant of the juvenile party were two or three
boys, grandchildren of a person well known by the name of Cooper
Climax.—This artist enjoyed almost a monopoly in Glasgow and
the neighbouring parishes for making and selling haddies, craps,
bitters, bowls, spoons, squares, and treachery, formed of wood, for the
use of the country people. It must be noticed that, notwithstanding
the usefulness of the Cooper's wares, they were apt, when new, to
inspire a reticent shyness in whatever liquor was put into them, a cir-
cumstance not uncommon in his case.

The grandchildren of this dealer in wooden work took it into
their head to ask the nation what use he could possibly make of the
numerous fragments of old silver which were thrown up in spending
new groats. "Do you not know," said Old Mortality, "that he
will turn to your grandfather, who makes them into spoons, treachery,
bitters, bowls, and so forth?" At this assertion the youthful
group broke up in great confusion and disgust, on reflecting how
many meals they had eaten out of dishes which, by Old Mortality's
account, were only fit to be used as a banquet of witches or of
ghosts. They carried the tidings home, when many a dinner was
spoiled by the hooding which the intelligence imparted; for the

* [This work forms part of a volume, of Memoirs written during the great civil
war, being the Life of the Heavy Dragoon, published by the Author in 1804.]

account of the materials were supposed to explain the wretched things, which, even in the days of the *Clapper's* fame, had earned somewhat of suspicion. The name of *Clapper* himself was reputed to hover, much to the benefit of his rivals the muggers, who dealt in worthless wares. The mass of rusty-iron and brass saw his trade interrupted, and earned the name by his peculiar customers coming upon him in search to return the goods which were composed of such unwholesome materials, and demand repayment of their money. In this disagreeable predicament the farmers, whilst cited *Old Mortality* into a court of justice, where he proved that the wood he used in his trade was that of the staves of old wine-casks bought from smugglers, with whom the country then abounded—a circumstance which fully accounted for their imparting a colour to their contents. *Old Mortality* himself made the fullest declaration that he had no other persons in making the assertions than he took the patience of the children. But it is easier to take away a good name than to restore it. *Clapper* himself's business continued to languish, and he died in a state of poverty.

[There—Mr. Trade seems to have been misled by his information respecting the name of the village where Robert Paterson died. There is now strong evidence that now Blackhall had Blackton was the place where *Old Mortality* touched his lot. This village, although in the same county, is distant about 14 miles from Blackhall, and is found in a different parish—Ball of Chesham. It was in the neighbourhood of Chesham that his remains are said to have been interred, and of this little doubt now exists.]



PRELIMINARY.

Why walk he with unweaned feet
Through dad's dim walks to urge his way,
Beneath his long-uncut curls,
And head oblique 'gain day?

LAMARCA.

"*Most readers,*" says the Manuscript of Mr. Fustian, "must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dissolving of a village-school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to expand, as it were, in shout and song, and frolic, as the little writhing jays in groups on their playground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dissolution, whose feelings are not so distant to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunted with the task, and agitated with the clamours of his scholars, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling passions, exciting indifference to action, driving to unlighted stupor, and labouring to often idleness; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull tones repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various shades of the voices. Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their association with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the *Elegies of Virgil* and *Odes of Horace* are such inspiringly allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some halting schoolboy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the

[Note.—This preliminary chapter formed the first in previous editions, but on account of its inconspicuous character has now been placed in the Index.]

tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which the solitary walk, in the cool of a fine autumn evening, affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been exhausted, for so many hours, in gazing the intense look of public instruction.

"To me these evening strolls have been the happiest hours of an unalloyed life; and if any youth reader shall hereafter find pleasure in pursuing these meditations, I am not unwilling he should know that the plan of them has been usually traced in those moments when relief from toil and clamour, combined with the quiet scenery around me, has directed my mind to the task of composition.

"My chief house, in these hours of public leisure, is the house of the small stream, which, winding through a 'low vale of green banks,' passes in front of the village schoolhouse of Ganderburgh. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be distracted from my meditations, in order to return the scraps, or slight homage, of such struggles among my pupils as fish for insects or minnows in the little brook, or ask riddles and tell fables by its margin. But, beyond the space I have mentioned, the juvenile anglers do not, after sunset, voluntarily attend their recreations. The stream is, that farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a sheltered burial-ground, which the little currents are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an imperishable charm. It has been long the favourite destination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimages."

"It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of falling attended to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more repulsive description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the moss that velvet lay. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground, and overgrown with moss. No earthly-created tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections, by reminding us of recent calamity, and no earth-grating press forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it was the dark

* Thus, by Mr. Ashford Chillingham.—That I kept my flight to this solitarily meadow with my downward and lamented friend, apparently from a homing instinct, evoked all my proper changes in this spot, blending the scene and calling of Peter Penitence, with the date of his maturity and expiation; together also with a testimony of his martyr, selected by myself as his superior and patron.—J. B.

earnestness to the *feel* and *feeling* remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The *clay* which sprinkles the soil, and the *hovel* which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting reflections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only accounted with us by the reflection, that they have once been what we now are, and that, on their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation.

" Yet, although the mass has been collected on the most modern of these humble tombs during four generations of mankind, the memory of some of those who sleep beneath them is still held in reverent remembrance. It is true, that, upon the largest, and to an antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group, which bears the effigy of a dashing knight in his *houn* of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the memorial bearings are defaced by time, and a few worn-out letters may be read, at the pleasure of the dissembler, *Una Johes—de Hamel*,—or *Johes—de Larnel*.— And it is also true, that of another tomb, richly sculptured with an ornamental cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition can only aver that a certain *summit* bishop has interred there. But upon other two stones which its keels, may still be read in rude prose, and rude rhyme, the history of those who sleep beneath them. They belong, we are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who offered a *valuable* subject for history to the times of Charles II. and his successor." In returning from the battle of Pontnodd Mills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen by a small detachment of the King's troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands. The peasantry continued to attack in the tombs of these victims of prelate or peerage are *harrow* which they do not render to more splendid monuments; and, when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the martyrs, usually conclude by exhorting them to be ready, should times call for it, to *resist* to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

" Although I am far from revering the peculiar tenets asserted

* James, Seventh King of Scotland of that name, and Edward according to the computation of the Kings of England.—J. C.

by those who will sometimes be witnesses of their acts, and whose intolerance and narrow-minded bigotry are at least as conspicuous as their doctrinal zeal, yet it is without depreciating the manner of those sufferers, many of whom united the independent sentiments of a Hampden with the suffering soul of a Roger or Lottinor. On the other hand, it would be unjust to forget that many even of those who had been most active in crusading what they conceived the rebellious and seditious spirit of those unhappy sufferers, displayed themselves, when called upon to suffer for their political and religious opinions, the same daring and devoted soul, fearless, in their case, with childless equity, as in the former with republican convictions. It has often been remarked of the Scottish character, that the stiffness with which it is mingled does not so advantage in adversity, when it seems able to the native openness of their faith, which seems to be blasted in its mode of growth even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shows no weather-side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bent. It must be understood that I speak of my countrymen as they fall under my own observation. When in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But it is time to return from this digression.

" One summer evening, as, in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually denote its solitude—the gentle chiding, namely, of the break, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic oak-trees, which guard the cemetery. The click of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a marauding, long-mutilated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my former brick, was about to be drawn up the plan, in order to substitute the rebellious gateway for the graceful winding of the natural boundary.* As I approached, I was speedily undeceived,

* I dare to think that the reader should be apprised that this boundary between the continuous heritable property of the house the Label of Goshen, though, and the house the Label of Goshen, was to have been in building as yet, or rather more of uncompleted granite, called by the vulgar a dry-stone dyke, was executed, or copied, upon stone, in, with a wall here. Truly that house will help discover concerning two modes of masonry ground, here the one called the Butler's Hall; and the cemetery, having some years before been removed from before the judges of the hall (with whom it stood long, even into the great city of London and the democracy of the British people, in, as I may say, notice in particular—L. L.

An old man was seated upon the monument of the disengaged Presbyterians, and busily employed in deciphering with his chief the letters of his inscription, which, commencing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of fidelity to be the lot of the slain, concluded the numbers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the grey locks of the pious workman. His dress was a large alphabetical coat of the same dark called hoodlin-grey, usually worn by the older peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the white silk, though still in decent repair, had evidently seen a train of long service. Strong elated shoes, studded with hob-nails, and gaiters of leopards, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the grass a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting horns and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnesses in the most simple manner, with a pair of brands, a hair collar, or halter, and a snail, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pack hung around the neck of the animal,—for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognising a religious itinerant, whom I had often heard of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of *Old Mortality*.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the notions which made him dear to me, except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfriesshire or Galloway, and blantly descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small married farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortunes, he had long renounced that and every other painful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious melancholic regulated his travels so as occasionally to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. There are most numerous

in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfriess; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had sought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil coercion. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote nooks and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. Not wherever they existed, *Old Mortality* was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the name-fetted shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in clearing the moss from the grey stones, masonry with his chisel the half-obliterated inscriptions, and repairing the cushions of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. *Mosses of the most obscure, though fanciful devotion, indeed the old man is delicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church.* He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while venturing to the open of posterity the cheering annals of the toil and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby brimming, as it were, the *beacon-light* which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old physician never seemed to rest, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some *Chaucerian** of his own set, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was evermost ready to him he always acknowledged, by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen, bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, distilling the plow and the black-moss with the click of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of *Old Mortality*.

"The character of such a man could have in it little communion even with innocent gaiety. Yet, among those of his own religious persuasion, he is reported to have been cheerful. The descendants of persecutors, or those whom he supposed guilty of entertaining similar hosts, and the affairs of religion by whom he was sometimes excited, he usually termed the generation of *vipers*. Conversing with others,

* (A name applied to the more rigid sect of Presbyterians, the followers of Richard Cameron.)

he was grace and animation, not without a cast of severity. But he is well wiser to have been observed to give way to violent passions, occupying upon one occasion, when a mischievous tramp-boy defiled with a stone the nose of a church's face, which the old man was engaged in re-reading. I am in presence a sponsor of the red, notwithstanding the maxims of Solomon, for which schoolboys have little reason to thank his memory; but on this occasion I deemed it proper to show that I did not hate the child.—But I must return to the circumstances attending my first interview with this interesting enthusiast.

"In accepting *Old Mortality*, I did not fail to pay respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a respectful apology for interrupting his labours. The old man intermitted the operation of the distil, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my courtesy by a suitable return. Encouraged by his affability, I intruded upon him some questions concerning the affairs on which he was now employed. To talk of the exploits of the Commissioners was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business, of his life. It was profuse in the communication of all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually beheld the passages which he related, so much had he identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had he narrative the circumstantiality of an eye-witness.

"'Woe,' he said, in a tone of exaltation,—'we are the only true Whigs. General man have assumed that triumphant appellation, following him whose kingdom is of this world. Which of them would sit his house on a wet hill-side to hear a guilty assassin? I know an hour I could show them. They are not a hair better than those that shame us to take upon themselves the promising name of Unitarianity Tories. Selfishness all of them, avarice after wealth, power, and worldly ambition, and forgetful able of what has been done and done by the mighty men who stood in the gap in the great day of wrath. You wonder they dread the accomplishment of what was spoken by the mouth of the worthy Mr. Puley (that pious servant of the Lord, none of whose words fall to the ground), that the French invasion* will rise as fast in the plains of Ayr, and the lanes of Galloway, as in the Highlands did in 1677. And now they

* (This was spoken during the apprehensions of invasion from France.

See note T, p. 446.)

are gripping to the low end to the spine, when they will be mourning for a slight head and a broken moment."

"Shaking the old man by letting his ponderous opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to prove conversation with as singular a character, I prevailed upon him to accept that hospitality which Mr. Chisholm is always willing to extend to those who need it. In our way to the schoolmaster's house, we called at the *Willow Inn*, where I was pretty certain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening. After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to join his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the phlegm, which he proposed with a glass of about five minutes, and then, with honest digest, and sprightly, drunk to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountains. As no persuasion could prevail on him to extend his conviviality to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accompanied him in the *People's Chamber*, as it is his pleasure to call the room which holds a spare bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller."

"The next day I took leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had cultivated his acquaintance and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white pony, he took me by the hand and said, 'The blessing of our Master be with you, young man! My horse may live the core of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet you may be pathered into the garner of mortality before me, for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a colour in your cheek, that, like the leaf of the rose, reveals oft to hide the worm of corruption. Wherefore labour as one who knoweth not when his Master willeth. And if it be my lot to return to this village after ye are gone home to your ain place, then good willful hands will frame a stone of memorial, that your name may not perish from among the people.'

* He might have added, and for the rich also; when I read my share, the guest of the earth, here are fifteen haillings in my poor bundle. And, during the service of my landlady's daughter, who was handsome and comely of aspect, the Honour the Lord of Waverley, in his peregrinations to and from the mountains, was wont to prefer my *People's Chamber* even to the walled chamber of mine in the *Willow Inn*, and to bestow a mattress, as he would properly say, to obtain the freedom of the house, but, in reality, to secure himself of my company during the evening.—*R. G.*

"I thanked Old Mortality for his kind intentions in my behalf, and heaved a sigh, not I think, of regret, so much as of resignation, to think of the chance that I might soon require his good office. But though, in all human probability, he did not see in supposing that my span of life may be abridged in youth, he had over-estimated the period of his own pilgrimages on earth. It is now some years since he has been seized in all his usual haunts, with seas, fells, and duns-locks, are fast covering those stones, to whom which had been the business of his life. About the beginning of this century, he closed his mortal tale, being found on the highway near Leithly, in Dumfriesshire, exhausted and fast expiring. The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found about his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which serves to show that his death was in no way hastened by violence or by want. The common people still regard his memory with great respect; and many are of opinion, that the stones which he repaired will not again require the assistance of the chisel. They even assert, that on the trials where the manner of the master's murder is recorded, their names have remained indelibly legible since the death of Old Mortality, while those of the persecutors, sculptured on the same monuments, have been entirely effaced. It is hardly necessary to say that this is a *fine imagination*, and that, since the time of the pious pilgrim, the monuments which were the objects of his care are hastening, like all earthly monuments, into ruin or decay.

"My readers will of course understand, that in indulging into one compressed narrative many of the episodes which I had the advantage of deriving from Old Mortality, I have been far from adopting either his style, his opinions, or even his facts, so far as they appear to have been distorted by party prejudice. I have endeavored to correct or verify them from the most authentic sources of tradition afforded by the representatives of either party.

"On the part of the Presbyterians, I have consulted such ministers formerly from the western districts, as, by the kindness of their kind-lands or otherwise, have been able, during the late general change of property, to retain possession of the parishes on which their jurisdiction fed their flocks and herds. I must own, that of late days I have found this a limited source of information. I have therefore called in the supplementary aid of those modest itinerants, whom the scrupulous civility of our massive denominational travelling merchants,

but whom, of late, accommodating ourselves in this as in more material particulars, to the feelings and sentiments of our weary travelling neighbours, we have learned to call postmen or postboys. To country women travelling in hopes to get rid of their winter work, but more especially to toilers, who, from their sedentary professions, and the necessity, in our country, of exercising it by temporary residence in the families by whom they are employed, may be considered as possessing a complete register of rural traditions, I have been indebted for many illustrations of the narrative of *Old Mortality*, such as the taste and spirit of the original.

"I had more difficulty in finding materials for correcting the tone of partiality which evidently pervaded those stores of traditional learning, in order that I might be enabled to present an unbiased picture of the manners of that unhappy period, and at the same time to do justice to the merits of both parties. But I have been enabled to qualify the narrative of *Old Mortality* and his *Companion's* friends, by the reports of more than one descendant of virtuous and honourable families, who, themselves dragged into the horrible rule of life, yet look proudly back on the period when their ancestors fought and fell in behalf of the mild house of Stuart. I may even boast right venerable authority on the same score; for more than one venerable bishop, whose authority and honour were upon an established scale as the greatest abbot of Episcopacy could well desire, have deigned, while partaking of the humble cheer of the Wallace Inn, to furnish me with information corrected of the facts which I learned from others. There are also here and there a laird or two, who, though they drag their shoulders, prefer to grant shame to their fathers having served in the personing squadrons of *Redshank* and *Chiveron*. From the paralogues of these postmen, on often the most apt of any other to become laconic in such families, I have also contrived to collect much valuable information.

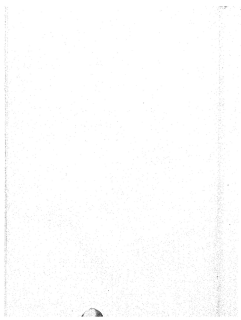
"Upon the whole, I can hardly fear, that at this time, in describing the operation which their opposite principles produced upon the good and bad men of both parties, I can be suspected of manifest partiality or injustice to either. If revulsion of former injuries, unrepented, and contempt and hatred of their adversaries, produced rigour and severity in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that if the zeal for God's house did not set up the circumstances, it decurled at least, to initiate the phrens of Drapier, on small portions of their loyalty, other aims, and good breeding. We may easily hope,

that the souls of the brave and sincere on either side have long looked down with surprise and pity upon the ill-considered notions which caused their mutual hatred and hostility while in this valley of darkness, blood, and tears. Peace to their memory! Let us think of them as the heroes of our only Scottish tragedy, and let us think of her departed sire—

*O walk not up the sides of our fathers!
 Implacable vengeance runs their veins,
 And grievance has her mansion here."*



SCOTLAND'S FLAG. ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM, 1861.





Plot Mortality

CHAPTER FIRST

*Summons on hundred horns by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle gates.*

DOUGLAS.

UNDER the reign of the last Stuarts, there was an anxious wish on the part of Government to counteract, by every means in their power, the strict or puritanical spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which united the vassal to the lige lord, and both to the crown. Frequent reviews and assemblies of the people, both for military exercise and for sports and pastimes, were appointed by authority. The interference, in the latter case, was impolitic, to say the least; for, as usual on such occasions, the consciences which were at first only scrupulous, became confirmed in their opinions, instead of giving way to the terrors of authority; and the youth of both sexes, to whom the pipe and tabor in England, or the bagpipe in Scotland, would have been in themselves an irresistible temptation, were enabled to set them at defiance, from the great consciousness that they were, at the same time, resisting an act of cruelty. To compel

men to dance and be merry by authority, has rarely succeeded even on board of ships, where it was formerly sometimes attempted by way of inducing the wretched captives to agitate their limbs and restore the circulation, during the few minutes they were permitted to enjoy the fresh air upon deck. The rigour of the strict Calvinists increased in proportion to the wishes of the Government that it should be relaxed. A jointed observance of the Sabbath—a expostious condemnation of all noisy pastimes and harmless recreations, as well as of the practice custom of promiscuous dancing, that is, of men and women dancing together in the same party (for I believe they admitted that the exercise might be inoffensive if practised by the parties separately)—distinguishing those who professed a more than ordinary share of sanctity. They discouraged, as far as lay in their power, even the ancient jugglers, as they were termed, when the feudal array of the county was called out, and each crown-vassal was required to appear with such number of men and armour as he was bound to make by his feo, and that under high statutory penalties. The Comanches were the more jealous of these assemblies, as the best lieutenants and sheriffs under whom they were held had instructions from the Government to spare no pains which might render them agreeable to the young men who were thus ranged together, upon whom the military exercise of the morning, and the sports which usually closed the evening, might naturally be supposed to have a salutary effect.

The presurers and proselytes of the more rigid Presbyterians laboured, therefore, by caution, remonstrance, and authority, to diminish the attendance upon these assemblies, conscious that in doing so, they lessened not only the apparatus, but the actual strength of the Government, by impeding the extension of that spirit & co-operation which were virtues young men who are in the habit of meeting together for merry sport, or military exercise. They, therefore, exerted themselves earnestly to prevent attendance on these exercises by those who could find any possible excuse for absence, and were especially severe upon such of their hearers as were curiously led to be spectators, or love of exercise to be partakers, of the array and the sports which took place. Each of the gentry as attended to these exercises were not always, however, in a situation to be ruled by them. The commands of the law were imperative; and the petty council, who administered

the executive power in Scotland, were severe in enforcing the statutory penalties against the crown-vassals who did not appear at the periodical wapentakes. The landholders were compelled, therefore, to send their sons, tenants, and vassals to the rendezvous, to the number of horses, men, and spears, at which they were rated; and it frequently happened, that notwithstanding the strict charge of their chiefs, to return as soon as the formal inspection was over, the young men-at-arms were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in the sports which succeeded the muster, or to avoid listening to the gossip read in the churches on these occasions, and thus, in the opinion of their regaling parents, meddling with the scorned thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

The sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the wapentake of a wild district, called the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, on a large or level plain, near to a royal borough, the name of which is no way essential to my story, on the morning of the 5th of May 1678, when our narrative commences. When the musters had been made, and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various sports, of which the chief was to shoot at the poplajay,* an ancient game formerly practised with archery, but at this period with firearms. This was the figure of a bird, decked with party-coloured feathers, so as to resemble a poplajay or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark at which the competitors discharged their fuses and carbines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark, held the proud title of Captain of the Poplajay for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable change-house in the neighbourhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality, conducted under his auspices, and, if he was able to sustain it, at his expense.

It will, of course, be supposed, that the ladies of the country assembled to witness this gallant strife, those excepted who held the stricter tenets of puritanism, and would therefore have deemed it criminal to afford countenance to the profane gambols of the malignants. Ladies, however, or tilburies, there were none in those simple days. The lord-lieutenant of the county (a personage of dual rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculp-

* Note A. Festival of the Poplajay.

ture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight ladies and six maids. The ladies were their Queens in person, two maids of honour, two children, a chaplain stuffed into a sort of lateral recess, formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the boat, and an equerry to his Grace occupied in the corresponding convenience on the opposite side. A coachman and three postilions, who wore short cowards, and tie-wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them, and pistols at their saddle-bow, constituted the equipage. On the foot-board, behind this moving mansion-house, stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six hussars in rich liveries, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the gentry, men and women, old and young, were on horseback, followed by their servants; but the company, for the reasons already assigned, was rather select than numerous.

Near to the enormous leather vehicle which we have attempted to describe, violating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the other palkey of Lady Margaret Belanden, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow's weeds which the good lady had never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

Her grand-daughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jacket, which she managed with much grace, her gay riding-dress, and hand side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the dowering profession of singlets, which, emerging from under her cap, were only confined by a green ribbon, soon was tucking over her shoulders; her coat of feathers, soft and feminine, yet not without a certain expression of playful archness, which rebuked their sweetness from the charge of helpidity, sometimes brought against black and blue-eyed beauties,—these attracted more admiration from the western youth than either the splendour of her equipments or the figure of her palkey.

The attendance of these distinguished ladies was rather inferior to their birth and fashion in those times, as it consisted only of two servants on horseback. The truth was, that the good old lady had been obliged to make all her domestic servants

turn out to complete the quota which her ladyship ought to furnish for the muster, and in which she would not for the universe have been found deficient. The old steward, who, in steel cap and jack-boots, led forth her array, had, as he said, reviled blood and water in his efforts to overcome the scruples and weakness of the nook-and-farmers, who ought to have furnished men, horses, and harness, on those occasions. At last their dispute came near to an open declaration of hostilities, the licensed Episcopalian bestowing on the recusants the whole thunders of the communion, and receiving from them, in return, the denunciations of a Calvinistic excommunication. What was to be done? To punish the refractory tenants would have been easy enough. The privy council would readily have imposed fines, and sent a troop of horse to collect them. But this would have been calling the gentlemen and householders into the garden to kill the hares.

"Fox," said Harrison to himself, "the ladies have little enough gear at my rate, and if I call in the red-coats and take away what little they have, how is my worshipful lady to get her rents paid at Oxenford, which is but a difficult matter to bring round even in the best of times?"

So he armed the footier and thimble, the footman and the ploughman, at the house farm, with an old drunken confiding butler, who had served with the late Sir Richard under Marlborough, and stumped the family rightly with his exploits at Kenilworth and Tippermore, and who was the only man in the party that had the smallest and for the work is hand. In this manner, and by recruiting one or two halfhearted partisan peashers and blackfishers, Mr Harrison completed the quota of men which fell to the share of Lady Margaret Bellenden, as Honorary of the barony of Tillotston and others. But when the steward, on the morning of the eventful day, had mustered his troops darts before the iron gate of the tower, the mother of Oodlin Haskling the ploughman appeared, looked with the jack-boots, buff coat, and other accoutrements which had been issued forth for the service of the day, and laid them before the steward; demurely assuring him, that "whether it were the colic, or a quiver of conscience, she could not talk upon her to do this, but sure it was, Oodlin had been in such straits at night, and she could not say he was much better this morning. The finger of Heaven," she said, "was in it, and her hairs should gang on

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use six ounces." Pains, position, and threats of dissection, were denounced in vain; the mother was obstinate, and Gubbie, who underwent a desultory visitation for the purpose of verifying his state of body, could or would answer only by deep groans. Maria, who had been an ancient domestic in the family, was a sort of favourite with Lady Margaret, and presumed accordingly. Lady Margaret had herself set forth, and her authority could not be opposed to. In this dilemma, the good genius of the old father suggested an expedient.

"He had seen many a better colliant, far less than Guss Gibbie, fight bravely under Montrose. What for no tak Guss Gibbie!"

This was a half-witted lad, of very small stature, who had a kind of charge of the poultry under the old housewife; for in a Scottish family of that day there was a wonderful substitution of labour. This wretch being sent for from the stable-field, was hastily dressed in the buff coat, and girded rather to than with the sword of a full-grown man, his little legs plunged into jack-boots, and a steel cap put upon his head, which seemed, from its size, as if it had been intended to extinguish him. Thus accoutred, he was hailed, at his own earnest request, upon the quietest horse of the party; and, prompted and supported by old Gubgil the butler, as his front file, he passed master tolerably enough; the sheriff not caring to examine too closely the remarks of so well-affected a person as Lady Margaret Bellenden.

To the above cases it was owing that the personal retinue of Lady Margaret, on this eventful day, amounted only to two laquays, with which diminished train she went, on any other occasion, have been much ashamed to appear in public. But, for the cause of royalty, she was ready at any time to have made the most unreserved personal sacrifices. She had lost her husband and two promising sons in the civil wars of that unhappy period; but she had received her reward, for, on his route through the west of Scotland to meet Cromwell in the unfortunate field of Worcester, Charles the Second had actually breakfasted at the Tower of Tiltedown—an incident which formed, from that moment, an important era in the life of Lady Margaret, who seldom afterwards partook of that meal, either at home or abroad, without detailing the whole circumstances of the royal visit, not forgetting the salutation which his majesty

conferred on each side of her face, though she sometimes omitted to notice that he bestowed the same favour on two haughty serving-women who appeared at her back, elevated for the day into the capacity of waiting gentlewomen.

These instances of royal favour were decisive; and if Lady Margaret had not been a confirmed royalist already, from sense of high birth, influence of education, and hatred to the opposite party, through whom she had suffered such domestic calamity, the having given a breakfast to majesty, and received the royal salute in return, were honours enough of themselves to walk her exclusively to the fortunes of the Stuarts. These were now, in all appearance, triumphant; but Lady Margaret's soul had adhered to them through the worst of times, and was ready to sustain the same vicissitudes of fortune should their rule once more kick the beam. At present she enjoyed, in full career, the military display of the force which stood ready to support the crown, and stilled, as well as she could, the northwestern she felt at the unwelcome deposition of her own relations.

Many civilities passed between her ladyship and the representatives of sturdy ancient loyal families who were upon the ground, by whom she was held in high reverence; and not a young man of mark passed by there in the name of the master, but he carried his body more erect to the saddle, and threw his horse upon its haunches, to display his own horsemanship and the perfect fitting of his steed to the best advantage in the eyes of Miss Edith Bellenden. But the young cavaliers, distinguished by high descent and undoubted loyalty, attracted no more attention from Edith than the laws of courtesy promptly demanded; and she turned an indifferent ear to the compliments with which she was addressed, most of which were little the worse for the wear, though borrowed for the nonce from the laborious and long-extended romances of Calverley and Bowdler, the mirrors in which the youth of that age delighted to dress themselves, as Polly had thrown her ballast overboard, and cut down her vessels of the first-rate, such as the romances of Cyrus, Cleopatra, and others, into small craft, drawing as little water, or, to speak more plainly, consuming as little time, as the little craft in which the gentle reader has deigned to embark. It was, however, the decree of fate that Miss Bellenden should not continue to evince the same equanimity till the conclusion of the day.

CHAPTER SECOND

Downs and horse refter'd the white post,
And arms and warble fell with better clasp.

PLACIDUS OF BARN.

THAT the military evolutions had been gone through tolerably well, allowing for the awkwardness of men and of horses, a loud shout announced that the competitors were about to step forth for the game of the popinjay already described. The mast, or pole, having a yard extended across it, from which the mark was displayed, was raised amid the acclamations of the assembly; and even those who had eyed the evolutions of the feudal militia with a sort of malignant and sarcastic merriment, from disaffection to the royal cause in which they were professedly enlisted, could not refrain from taking considerable interest in the strife which was now approaching. They extended towards the goal, and witnessed the approach of each competitor, as they advanced in succession, discharged their pieces at the mark, and had their good or bad address rewarded by the laughter or applause of the spectators. But when a slender young man, dressed with great simplicity, yet not without a certain air of pretension to elegance and gentility, approached the station with his hand in his breast, his dark-green cloak thrown back over his shoulder, his head ruff and feathered cap indicating a superior rank to the vulgar, there was a murmur of interest among the spectators, whether altogether favorable to the young adventurer, it was difficult to discern.

"Behold, sir, to see his father's son at the like of these footless fellows!" was the speculation of the elder and more rigid partisans, whose curiosity had so far overruled their bigotry as to bring them to the playground. But the generality viewed the strife less narrowly, and were contented to wish success to the son of a deceased Presbyterian leader, without strictly examining the propriety of his being a competitor for the prize.

Their wishes were gratified. At the first discharge of his piece the green adventurer struck the popinjay, being the first palpable hit of the day, though several balls had passed very near the mark. A loud shout of applause ensued. But the success

was not decisive, it being necessary that each who followed should have his chance, and that those who succeeded in hitting the mark, should reserve the staffs among themselves, till one displayed a decided superiority over the others. Two only of those who followed in order succeeded in hitting the poplajay. The first was a young man of low rank, heavily built, and who kept his face veiled in his gray cloak; the second a gallant young cavalier, remarkable for a handsome exterior, and already decorated for the day. He had been since the master in class attendance on Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, and had left them with an air of indifference, when Lady Margaret had asked whether there was no young man of family and loyal principles who would dispute the prize with the two lads who had been successful. In half-a-minute, young Lord Eversdale threw himself from his horse, borrowed a gun from a servant, and, as we have already noticed, hit the mark. Great was the interest excited by the reversal of the contest between the three candidates who had been hitherto successful. The state equipage of the Duke was, with some difficulty, put in motion, and approached more near to the scene of action. The riders, both male and female, turned their horses' heads in the same direction, and all eyes were bent upon the issue of the trial of skill.

It was the etiquette in the second contest, that the competitors should take their turn of firing after drawing lots. The first fell upon the young plebeian, who, as he took his stand, half-undressed his rustic countenance, and said to the gallant in green, "Ye see, Mr. Henry, if it were any other day, I could have wished to ride for your niece, but Jerry Dunsdown is looking at us, and I must do my best."

He took his aim, and his bullet whirled past the mark so nearly, that the pendulous object at which it was directed was seen to shiver. Still, however, he had not hit it, and with a downcast look he withdrew himself from further competition, and hastened to disappear from the assembly, as if fearful of being recognised. The green cavalier next advanced, and his ball a second time struck the poplajay. All shouted; and from the outskirts of the assembly arose a cry of "The good old cause for ever!"

While the dignitaries bent their brows at these exulting shouts of the disinherited, the young Lord Eversdale advanced again to the hazard, and again was successful. The shouts and con-

gratulations of the well-affected and unprejudiced part of the audience attended his success; but still a subsequent trial of skill remained.

The green marksman, as if determined to bring the affair to a decision, took his horse from a person who held him, having previously looked carefully to the security of his girths and the fitting of his saddle, vaulted on his back, and continuing with his hand for the bystanders to make way, set upon, passed the place from which he was to fire at a gallop, and, as he passed, threw up the reins, turned sideways upon his saddle, discharged his machine, and brought down the popinjay. Lord Brancile imitated his example, although many around him said it was an innovation on the established practice which he was not obliged to follow. But his skill was not so perfect, or his horse was not so well trained. The animal swerved at the moment his master fired, and the ball missed the popinjay. Those who had been surprised by the address of the green marksman, were now equally pleased by his courtesy. He disclaimed all merit from the last shot, and proposed to his antagonist that it should not be counted as a hit, and that they should renew the contest on foot.

"I would prefer horseback, if I had a horse as well fitted, and, probably, as well broken to the exercise, as yours," said the young Lord, addressing his antagonist.

"Will you do me the honour to use him for the next trial, on condition you will lend me yours?" said the young gentleman.

Lord Brancile was reluctant to accept this courtesy, as conscious how much it would diminish the value of victory; and yet unable to suppress his wish to redeem his reputation as a marksman, he asked, "that although he resumed all pretensions to the honour of the day" (which he said somewhat sarcastically), "yet if the victor had no particular objection, he would willingly exchange his obliging offer, and change horses with him, for the purpose of trying a shot for him."

As he said so, he looked boldly towards Miss Belvidere, and tradition says that the eyes of the young scoundrel twinkled, though more covertly, in the same direction. The young lady's last trial was as unsuccessful as the former, and it was with difficulty that he preserved the tone of scornful indifference which he had hitherto assumed. But, conscious of the ridicule which attaches itself to the resentment of a losing party, he re-

turned to his antagonist the horse on which he had made his last unsuccessful attempt, and received back his own; giving, at the same time, thanks to his competitor, who, he said, had re-established his favourite horse in his good opinion, for he had been in great danger of transferring to the poor nag the blame of an infirmity, which every one, as well as himself, must now be satisfied remained with the rider.—Having made this speech, in a tone in which mortification assumed the veil of indifference, he mounted his horse and rode off the ground.

As in the usual way of the world, the applause and attention even of those whose wishes had favoured Lord Branksome, were, upon his decisive discomfiture, transferred to his triumphant rival.

"Who is he? what is his name?" ran from mouth to mouth among the gentry who were present, to few of whom he was personally known. His style and title having soon transpired, and being within that class whom a great name might notice without degradation, fear of the Duke's friends, with the shoddest start which poor Melville was free to his imaginary retinue, made out to lead the victor to his presence. As they conducted him in triumph through the crowd of spectators, and stannied him at the same time with their compliments on his success, he seemed to pass, or rather to be led, immediately in front of Lady Margaret and her great-daughter. The Captain of the Popsgay and Miss Bellenden coloured like crimson, as the latter returned, with embarrassed courtesy, the low inclination which the victor made, even to the milk-maid, in passing her.

"Do you know that young person?" said Lady Margaret.

"I—I—have seen him, madam, at my uncle's, and—and elsewhere, occasionally," stammered Miss Edith Bellenden.

"I hear them say around me," said Lady Margaret, "that the young spark is the nephew of old Millican."

"The son of the late Colonel Morton of Millican, who commanded a regiment of horse with great courage at Dender and Inverkeithing," said a gentleman who sat on horseback beside Lady Margaret.

"Ay, and who, before that, fought for the Covenanters both at Marston Moor and Philiphaugh," said Lady Margaret, sighing as she pronounced the last fatal words, which her husband's death gave her such sad reason to remember.

"Your ladyship's memory is just," said the gentleman smiling; "but it were well all that were forget now."

"It ought to remember it, Gilbertclough," returned Lady Margaret, "and dispense with intruding himself into the company of those to whom his name must bring unpleasant recollections."

"You forget, my dear lady," said her nomenclator, "that the young gentleman comes to discharge suit and service in name of his uncle. I would every estate in the country send out as pretty a fellow."

"His uncle, as well as his unquidde father, is a roundhead, I presume," said Lady Margaret.

"He is an old miser," said Gilbertclough, "with whom a broad place would at any time weigh down political opinions, and therefore, although probably somewhat against the grain, he sends the young gentleman to attend the master, to save pecuniary pains and penalties. As for the rest, I suppose the youngster is happy enough to escape here for a day from the dulness of the old house at Milwood, where he sees nobody but his hypochondriac uncle and the firewater housekeeper."

"Do you know how many men and horses the lands of Milwood are rated at?" said the old lady, continuing her inquiry.

"Two hundred with complete harness," answered Gilbertclough.

"Our lord," said Lady Margaret, drawing herself up with dignity, "has always furnished to the master eight men, seven Gilbertclough, and often a voluntary aid of three the master. I remember his second Majesty King Charles, when he took his degree at Tiffetadlem, was particular in inquiring"—

"I see the Duke's carriage in motion," said Gilbertclough, partaking at the moment an alarm common to all Lady Margaret's friends when she touched upon the topic of the royal visit at the family mansion—"I see the Duke's carriage in motion; I presume your ladyship will take your right of rank in leaving the field. May I be permitted to convey your ladyship and Miss Delinden home? Parties of the wild whigs have been abroad, and are said to insult and threaten the well-affected who travel in small numbers."

"We thank you, uncle Gilbertclough," said Lady Margaret; "but as we shall have the escort of my own people, I trust we have less need than others to be troublesome to our friends."

"Will you have the goodness to order Harrison to bring up our people somewhat more briskly ; he rides them towards us as if he were leading a funeral procession."

The gentleman in attendance communicated his lady's orders to the trusty steward.

Honest Harrison had his own reasons for doubting the prudence of this command ; but once heard and received, there was a necessity for obeying it. He set off, therefore, at a hand-gallop, followed by the butler, in such a military attitude as became one who had served under Montrose, and with a look of defiance, rendered sterner and fiercer by the inspiring fumes of a gill of brandy, which he had snatched a moment to belt to the king's health, and confusion to the Covenant, during the intervals of military duty. Unhappily this potent refreshment wiped away from the tablets of his memory the necessity of paying some attention to the distresses and difficulties of his run-the Goose Gibbie. No sooner had the horse struck a center, than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and, being armed with long-revered spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounded and plunged, while poor Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the two headless hounds, being drowned partly in the coarce of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the Gallant Gossamer, which Mr. Gudyll whistled with all his power of lungs.

The upshot was, that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family-coach already described. Gibbie's pike, sweeping from the sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His cheeks, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have cradled him little in the circumstances ; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the Duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as easy in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, breasted as many Maons as a Frenchman spite frogs.

On beholding the host of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage, inside and outside, at once, which had the effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The suspicious horse of Goose Gibbs was terrified by the noise, and stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently as soon as he recovered. The jack-boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh jerk of the spurs, and, by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbs, who was fairly spurred out of those wide and ponderous grooves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her distinctive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide,—of the bull-ros, that is, in which he was muffled.

As she had not been made acquainted with this metamorphosis, and could not even guess its cause, her surprise and resentment were extreme,—now were they much modified by the excuses and explanations of her steward and butler. She made a hasty retreat homeward, extremely indignant at the shouts and laughter of the company, and much disposed to vent her displeasure on the refractory agriculturist whose place Goose Gibbs had so unhappily supplied. The greater part of the party now dispersed, the whimsical misfortune which had befallen the gentleman of Tillotdown furnishing them with huge entertainment on their road homeward. The housewife also, in little parties, as their road lay together, diverged from the place of merriment, accepting such as, having tried their dexterity at the poplajay, were, by ancient custom, obliged to partake of a grace-up with their captain before their departure.

CHAPTER THIRD.

At this he played before the spouses,
 And gaily quitted in their gear them,
 Steel bonnets, pikes, and spears shone clear than

As any land :

Now who will play before us next time,
 When Habbie's dead ?

Enter an Illustrious Stranger.

TWO cavalcades of horsemen, on their road to the little borough town, were preceded by Niel Blane, the town-piper, mounted on his white gallows, armed with his dirk and broadsword, and bearing a banner streaming with as many ribbons as would dock out six country belles for a fair or preaching. Niel, a danc, tight, well-thimbered, long-eyelid fellow, had gained the official situation of town-piper of ——— by his merit, with all the emoluments thereof;—namely, the Piper's Crook, as it is still called, a field of about an acre in extent; five marks, and a new livery-coat of the town's colours, yearly; some hopes of a dollar upon the day of the election of magistrates, providing the provost were able and willing to afford such a gratuity; and the privilege of paying, at all the respectable houses in the neighbourhood, an annual visit at spring-time, to rejoice their hearts with his music, to comfort his own with their ale and brandy, and to beg from each a measure of seed-corn.

In addition to these inestimable advantages, Niel's personal, or professional, accomplishments won the heart of a jolly widow, who then kept the principal change-house in the borough. Her former husband having been a strict Presbyterian, of such note that he usually went among his seat by the name of *Gailes* the piousness, many of the more rigid were scandalised by the profusion of the successor whom his relict had chosen for a second helpmate. As the lowest (or lowest) of the House retained, nevertheless, its unrivalled reputation, most of the old customers continued to give it a preference. The character of the new landlord, indeed, was of that accommodating kind, which enabled him, by close attention to the helm, to keep his little vessel pretty steady amid the contending waves of faction. He was a good-humoured, shrewd, selfish sort of fellow, indifferent

elike to the disputes about church and state, and only anxious to secure the good-will of customers of every description. But his character, as well as the state of the country, will be best understood by giving the reader an account of the instructions which he passed to his daughter, a girl about eighteen, whom he was initiating in those cares which had been faithfully discharged by his wife, until about six months before our story commences, when the honest woman had been carried to the kirkyard.

"Jenny," said Ned Howe, as the girl satiated to disremember him of his baggage, "this is the first day that ye are to take the place of your worthy mother in attending to the public; a decent woman she was, civil to the customers, and had a good name wth Whig and Tory, both up the street and down the street. It will be hard for you to fill her place, especially on this a thirring day as this; but Heaven's will none be stayed. Jenny, whatever Milwood ca's for, be sure he none lack, for he's the Captain o' the Popinjay, and auld customs must be supported; if he none pay the lawing himself, as I ken he's keptt since short by the head, I'll find a way to shame it out o' his hands. The customs is playing at dice wth General Graham. Be silent and civil to them, both—clergy and captains can gie an unco deal o' flesh in these times, where they take an ill-will. The dragons will be crying for ale, and they wants want it, and customs want it—they are curuly chiddie, but they pay one some gate or other. I gat the hunkle cow, that's the best in the byre, five black French Ingles and Sergeant Botwell, for ten pound Scots, and they drunk out the price at an awsome thing."

"But, father," interrupted Jenny, "they say the two siving loons drive the aw fine the gallewife o' Hollis-mouse, just because she good to hear a field-preaching an Sabbath afternoon."

"Whisht, ye aillie twerp!" said her father; "we have naething to do how they come by the basket they sell—be that stoven them and their consciences.—Arrod—take notice, Jenny, o' that doon, stave-looking cove, that sits by the chaise o' the Ingles, and turns his back on a man. He looks like one o' the hill-folk, for I saw him start a wee when he saw the red-coats, and I jalous he wad has liked to hae ridden by, but his horse (it's a gude gelding) was over awr traveled; he believed to stop whether he wad or no. Serve him curuly, Jenny, and wth little do, and shame bring the redgers on him by spending

any questions at him; but let us him has a room to himself—they wud say we were killing him.—For yourself, Jemmy,—ye'll be civil to a' the folk, and take care heed o' any nonsense and dauling the young lads may say t'ye;—folk in the hostler line runs pit up w'f trouble. Your sister—rest her soul!—could pit up w'f as trouble as maist women—but aff hands is fair play; and if anybody be unwill, ye may gie me a cry.—Awed, —when the maik begins to get above the meal, they'll begin to speak about government in kirk and state, and then, Jemmy, they are like to quarrel.—Let them be doing—angus's a deochty passion, and the maik they dispute, the maik ails they'll drink; but ye wud best serve them w'f a pint o' the smol' brewet—it will heat them less, and they'll never ken the difference."

"But, father," said Jemmy, "if they come to bawder like them, as they did last time, wudna I cry on you?"

"At no hand, Jemmy; the soddier gets aye the worst lick in the fray. If the scoldes draw their swords, ye'll cry on the corporal and the guard; if the country folk tak the tongs and poker, ye'll cry on the bailie and town-officers;—but in aae event cry on me, for I am wearied w'f dauling the bag o' whid a' day, and I am gae to eat my dinner quietly in the apence.—And, now I think on't, the Laird of Liddings (tha's him that was the laird) was speeking for some drink and a waat hearing—gie him a ge' be the sherra, and roand into his bag I wud be blithe o' his company to dine w'f me; he was a gude customer aye in a day, and wants naething but mense to be a gude use again—he likes drink as wud as e'er he did. And if ye ken any pair body o' our acquaintance tha's blate for want o' ailer, and has far to gang hame, ye needna stick to gie them a waught o' drink and a lannock—we'll ne'er mind, and it looks creditable in a house like ours. And now, Kinny, gang awa', and serve the folk, but fast bring me my dinner, and twa chappins o' yill and the metakle stoup o' brandy."

Having thus devolved his whole care on Jemmy as prime minister, Nod Blane and the a'-dozent laird, came his patron, but now glad to be his treasurer-companion, sat down to enjoy themselves for the remainder of the evening, remote from the bustle of the public room.

All in Jemmy's department was in full activity. The knights of the popinjay received and requited the hospitable entertainment of their captain, who, though he spared the my himself,

took care it should go round with due celebrity among the rest, who might not have otherwise deemed themselves handsomely treated. Their numbers melted away by degrees, and were at length diminished to four or five, who began to talk of breaking up their party. At another table, at some distance, sat two of the dragons whom Niel Blum had mentioned, a sergeant and a private in the celebrated John Grahame of Claverhouse's regiment of Life-Guards. Even the non-commissioned officers and privates in these corps were not considered as ordinary mercenaries, but rather approached to the rank of the French mercenaries, being regarded in the light of cadets, who performed the duties of rank-and-file with the prospect of obtaining commissions in case of distinguishing themselves.

Many young men of good families were to be found in the ranks, a circumstance which added to the pride and self-consequence of these troops. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the person of the non-commissioned officer in question. His real name was Francis Stewart, but he was universally known by the appellation of Bothwell, being lineally descended from the last earl of that name—not the infamous lover of the unfortunate Queen Mary, but Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, whose turbulence and repeated conspiracies embarrassed the early part of James Sixth's reign, and who at length died in exile in great poverty. The son of this Earl had sold to Charles I. for the redemption of part of his father's forfeited estates, but the grasp of the nobles to whom they had been allotted was too tenacious to be unloosened. The breeding out of the civil war utterly ruined him, by intercepting a small pension which Charles I. had allowed him, and he died in the utmost indigence. His son, after having served as a soldier abroad and in Britain, and passed through several vicissitudes of fortune, was able to content himself with the situation of a non-commissioned officer in the Life-Guards, although lineally descended from the royal family, the father of the forfeited Earl of Bothwell having been a natural son of James V.* Great personal strength and dexterity in the use of his arms, as well as the remarkable circumstances of his descent, had recommended this man to the attention of his officers. But he partook in a great degree of the fierceness and oppressive disposition, which the habits of acting as

* Note D. See page 109.

otherwise oppressing the Presbyterian ministers, had rendered too general among these soldiers. They were so much accustomed to such missions, that they considered themselves at liberty to commit all manner of crimes with impunity, as if totally exempted from all law and authority, excepting the command of their officers. On such occasions Redwell was usually the most forward.

It is probable that Redwell and his companions would not so long have remained quiet, but for respect to the presence of their Captain, who commanded the small party quartered in the borough, and who was engaged in a game at dice with the guests of the place. But both of these being suddenly called from their amusement to speak with the chief magistrate upon some urgent business, Redwell was not long of evincing his contempt for the rest of the company.

"Is it not a strange thing, Hallday," he said to his comrade, "to see a set of rascals all carousing here this whole evening, without having drunk the king's health?"

"They have drunk the king's health," said Hallday. "I heard that given half-a-dozen of a lad named his Majesty's health."

"Did he?" said Redwell. "Then, Tom, we'll have them drink the Archbishop of St. Andrews' health, and do it on their knees too."

"So we will, by G—!" said Hallday; "and he that refuses it, we'll have him to the guard-house, and teach him to ride the salt shaker of an ass, with a brace of candles at each foot to keep him steady."

"Right, Tom," continued Redwell; "and, to do all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky Mac-burnet in the high-seat."

He rose accordingly, and taking his sheathed broadsword under his arm, to support the inclemency which he meditated, placed himself in front of the stranger noticed by David Elphinstone in his attentions to his daughter, as being, in all probability, one of the hill-folk, or refractory Presbyterians.

"I make no hold as to repent of your previous, beloved," said the trooper, in a tone of affected solemnity, and assuming the attitude of a country preacher, "that you will arise from your seat, beloved, and, having beat your breast until your knees do rest upon the floor, beloved, that you will turn over this measure (called by the profane a gill) of the comfortable conature, which

the aerial descendants loudly, to the health and glorification of his Grace the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the worthy primate of all Scotland."

All waited for the stranger's answer. His features, waters even to fury, with a cast of the eye which, without being actually oblique, approached nearly to a squint, and which gave a very sinister expression to his countenance, joined to a frame, square, strong, and muscular, though something under the middle size, seemed to announce a man unfitted to undertake rude jesting, or to receive insults with impunity.

"And what is the consequence," said he, "if I should not be disposed to comply with your sacred request?"

"The consequence thereof, beloved," said Bothwell, in the same tone of raillery, "will be, firstly, that I will break thy pedicels or nose. Secondly, beloved, that I will administer my fist to thy distorted visual optic; and will conclude, beloved, with a practical application of the fist of my sword to the shoulders of the remnant."

"Is it even so?" said the stranger; "then give me the cup;" and, taking it in his hand, he said, with a peculiar repression of voice and manner, "The Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the place he now worthily holds;—may such prints in Scotland soon be as the Right Reverend James Sharp!"

"He has taken the test," said Halfday, smilingly.

"But with a qualification," said Bothwell; "I don't understand what the devil the cup-eared wing means."

"Come, gentlemen," said Morton, who became impatient of their hardness, "we are met here as good subjects, and on a merry comers; and we have a right to expect we shall not be troubled with this sort of discussion."

Bothwell was about to make a warty answer, but Halfday reminded him, in a whisper, that there were strict injunctions that the soldiers should give no offence to the men who were sent out to the quarters agreeably to the monarch's orders. So, after harrassing Morton with a broad and fierce stare, he said, "Well, Mr. Popsinjay, I shall not disturb your reign; I reckon it will be out by twelve at night.—Is it not an odd thing, Halfday," he continued, addressing his companion, "that they should make such a fuss about cracking off their birding plumes at a mark which any woman or boy could hit at a day's practice? If Captain Popsinjay now, or any of his troop, would try a bout,

either with the broadsword, bucksword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold scabb, the last drawn blood, there would be some soul in it,—or, sounds, would the bumpkins but wrestle, or pitch the bar, or putt the stone, or throw the axle-tree, if (shoulding the end of Morton's sword successfully with his toe) they say things about them that they are afraid to do."

Morton's patience and prudence now gave way entirely, and he was about to make a very angry answer to Redwells's insolent observations, when the stranger stepped forward.

"This is my quarrel," he said, "and in the name of the good cause, I will see it out myself.—Hark thee, friend" (to Redwells), "wilt thou wrestle a fall with me?"

"With my whole spirit, beloved," answered Redwells; "yea, I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both."

"Then as my trust is in him that can help," retorted his antagonist, "I will forthwith make thee an example to all such calling Rakehalahs."

With that he dropped his coarse grey horseman's coat from his shoulders, and, extending his strong leany arms with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest. The soldier was nothing abashed by the muscular frame, broad chest, square shoulders, and hasty look of his antagonist, but, whistling with great composure, unbuttoned his belt, and laid aside his military coat. The company stood round them, anxious for the event.

In the first struggle the trooper seemed to have some advantage, and also in the second, though neither could be considered as decisive. But it was plain he had put his whole strength too suddenly forth, against an antagonist possessed of great endurance, skill, vigour, and length of wind. In the third chase, the countryman lifted his opponent high from the floor, and hurled him to the ground with such violence, that he lay for an instant stunned and motionless. His comrade, Hallday, immediately drew his sword:—"You have killed my opponent," he exclaimed to the victorious wrestler, "and by all that is sacred you shall answer it!"

"Stand back!" cried Morton and his companions, "it was all fair play: your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it."

"That is true enough," said Redwells, as he slowly rose; "put up your hilts, Tom, I did not think there was a drop-er of them all could have laid the best cap and feather to the

King's Life-Guards on the door of a nicely change-house.—
 "Hail ye, friend, give me your hand." The stranger held out
 his hand. "I promise you," said Bothwell, squeezing his hand
 very hard, "that the time will come when we shall meet again,
 and try this game over in a more earnest manner."

"And I'll promise you," said the stranger, returning the
 grasp with equal firmness, "that when we next meet, I will
 lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the
 power to lift it up again."

"Well, beloved," answered Bothwell, "if thou be'st a whif,
 thou art a stout and a brave one, and so good-even to thee—
 Hailst best take thy nag, before the Cornet makes the round;
 for I promise thee, he has stayed less suspicious-looking persons."

The stranger seemed to think that the hint was not to be
 neglected; he flung down his reckoning, and going into the
 stable, saddled and brought out a powerful black horse, now
 reined by post and bridle, and turning to Morton, observed,
 "I ride towards Ellerswood, which I hear is your house: will
 you give me the advantage and protection of your company?"

"Certainly," said Morton; although there was something of
 gloomy and resolution severity in the man's manner, from which
 his mind recoiled. His companions, after a courteous good-
 night, broke up and went off in different directions, some keep-
 ing their company for about a mile, until they dropped off one
 by one, and the travellers were left alone.

The company had not long left the Howff, as Eliza's public-
 house was called, when the trumpets and kettle-drums sounded.
 The troops got under arms in the market-place at this unex-
 pected summons, while, with faces of anxiety and earnestness,
 Cornet Graham, a lieutenant of Chesham, and the Provost of
 the borough, followed by half-dressed soldiers, and town-officers
 with halberds, entered the apartment of Miss Eliza.

"Open the doors!" were the first words which the Cornet
 spoke; "let no man leave the house.—So, Bothwell, how much
 dost! Dost you not hear these words best and saddest?"

"He was just going to quarters, sir," said his comrades; "he
 has had a bad fall."

"Is a fug, I suppose!" said Graham. "If you neglect
 duty in this way, your royal blood will hardly protect you."

"How have I neglected duty!" said Bothwell, sadly.

"You should have been at quarters, Sergeant Bothwell,"

replied the officer; "you have lost a golden opportunity. Here are some come that the Archbishop of St. Andrews has been strangely and badly assassinated by a body of the rebel whigs, who pursued and stopped his carriages on Magnus-Holm, near the town of St. Andrews, dragged him out, and despatched him with their swords and daggers."^{*}

All stood aghast at the intelligence.

"How are their descriptions," continued the Cornet, pulling out a proclamation, "the reward of a thousand marks is on each of their heads."

"The first, the best, and the qualification!" said Bothwell to Halkirk, "I know the meaning now—Cowards, that we should not have shot him! Go saddle our horses, Halkirk.—Was there one of the men, Cornet, very stout and square-made, double-chested, thin in the thighs, black-nosed?"

"Stay, stay," said Cornet Graham, "let us look at the paper.—Huckson of Rathillet, tall, thin, black-haired."

"That is not my man," said Bothwell.

"John Bothwell, called Burley, squarish nose, red-haired, five feet eight inches in height"—

"It is he—it is the very man!" said Bothwell;—"shoot him fearfully with one eye!"

"Right," continued Graham—"saddle a strong black horse, taken from the priory at the time of the murder."

"The very man," exclaimed Bothwell, "and the very horse! he was in this room not a quarter of an hour since."

A few hasty inquiries tended still more to confirm the opinion that the reserved and stern stranger was Either of Burley, the actual commander of the band of assassins, who, in the fury of misguided zeal, had murdered the priory, whom they accidentally met, as they were searching for another person against whom they bore enmity.[†] In their excited imagination, the

^{*} The general account of this act of assassination is to be found in all histories of the period. A more particular narrative may be found in the works of one of the actors, James Fergus, in the Appendix to *Kirkman's History of the Church of Scotland*, published by Charles Kirkpatrick Skene, Esquire. 4th, Edinburgh, 1817.

[†] One Garthland, church-deacon in Fife, who had been active in enforcing the penal measures against nonconformists. He was on the scene of the murder, but receiving accidental information that a party was out in quest of him, he returned home, and escaped the fate designed for him, which befell the patron the Archbishop.

usual manner had the appearance of a providential interference, and they put to death the Archbishop, with circumstances of great and cold-blooded cruelty, under the belief that the Lord, as they expressed it, had delivered him into their hands."

"Horse, horse, and pursue, my lads!" continued Corbet Graham; "the murdering dog's head is worth its weight in gold."

"John G. Rector of Archbishop Street."

CHAPTER FOURTH.

*Arise thou, youth!—it is no longer well—
God's church is injured—hark to man the well;
Hark where the Redeemer's banner waves in high,
Sign of immortal death, or victory!*

JAMES DUFF.

Morton and his companion had attained some distance from the town before either of them addressed the other. There was something, as we have observed, repulsive in the manner of the stranger, which prevented Morton from opening the conversation, and he himself seemed to have no desire to talk, until, on a sudden, he abruptly demanded, "What has your father's son to do with such profane immunities as I find you this day engaged in?"

"I do my duty as a subject, and pursue my harmless recreations according to my own pleasure," replied Morton, somewhat offended.

"Is it your duty, think you, or that of any Christian young man, to bear arms in their cause who have poured out the blood of God's saints in the wilderness as if it had been water? or is it a lawful recreation to waste time in shooting at a bunch of freethinkers, and close your evening with wine-bibbing in public-houses and market-places, when He that is mighty is come into the land with his fan in his hand, to purge the wheat from the chaff?"

"I suppose, from your style of conversation," said Morton, "that you are one of those who have thought proper to stand

out against the Government. I must remind you that you are unnecessarily using dangerous language in the presence of a mere stranger, and that the times do not render it safe for me to listen to it."

"Then cannot not help it, Henry Morton," said his companion; "My Master has his ways for thee, and when he calls, thou must obey. Well yet I thou hast not heard the call of a true preacher, or thou hadst ere now been what thou wilt naturally one day become."

"We are of the Presbyterian persuasion, like yourself," said Morton; for his uncle's family attended the ministry of one of those numerous Presbyterian clergymen, who, complying with certain regulations, were licensed to preach without interruption from Government. This discipline, as it was called, made a great schism among the Presbyterians, and those who accepted of it were severely censured by the more rigid sectaries, who refused the proffered terms. The stranger, therefore, narrowed with great dislike to Morton's profession of faith,—

"That is but an equivocation—a poor evasion. Ye listen on the Sabbath to a cold, worldly, time-serving discourse, from one who forgets his high commission as much as to hold his speaking by the favour of the courtiers and the false pretence, and ye call that hearing the word! Of all the baits with which the devil has fished for souls in these days of blood and darkness, that Black Indulgence has been the most destructive. An awful dispensation it has been, a smiting of the shepherds and a scattering of the sheep upon the mountains—an upbidding of one Christian hammer against another, and a fighting of the wars of darkness with the swords of the children of light!"

"My uncle," said Morton, "is of opinion, that we enjoy a reasonable freedom of conscience under the indulged clergymen, and I must necessarily be guided by his sentiments respecting the choice of a place of worship for his family."

"Your uncle," said the layman, "is one of those to whom the best lamb is his own flock at Milwood is dearer than the whole Christian flock. He is one that would willingly bend down to the golden-calf of Bethel, and would have fished for the dust thereof when it was ground to powder and cast upon the waters. Thy father was a man of another stamp."

"My father," replied Morton, "was indeed a brave and

gallant man. And you may have heard, sir, that he fought for that royal family in whose name I was this day carrying arms."

"Ay; and had he lived to see these days, he would have cursed the hour he ever drew sword in their cause. But never of this hereafter—I promise thee full surely that thy hour will come, and then the words thou hast now heard will stick in thy bones like barbed arrows. My road lies there."

He pointed towards a pass leading up into a wild extent of dreary and desolate hills; but as he was about to turn his horse's head into the rugged path which led from the high-road in that direction, an old woman wrapped in a red cloak, who was sitting by the cross-way, rose, and approaching him, said, in a mysterious tone of voice, "If ye be of our ain folk, gang ye up the pass the night for your lives. There is a lion in the path that is there. The counts of Brotherton and ten soldiers has beset the pass, to hae the lives of any of our pair wanderers that venture that gate to join wi' Hamilton and Dingwall."

"Have the persecuted hills driven to my head among themselves?" demanded the stranger.

"About sixty or seventy horse and foot," said the old dame; "but shure! they are partly armed, and wae fared wi' vinted."

"God will help his own," said the horseman.—"Which way shall I take to join them?"

"It's a mae impossibility this night," said the woman, "the troopers keep me strict a guard; and they say there's strange news come frae the east, that makes them rage in their cruelty mair feroe than ever—Ye must take shelter somegates for the night before ye get to the moires, and keep yourself in hiding till the gey o' the mornin', and then you may find your way through the Drake Moss. When I heard the awfu' thrawings o' the oppressors, I did tak my cloak about me, and sat down by the wayside, to warn any of our pair scattered remnant that chanced to cross this gate, before they fell into the nets of the spoilers."

"Have you a house near this?" said the stranger; "and can you give me hiding there?"

"I have," said the old woman, "a hut by the wayside; it may be a mile from hence; but four men of Edin', called dragons, are lodged therein, to spoil my household goods at

their pleasure, because I will not wait upon the servile, thriftless, fawning ministry of that carnal man, John Halfour, the curate."

"Good night, good woman, and thanks for thy counsel," said the stranger, as he rode away.

"The blessings of the powers upon you!" returned the old dame; "may He keep you that can keep you!"

"Amen!" said the traveller; "for where to hide my head this night, mortal skill cannot direct me."

"I am very sorry for your distress," said Morton; "and had I a house or place of shelter that could be called my own, I almost think I would risk the utmost rigour of the law rather than leave you in such a strait. But my uncle is so alarmed at the pains and penalties denounced by the laws against such as consort, receive, or consent with intercommuned persons, that he has strictly forbidden all of us to hold any intercourse with them."

"It is no less than I expected," said the stranger; "nevertheless, I might be resolved without his knowledge;—a barn, a hay-loft, a cart-shed—any place where I could stretch me down, would be to my habits like a tabernacle of silver set about with planks of cedar."

"I assure you," said Morton, much embarrassed, "that I have not the means of receiving you at Milwood without my uncle's consent and knowledge; nor, if I could do so, would I think myself justifiable in engaging him unnecessarily in a danger which, most of all others, he fears and deprecates."

"Well," said the traveller, "I have but one word to say. Did you ever hear your father mention John Halfour of Darby?"

"His ancient friend and comrade, who saved his life, with almost the loss of his own, in the battle of Longparston Moor!—Often, very often."

"I am that Halfour," said his companion. "Yonder stands thy uncle's house; I am the light among the trees. The avenger of blood is behind me, and my death certain unless I have refuge there. Now, make thy choice, young man; to shrink from the side of thy father's friend, like a thief in the night, and to leave him exposed to the bloody death from which he rescued thy father, or to expose thine uncle's worldly goods to such peril, as, in this perverse generation, attacks those who

give a morsel of bread or a draught of cold water to a Christian man, when perishing for lack of refreshment?"

A thousand recollections thronged on the mind of Morton at once. His father, whose memory he idolized, had often enlarged upon his obligations to this man, and regretted that, after having been long comrades, they had parted in some unkindness at the time when the kingdom of Scotland was divided into Revolutionists and Protesters; the former of whom adhered to Charles II. after his father's death upon the scaffold, while the Protestants inclined rather to a union with the triumphant Republicans. The stern decisions of Darley had attached him to this latter party, and the comrades had parted in displeasure, never, as it happened, to meet again. These circumstances the deceased Colonel Morton had often mentioned to his son, and always with an expression of deep regret that he had never in any manner been enabled to repay the assistance which on more than one occasion he had received from Darley.

To hasten Morton's decision, the night-wind, as it swept along, brought from a distance the solemn sound of a battle-drum, which, seeming to approach nearer, intimated that a body of horse were upon their march towards them.

"It must be Claverhouse, with the rest of his regiment. What can have occasioned this night-march? If you go on, you fall into their hands—if you turn back towards the borough-town, you are in no less danger from Cornet Graham's party—the path to the hill is best. I must shelter you at Milnwood, or expose you to instant death;—but the punishment of the law shall fall upon myself, as in justice it should, not upon my uncle.—Follow me."

Darley, who had awaited his resolution with great composure, now followed him in silence.

The house of Milnwood, built by the father of the present proprietor, was a decent mansion, suitable to the size of the estate, but, since the accession of this owner, it had been suffered to go considerably into disrepair. At some little distance from the house stood the court of offices. Here Morton passed.

"I must leave you here for a little while," he whispered, "until I can provide a bed for you in the house."

"I care little for such a delicacy," said Darley; "for thirty years this head has rested oftener on the turf, or on the mat

gray slugs, then upon either wall or down. A draught of ale, a morsel of bread, to sup my prayers, and to stretch me upon dry hay, were to me as good as a painted chamber and a prince's table."

It occurred to Marion at the same moment, that to attempt to introduce the fugitive within the house, would materially increase the danger of detection. Accordingly, having struck a light with implements left in the stable for that purpose, and having fastened up their horses, he assigned Hurley, for his place of repose, a wooden bed, placed in a loft half full of hay, which an out-of-door domestic had occupied, until dislodged by his uncle in one of those fits of parsimony which became more rigid from day to day. In this uncomfortable loft Marion left his companion, with a caution as to shade his light that no reflection might be seen from the window, and a promise that he would presently return with such necessaries as he might be able to procure at that late hour. This last, indeed, was a subject on which he felt by no means confident, for the power of obtaining even the most ordinary provisions depended entirely upon the humour in which he might happen to find his uncle's sole confidant, the old housekeeper. If she chanced to be a-temper, which was very likely, or out of humour, which was not less so, Morton well knew the case to be at least problematical.

Cursing in his heart the social parsimony which pervaded every part of his uncle's establishment, he gave the usual gentle knock at the bolted door by which he was accustomed to seek admittance when accident had detained him abroad beyond the early and established hours of rest at the house of Millwood. It was a sort of hesitating tap, which carried an acknowledgment of transgression in its very sound, and seemed rather to solicit than command attention. After it had been repeated again and again, the housekeeper, grumbling between her teeth as she ran from the chimney corner in the hall, and wrapping her checked handkerchief round her head to secure her from the cold air, passed across the stone-passage, and repeated a careful "Who's there at this time o' night?" more than once before she unlocked the bolts and bars, and cautiously opened the door.

"This is a fine time o' night, Mr. Henry," said the old dame, with the tyrannic insolence of a spoiled and favourite domestic—"a braw time o' night and a bonny, to disturb a peaceful house in, and to keep quiet folk out o' their beds

waiting for you. Your neck's been in his waist three hours' time, and Betsy's ill o' the rheumatism, and he's to his bed too, and now I had to sit up for ye myself, for to wait a hour as I had."

Here she coughed once or twice, in further evidence of the apoplectic incoherence which she had sustained.

"Much obliged to you, Alison, and many kind thanks."

"Heh, aye, we fair-fishioned as we are! Many folk call me Mrs. Wilson, and Milwood himself is the only one about this town thinks o' calling me Alison, and indeed he is often says Mrs. Alison as any other thing."

"Well, then, Mrs. Alison," said Martin, "I really am sorry to have kept you up waiting till I came in."

"And now that you are come in, Mr. Harry," said the cross old woman, "what for do ye no tak up your candle and gang to your bed? and mind ye dinna let the candle waul as ye gang along the waistcoat passage, and head o' the house scowling to get out the grease again."

"But, Alison, I really must have something to eat, and a draught of ale, before I go to bed."

"But!—and aye, Mr. Harry! My cousin, ye've ill to serve! Do ye think we havena heard o' your grand poppajay week yonder, and how ye blawed away as waulie potter as mad has shot o' the wild fool that we'll want stroun and Chaudronne—and then gingling majoring to the piper's Howd wi' o' the tike hoons in the country, and sitting there biding, at your poor waulie's cost, and danc, wi' o' the snuff and raff o' the water-side, till sun-down, and then coming hame and crying for aye, as if ye were mairster and maistr!"

Extremely vexed, yet anxious, on account of his guest, to procure refreshments if possible, Martin suppressed his resentment, and good-humouredly assured Mrs. Wilson that he was really both hungry and thirsty; "and as for the shouting at the poppajay, I have heard you say, you have been there yourself, Mrs. Wilson—I wish you had come to look at us."

"Ah, Mairster Harry," said the old dame, "I wish ye hims beginning to learn the way of blawing in a woman's bag wi' o' your whilly-wha's!—Awad, we ye dinna practise them but on cold wives like me, the lee mairster. But tak heed o' the young quacks, lad—Poppajay—ye think yourself a baw fellow now; and toot!" (sweeping him with the snuff) "there's nae doubt to find wi' the snuff, if the inside be conforming. But I wad,

when I was a gilly of a lascar, seeing the Duke, that was him that lost his head at London—folk said it was a very pale one, but it was aye a sair loss to him, poor gentleman—Awed, he was the popinjay, for few cared to win it ever his Grace's head—wed, he had a comely presence, and when o' the guests mounted to show their wares, his Grace was as near to me as I was to you; and he said to me, 'Tak tent o' yourself, my bonny lassie (these were his very words), for my horse is not very cheery.'—And now, as ye say ye had see little to eat or drink, I'll let you see that I hawens been aw unsatisfied o' you; for I diana think it's safe for young folk to gang to their bed on an empty stomach."

To do Mrs. Wilson justice, her nocturnal harangues upon such occasions not unfrequently terminated with this apt epiphonem, which always produced the producing of some provision a little better than ordinary, such as she now placed before him. In fact, the principal object of her wandering was to display her consequence and love of power; for Mrs. Wilson was not, at the bottom, an illtempered woman, and certainly loved her old and young master (both of whom she tolerated extremely) better than any one else in the world. She now eyed Mr. Henry, as she called him, with great complacency, as he partook of her good cheer.

"Muckle gude may it do ye, my bonny man. I trow ye diana get wae a dirl-in-the-poe as that at Nial Elan's. His wife was a comely body, and could dress things very wae for use in her line o' business, but no like a gentleman's housekeeper, to be sure. But I doubt the daughter's a cilly thing;—an wae cockerney she had looked on her head at the Kirk last Sunday. I am doubting there will be news o' o' that brow. But my auld een's driving together;—diana hurry yourself, my bonny man; tak mind about the putting out the candle, and there's a horn of ale, and a glass o' drowsie-flower water; I diana gie like body that—I keep it for a pain I hae while in my ain stomach, and it's better for your young blood than brandy. See, gude-night to ye, Mr. Henry, and see that ye tak gude care o' the candle."

Morton promised to attend punctually to her caution, and requested her not to be alarmed if she heard the door opened, as she knew he must again, as usual, look to his horse, and arrange him for the night. Mrs. Wilson then retreated, and

Morton, folding up his provisions, was about to hasten to his guest, when the nodding head of the old housekeeper was again thrust in at the door, with an admonition to remember to take an account of his ways before he hid himself down to rest, and to pray for protection during the hours of darkness.

Such were the manners of a certain class of domestication, once common in Scotland, and perhaps still to be found in some old manse-houses in its remote counties. They were fixtured in the family they belonged to; and as they never conceived the possibility of such a thing as dismissal to be within the chances of their lives, they were, of course, sincerely attached to every member of it.* On the other hand, when spoiled by the indulgence or insolence of their superiors, they were very apt to become ill-tempered, self-sufficient, and tyrannical; so much so, that a mistress or master would sometimes almost have wished to exchange their over-gained fidelity for the smooth and accommodating duplicity of a modern maid.

* A manse-man retainer of this kind, having offended his master extremely, was recommended to leave his service instantly. "Is that and that will I not," answered the domestic; "if your honour does not when ye have a gale servant, I but when I have a gale master, and as away I will not." On another occasion of the same nature, the master said, "John, you and I shall never stay under the same roof again!" to which John replied, with much solemnity, "Where the devil can your honour be going!"

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Yes, this man's brow, like to a tough lead,
Foretells the nature of a tough volume.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAVING at length rid of the housekeeper's presence, Morton made a selection of what he had reserved from the provisions set before him, and prepared to carry them to his convalescent guest. He did not think it necessary to take a light, being perfectly acquainted with every turn of the road; and it was lucky he did not do so, for he had hardly stepped beyond the threshold ere a heavy tramping of horses announced that the body of cavalry,

whose kettle-drums* they had before heard, were in the act of passing along the high-road which winds round the foot of the bank on which the house of Milnerwood was placed. He heard the commanding-officer distinctly give the word *halt*. A pause of silence followed, interrupted only by the occasional sighing or pining of an impatient charger.

"Whose house is this?" said a voice, in a tone of authority and command.

"Milnerwood, if it like your honour," was the reply.

"Is the owner well affected?" said the inquirer.

"He complies with the orders of Government, and frequents an indulged minister," was the response.

"Hush! ay! indulged! a mere mask for treason, very hypocritically allowed to those who are too great comrades to wear their principles bareheaded.—Hud we not better send up a party, and search the house, in case some of the bloody villains concerned in this heathenish butchery may be concealed in it?"

Ere Morton could recover from the alarm into which this proposal had thrown him, a third speaker rejoined, "I cannot think it at all necessary; Milnerwood is an infirm, hypochondriac old man, who never meddles with politics, and loves his money-bags and bonds better than anything else in the world. His nephew, I hear, was at the wappenschaw to-day, and gained the poplajay, which does not look like a fanatic. I should think they are all gone to bed long since, and an alarm at this time of night might kill the poor old man."

"Well," rejoined the leader, "if that be so, to search the house would be lost time, of which we have but little to throw away. Gentlemen of the Life-Guards, forward—March!"

A few notes on the trumpet, mingled with the occasional boom of the kettle-drums, to mark the cadences, joined with the tramp of hoofs, and the clink of arms, announced that the troop had resumed its march. The moon broke out as the leading files of the column attained a hill up which the road wound, and shewed indistinctly the glittering of the steel caps; and the dark figures of the horses and riders might be imperfectly

* Regimental music is never played at night. But who can assure us that such was not the custom in Charles the Second's time? Till I am well informed on this point, the kettle-drums shall clink on, as adding something to the phantasmagoric effect of the night march.

traced through the gloom. They continued to advance up the hill, and swept over the top of it in such long succession as constituted a considerable armed force.

When the last of them had disappeared, young Morton resumed his purpose of visiting his guest. Upon entering the place of refuge, he found him seated on his humble couch with a pocket Bible open in his hand, which he seemed to study with intense meditation. His browed, which he had undisturbed in the first storm at the arrival of the dragons, lay naked across his knees, and the little taper that stood beside him upon the old chest, which served the purpose of a table, threw a partial and imperfect light upon those stern and hard features, in which directly was rendered more solemn and dignified by a wild sort of tragic enthusiasm. His brow was that of one in whom some strong dominating principle has overwhelmed all other passions and feelings, like the swell of a high spring-tide, when the usual cliffs and breakers vanish from the eye, and their existence is only indicated by the chafing foam of the waves that burst and wheel over them. He raised his head, after Morton had contemplated him for about a minute.

"I perceive," said Morton, looking at his sword, "that you heard the horsemen ride by; their passage delayed me for some minutes."

"I scarcely heeded them," said Ralfour; "my hour is not yet come. That I shall one day fall into their hands, and be honourably associated with the saints whom they have slaughtered, I am full well aware. And I would, young man, that the hour were come; it should be as welcome to me as ever willing to be foregone. But if my Master has more work for me on earth, I must not do his labour grudgingly."

"Eat and refresh yourself," said Morton; "to-morrow your safety requires you should leave this place, in order to gain the hills, so soon as you can see to distinguish the track through the mazes."

"Young man," returned Ralfour, "you are already weary of me, and would be yet more so, perchance, did you know the task upon which I have been lately put. And I wonder not that it should be so, for there are times when I am weary of myself. Think you not it is a sore trial for flesh and blood, to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven while we are yet in the body, and destined to retain that blinded

some and sympathy for carnal suffering, which makes our own flesh thrill when we strike a gale upon the body of another! And think you, that when some pious tyrant has been removed from his place, that the instruments of his punishment can at all times look back on their share in his downfall with firm and unshaken nerves! Must they not sometimes even question the truth of that inspiration which they have felt and acted under!—must they not sometimes doubt the origin of that strong impulse with which their prayers for heavenly direction under difficulties have been inwardly answered and confirmed, and confuse, in their disturbed apprehensions, the responses of Truth itself with some strong delusion of the enemy!”

“These are subjects, Mr. Balfour, on which I am ill qualified to converse with you,” answered Morton; “but I own I should strongly doubt the origin of any inspiration which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our conduct.”

Balfour seemed somewhat disturbed, and drew himself hastily up, but immediately composed himself, and answered coolly, “It is natural you should think so; you are yet in the dangerous-house of the law, a pit darker than that into which Jeremiah was plunged, even the dungeon of Malchiah the son of Haman-melech, where there was no water but mire. Yet is the seal of the covenant upon your forehead, and the son of the righteous, who resisted to blood where the banner was spread on the mountains, shall not be utterly lost, as one of the children of darkness. Trow ye, that in this day of bitterness and calamity, nothing is required at our hands but to keep the moral law as far as our carnal frailty will permit! Think ye our compasses must be only over our corrupt and evil affections and passions! No—we are called upon, when we have girded up our loins, to run the race boldly, and when we have drawn the sword, we are enjoined to smite the ungodly, though he be our neighbors, and the man of power and cruelty, though he wear of our own kindred, and the friend of our own house.”

“These are the sentiments,” said Morton, “that your enemies impute to you, and which pollute, if they do not vindicate, the moral measures which the council have directed against you. They affirm, that you pretend to derive your rule of action from what you call an inward light, rejecting the constraints of legal

magistracy, of national law, and even of common humanity, when in opposition to what you call the spirit within you."

"They do us wrong," answered the Commander; "it is they, perjured as they are, who have rejected all law, both divine and civil, and who now persecute us for adherence to the solemn League and Covenant between God and the kingdoms of Scotland, to which all of them, save a few popish malignants, have sworn in former days, and which they now bear in the market-places, and tread under foot in derision. When this Charles Stuart returned to these kingdoms, did the malignants bring him back? They had tried it with strong hand,—but they failed, I trow. Could James Graham of Minto, and his Highland veterans, have put him again in the place of his father? I think their heads on the 'West Port' told another tale for many a long day. It was the vengeance of the glorious work—the reformers of the beauty of the tabernacle, that called him again to the high place from which his father fell. And what has been our reward? In the words of the prophet, 'We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble!—The scattering of his houses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the reigning of his strong arm; for they are come, and have devoured the land and all that is in it.'"

"Mr. Edifort," answered Morton, "I neither undertake to subscribe to or refute your complaints against the Government. I have endeavoured to repay a debt due to the commands of my father, by giving you shelter in your distress, but you will excuse me from engaging myself, either in your cause, or in controversy. I will leave you to repose, and humbly wish it were in my power to render your condition more comfortable."

"But I shall see you, I trust, in the morning, ere I depart! I am not a man whose bowels yearn after kindred and friends of this world. When I put my hand to the plough, I entered into a covenant with my worldly affections that I should not look back on the things I left behind me. Yet the son of man cannot comrade is to me as mine own, and I cannot behold him without the deep and firm belief that I shall one day see

* [The West Port or gate leading into the Government, was the principal entrance to Edinburgh from the west. The heads of criminals, according to the barbarous usage of the time, were often stuck up on this and the other gates of the city.]

him gird on his sword in the dear and precious cause for which his father fought and bled."

With a promise on Morton's part that he would call the refugees when it was time for him to pursue his journey, they parted for the night.

Morton retired to a few hours' rest; but his imagination, disturbed by the events of the day, did not permit him to enjoy sound repose. There was a blended vision of horror before him, in which his new friend seemed to be a principal actor. The fair form of Edith Bellenden also mingled in his dream, weeping, and with dishevelled hair, and appearing to call on him for comfort and assistance, which he had not in his power to render. He awoke from these unrefreshing slumbers with a feverish impulse, and a heart which foreboded disaster. There was already a tinge of dawning light on the verge of the distant hills, and the dawn was abroad in all the freshness of a summer morning.

"I have slept too long," he exclaimed to himself, "and must now hasten to forward the journey of this unfortunate fugitive."

He dressed himself as fast as possible, opened the door of the house with as little noise as he could, and hastened to the place of refuge occupied by the Covenanters. Morton entered on tiptoe, for the determined tone and manner, as well as the unusual language and sentiments of this singular individual, had struck him with a sensation approaching to awe. Balfour was still asleep. A ray of light streamed on his uncurtained couch, and shewed to Morton the working of his harsh features, which seemed agitated by some strong internal cause of disturbance. He had not undressed. Both his arms were above the bed-cover, the right hand strongly clenched, and occasionally making that abortive attempt to strike, which usually attends dreams of violence; the left was extended, and agitated, from time to time, by a movement as if repelling some one. The perspiration stood on his brow, "like bubbles in a late disturbed stream," and these marks of emotion were accompanied with broken words which escaped from him at intervals.—"Thou art taken, Judas—thou art taken—cling not to my knees—cling not to my knees—how him down!—A priest! Ay, a priest of Baal, to be bound and slain, even at the black Kilsno.—Firearms will not prevail against him—Strike—thrust with the cold iron!

—put him out of pain,—put him out of pain, were it but for the sake of his gray hairs."

Morton, alarmed at the import of these expressions, which seemed to burst from his eyes in sleep with the stern energy accompanying the perpetration of some act of violence, Morton shook his guest by the shoulder in order to awake him. The first words he uttered were, "But we where ye will, I will sreach the deed!"

His glance seemed having then fully awakened him, he at once assumed all the stern and gloomy composure of his ordinary manner, and throwing himself on his knees, before speaking to Morton, poured forth an ejaculatory prayer for the suffering Church of Scotland, entreating that the blood of her martyred saints and martyrs might be precious in the sight of Heaven, and that the shield of the Almighty might be spread over the scattered remnant, who, for His name's sake, were abiders in the wilderness. Vengeance—speedy and ample vengeance on the oppressors—was the concluding petition of his devotions, which he expressed about in strong and emphatic language, rendered more impressive by the Orientalism of Scripture.

When he had finished his prayer he arose, and taking Morton by the arm, they descended together to the stable, where the Wanderer (to give Barley a title which was often conferred on his sect) began to make his horse ready to pursue his journey. When the animal was saddled and bridled, Barley requested Morton to walk with him a gunshot into the wood, and direct him to the right road for gaining the moor. Morton readily complied, and they walked for some time in silence, under the shade of some fine old trees, pursuing a sort of natural path, which, after passing through woodland for about half-a-mile, led into the bare and wild country which extends to the foot of the hills.

There was little conversation between them, until at length Barley suddenly asked Morton, "Whether the words he had spoken once—right had burst forth in his mind?"

Morton answered, "That he retained of the same opinion which he had formerly held, and was determined, at least as far and as long as possible, to unite the duties of a good Christian with those of a peaceful subject."

"In other words," replied Barley, "you are desirous to serve both God and Mammon—to be one day professing the truth

with your lips, and the next day is seen, at the command of carnal and tyrannic authority, to shed the blood of those who for the truth have forsaken all things! Think ye," he continued, "to touch pitch and remain undefiled? to mix in the ranks of malignants, papists, pope-priests, latitudinarians, and secesses; to partake of their sports, which are like the most effred unto kids; to hold intercourse, perchance, with their daughters, as the sons of God with the daughters of men in the world before the flood?—think you, I say, to do all these things, and yet remain free from pollution? I say unto you, that all communication with the enemies of the Church is the assured thing which God hateth! Touch not—taste not—handle not! And grieve not, young men, as if you alone were called upon to subdue your carnal affections, and renounce the pleasures which are a snare to your feet—I say to you, that the son of David hath descended no better lot on the whole generation of mankind."

He then mounted his horse, and turning to Morton, repeated the text of Scripture, "An heavy yoke was laid upon the sons of Adam from the day they go out of their mother's womb, till the day that they return to the Mother of all things; from him who is clothed in blue silk and weareth a crown, even to him who weareth simple linen,—wealth, care, trouble, and inquietness, vigour, strife, and fear of death is the time of rest."

Having uttered these words, he set his horse in motion, and soon disappeared among the boughs of the forest.

"Farewell, stern enthusiast!" said Morton, looking after him. "In some nooks of my mind, how dangerous would be the society of such a companion! If I am removed by him and the abstract doctrines of faith, or rather by a peculiar mode of worship" (such was the purport of his reflections), "can I be a man, and a Scotchman, and look with indifference on that persecution which has made wise men mad? Was not the cause of freedom, civil and religious, that for which my father fought? and shall I do well to remain inactive, or to take the part of an oppressive government, if there should appear any rational prospect of redressing the insufferable wrongs to which my miserable countrymen are subjected?—And yet, who shall warrant me that those people, rendered wild by persecution, would not, in the hour of victory, be as cruel and as intolerant as those by whom they are now hunted down? What danger

of moderation, or of mercy, can be expected from this Darby, so distinguished as one of their principal champions, and who seems even now to be reeking from some recent deed of violence, and to feel stings of remorse which even his enthusiasm cannot altogether still. I am weary of seeing nothing but violence and fury around me—now assuming the mask of lawful authority, now taking that of religious zeal. I am sick of my country—of myself—of my dependent situation—of my repressed feelings—of these woods, of that river—of that house—of all but—Edith, and she can never be mine! Why should I haunt her walks?—why encourage my own delusion, and perhaps hers? She can never be mine: her grandmother's pride—the opposite principles of our families—my wretched state of dependence—a poor miserable slave, for I have not even the wages of a servant,—all circumstances give the lie to the vain hope that we can ever be united. Why then protract a delusion so painful?

"But I am no slave," he said aloud, and drawing himself up to his full stature—"no slave in any respect surely. I can change my shade—my father's sword is mine, and Europe lies open before me, as before him and hundreds besides of my countrymen, who have filled it with the fumes of their exploits. Perhaps some lucky chance may raise me to a rank with our Rutherfords, our Lenoxs, our Maxwells, the chosen leaders of the famous Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus—or if not, a soldier's life or a soldier's grave."

When he had formed this determination, he found himself near the door of his uncle's house, and resolved to lose no time in making him acquainted with it.

"Another glance of Edith's eye, another walk by Edith's side, and my resolution would melt away. I will take an irreversible step, therefore, and then see her for the last time."

In this mood he entered the wainscoted parlour, in which his uncle was already placed at his morning's refreshment, a large plate of oatmeal porridge, with a corresponding allowance of butter-milk. The favourite housekeeper was in attendance, half standing, half resting on the back of a chair, in a posture between freedom and respect. The old gentleman had been remarkably tall in his earlier days, an advantage which he now lost by stooping to such a degree, that at a meeting, where there was some dispute concerning the sort of arch which should

be thrown over a considerable brook, a fastidious neighbour proposed to offer Millicent a handsome sum for his curved back-bone, alleging that he would sell anything that belonged to him. Spiky feet of unusual size, long thin hands, garnished with nails which seldom left the stool, a wrinkled and puckered visage, the length of which corresponded with that of his person, together with a pair of little sharp bangs-making grey eyes, that seemed eternally looking out for their advantage, completed the highly unimposing exterior of Mr. Morton of Millicent. As it would have been very injudicious to have lodged a fiend or homicidal disposition in such an unworthy cabinet, nature had suited his person with a mind exactly in conformity with it,—that is to say, mean, selfish, and covetous.

When this amiable paragon was aware of the presence of his nephew, he hesitated, before addressing him, to swallow the spoonful of porridge which he was in the act of conveying to his mouth, and as it chanced to be scalding hot, the pain occasioned by its descent down his throat and into his stomach, infused the ill-humour with which he was already prepared to meet his kinsman. "The devil take them that made them!" was his first ejaculation, apostrophising his mass of porridge.

"They're gude parritch enough," said Mrs. Wilson, "if ye wad but take time to sup them. I made them myself; but if I felt wiles has patience, they should get their thopples uncovered."

"Haad your peace, Alison! I was speaking to my niece.—How is this, sir!—and what sort o' scurrying gaites are those o' going on! Ye were not at hame last night till near mid-night."

"Thereabouts, sir, I believe," answered Morton, in an indifferent tone.

"Thereabouts, sir!—What sort o' an answer is that, sir! Why come ye noo hame when ather folk left the grand!"

"I suppose you know the reason very well, sir," said Morton; "I had the fortune to be the best marksmen of the day, and remained, as is usual, to give some little entertainment to the other young men."

"The devil ye did, sir! And ye come to tell me that to my face! Ye pretend to gie entertainments, that means come by a dinner except by working on a credit! man like me! But if ye put me to charges, I'm work it out o' ye. I sanna why

ye shouldna head the plough, now that the ploughman has left us! It wad not ye better than wearing those green duds, and wasting your siller on powder and lead; it wad put ye in an honest calling, and wad keep ye in bread without being beholden to any one."

"I am very additions of learning such a calling, ah, but I don't understand driving the plough."

"And what for no? It's easier than your guessing and archery that ye like me wad. Add David is ailing it o'er now, and ye may be guidman for the first twa or three days, and tak that ye danna o'erdrive the oxen, and then ye will be fit to gang between the mills. Ye'll no'er learn powder, I'll be your caution. Haggie-hohs is heavy lead, and David is over add to keep the counter down now."

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, ah, but I have formed a scheme for myself, which will have the same effect of relieving you of the burden and charge attending my company."

"Ay! indeed! a scheme o' yours! that must be a doury one!" said the uncle, with a very peculiar sneer; "let's hear about it, lad."

"It is said in two words, ah. I intend to leave this country, and serve abroad, as my father did before those unhappy troubles broke out at home. His name will not be so entirely forgotten in the countries where he served, but that it will procure him at least the opportunity of trying his fortune as a soldier."

"Quid he guidman to us!" exclaimed the housekeeper; "our young Mr. Harry gang abroad! Na, na! ah, na! that mean never he."

Milamod, entertaining no thought or purpose of parting with his nephew, who was, moreover, very useful to him in many respects, was thunderstruck at this abrupt declaration of independence from a person whose deference to him had hitherto been unlimited. He recovered himself, however, immediately.

"And what do you think is to give you the means, young man, for such a wild-goose chase? Not I, I am sure—I can hardly support ye at home. And ye wad be marrying, I'm wairant, as your father did when ye, too, and sending your uncle home a pack o' wrens to be fighting and skirling through the house in my wild days, and to take wing and fire off like yourself, whenever they were asked to serve a turn about the town!"

"I have no thoughts o' ever marrying," answered Harry.

"Hear till him, now I'll send the housekeeper. 'Tis a shame to hear a doone young lad speak in that way, since if the world knew that they mean either marry or do worse."

"Hand your peace, Alison," said her master;—"and you, Harry" (he added, more mildly), "put this nonsense out o' your head—this nonsense o' letting ye gang a-wedding for a day—mind ye has nae siller, lad, for any sic nonsense plans."

"I beg your pardon, sir, my wants shall be very few; and would you please to give me the gold chain, which the Margrave gave to my father after the battle of Luttre?"

"Marry on us! the gowd chain!" exclaimed his uncle.

"The chain o' gowd!" repeated the housekeeper, both aght with astonishment at the audacity of the proposal.

"I will keep a few links," continued the young man, "to remind me o' him by whom it was won, and the place where he won it," continued Morton; "the rest shall furnish me the means o' following the same career in which my father obtained that mark o' distinction."

"Merrill! powers!" exclaimed the governor, "my master wants it every Sunday!"

"Sunday and Saturday," added old Milwood, "whenever I put on my black velvet coat; and Wylie Macintosh is partly o' opinion it's a kind o' heirloom, that rather belongs to the head o' the house than to the immediate descendant. It has three thousand links; I have counted them a thousand times. It's worth three hundred pounds sterling."

"That is more than I want, sir; if you choose to give me the third part o' the money, and five links o' the chain, it will amply serve my purpose, and the rest will be some slight acknowledgment for the expense and trouble I have put you to."

"The laddie's in a croud!" exclaimed his uncle. "O sir! what will become o' the rig o' Milwood when I am dead and gone! He would fling the crown o' Scotland awa, if he had it."

"Hoot, sir," said the old housekeeper, "I mean s'en say it's partly your ain fault. Ye maunna cut his head over air in neither; and, to be sure, since he has gone down to the Howff, ye maun just s'en pay the lawing."

"If it be not above two dollars, Alison," said the old gentleman, very reluctantly.

"I'll settle it myself wif Nid Hans the first time I gang

down to the diables," said Allan, "cheaper than your honour or Mr. Harry can do;" and then whispered to Henry, "Dinna vex him any mair; I'll pay the lave out o' the better side, and see nae mair words about it." Then proceeding aloud, "And ye mairmen speak o' the young gentlemen heading the plough; there's pair distressed whigs mair about the country will be glad to do that for a bit and a scup—it sets them far better than the like o' him."

"And then we'll hae the dragons on us," said Milwood, "for conducting and entertaining intramural rebels;—a heavy strain ye wad put us in!—But take your breakfast, Harry, and then lay by your new green coat, and put on your Raploch gey; it's a mair manly and thirfy dress, and a mair seemly sight, than these dangling slops and ribbands."

Morton left the room, perceiving plainly that he had at present no chance of gaining his purpose, and, perhaps, not altogether displeased at the obstacles which seemed to present themselves to his leaving the neighbourhood of Tilletstown. The housekeeper followed him into the next room, putting him on the back, and bidding him "be a gude bairn, and pit by his leave things.—And I'll keep down your hat, and lay by the band and ribband," said the officious dame; "and ye mairmen never, at so head, speak o' leaving the head, or o' selling the gowd chain, for your wale has an unco pleasure in looking on ye, and in counting the links of the chain; and ye ken auld folk canna hat for ever; see the chain, and the hands, and a' will be your ain so day; and ye may marry our biddy in the country-side ye like, and keep a bower house at Milwood, for there's nae o' reason; and is nae that worth waiting for, my daw?"

There was something in the latter part of the propinquity which sounded so agreeably in the ears of Morton, that he shook the old dame cordially by the hand, and assured her he was much obliged for her good advice, and would weigh it carefully before he proceeded to act upon his former resolution.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

From seventeen years till now, almost forever,
 Miss lived I, but now I've lost no more;
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
 But at seventeen I'm too late a week.

AS THE LARK SINGS.

We must conduct our readers to the Tower of Tillatodden, to which Lady Margaret Bellenden had returned, in romantic phantasies, untroubled and full of happiness, at the unexpected, and, as she deemed it, indefinable effort, which had been brought upon her dignity by the public misarrangement of George Gibbie. That unfortunate man-of-war was forthwith commanded to drive his feathered charge to the most remote parts of the common moor, and on no account to awaken the grief or resentment of his lady, by appearing in her presence while the name of the effort was yet recent.

The next proceeding of Lady Margaret was to hold a solemn court of justice, to which Hamilton and the barter were admitted, partly as the footing of witnesses, partly as assessors, to inquire into the necessity of Giddle Hending the ploughman, and the abatement which he had received from his mother—these being regarded as the original causes of the disaster which had befallen the chivalry of Tillatodden. The charge being fully made out and substantiated, Lady Margaret resolved to condemn the culprits in person, and, if she found them impudent, to convert the censure into a sentence of expulsion from the barony. Miss Bellenden alone ventured to say anything in behalf of the accused. But her countenance did not profit them as it might have done on any other occasion; for as soon as Edith had heard it ascertained that the unfortunate cavalier had not suffered in his person, his disaster had affected her with an invincible disposition to laugh, which, in spite of Lady Margaret's indignation, or rather irritation, as usual, by restraint, had broken out repeatedly on her return homeward, until her grandmother, in no shape imposed upon by the several fictitious causes which the young lady assigned for her ill-timed merriment,

splendid her in very bitter terms with being insoluble to the honour of her family. Miss Delfaden's intercession, therefore, had on this occasion little or no chance to be listened to.

As if to evince the rigour of her disposition, Lady Margaret, on this solemn occasion, exchanged the ivory-headed cane with which she commonly walked, for an immense gold-headed staff which had belonged to her father, the deceased Earl of Torwood, and which, like a sort of mace of office, she only made use of on occasions of special solemnity. Supported by this awful token of command, Lady Margaret Delfaden entered the cottage of the delinquents.

There was an air of consciousness about old Mase, as she rose from her wicker chair in the chimney-nook, and with the civil abashment of rings which used, on other occasions, to express the honour she felt in the visit of her lady, but with a certain solemnity and embarrassment, like an accused party on his first appearance in presence of his judge, before whom he is, nevertheless, determined to assert his innocence. Her arms were folded, her mouth primed into an expression of respect mingled with obstinacy, her whole mind apparently bent up to the solemn interview. With her feet meeting to the ground, and a mute motion of reverence, Mase pointed to the chair which on former occasions Lady Margaret (for the good lady was somewhat of a quack) had deigned to occupy for half-an-hour sometimes at a time, hearing the news of the country and of the borough. But at present her mistress was far too indignant for such consideration. She rejected the mute invitation with a haughty wave of her hand, and drawing herself up as she spoke, she uttered the following interrogatory in a tone calculated to overawe the culprit.

"Is it true, Mase, as I am informed by Harrison, Gacyll, and others of my people, that you has been it upon you, contrary to the bidh you owe to God and the King and to me, your natural lady and mistress, to keep back your son from the vengeance held by the order of the sheriff, and to return his arrow and abominations at a moment when it was impossible to find a suitable delegate in his stead, whereby the honour of Tillstedden, both in the person of its mistress and individually, has incurred the disgrace and dishonour as have befallen the family since the days of Malcolm Canmore?"

Mase's habitual respect for her mistress was extreme;—she

hesitated, and one or two short soughs expressed the difficulty she had in defending herself.

"I am sure—my laddie—how! how!—I am sure I am sorry—very sorry that any cause of displeasure should have occurred—but my son's illness!"

"Dinna tell me of your son's illness, Mamma! Had he been sincerely cured, ye would have been at the Tower by daylight to get something that wad do him gude; there are few ailments that I hanna medical receipts for, and that ye ken for wad."

"O ay, my laddie! I am sure ye hae wrought wonderful cures; the last thing ye sent Caddie, when he had the latta, e'en wrought like a charm."

"Why, then, woman, did ye not apply to me, if there was any real need!—but there was none, ye dense-hearted rascal that ye are!"

"Your laddiepity never wad me sin a word as that before. Oho! that I wad live to be an'G' me," she continued, bursting into tears, "and me a born servant o' the house o' Thistlethorn! I am sure they hae both Caddie and me air, if they wad be wadde light over the bonie bairns in kinde for your laddiepity and Miss Edith, and the said Tower—ay wad he, and I would rather see him buried beneath it, than be wad gae way; but their ridings and wappenshawings, my laddie, I hae too been o' them awa—I can find me warrant for them whatsoever."

"Ye're warrant for them!" cried the high-born dame. "Do ye an kin, woman, that ye are bound to be ligg vessels in all bustling, bustling, watching, and waiting, when lastly summoned thereto in my name! Your service is not gratuitous—I trow ye hae had for it. Ye're kindly tenants; hae a cot-house, a hole-pard, and a cow's grass on the common. For hae been brought farther hae, and ye grudge your son wad gae me a day's service in the field!"

"No, my laddie—na, my laddie, it's no that," exclaimed Mamma, greatly embarrassed, "but we mair serve too maidens; and, if the truth wass, e'en some air, there's hae above whose commands I mair obey before your laddiepity's. I am sure I wad put neither king's nor knave's, nor any earthly creature's above them."

"How mean ye by that, ye wad fide woman!—D'ye think that I order anything against conscience?"

"I dinna pretend to say that, my laddie, in regard o' your

laddyship's conscience, which has been brought up, as it were, w' protestic principles; but like ane man walk by the light o' their sin; and mine," said Maime, waxing bolder as the conference became animated, "tells me that I will leave a'—out, kirk-yard, and cow's grass—and suffer a', rather than that I or mine should put on harness in an unlawfu' cause."

"Unlawfu'!" exclaimed her mistress; "the cause in which you are called by your lawful lordly and mistress—by the command of the king—by the writ of the privy council—by the order of the lord-lieutenant—by the warrant of the sheriff!"

"Ay, my lordly, nae doubt; but as to displeasure your lordlyship, ye'll mind that there was once a king in Scripture they call Nebuchadnezzar, and he set up a golden image in the plain o' Dura, as it might be in the haugh yonder by the water side, where the army were warned to meet yesterday; and the princes, and the governors, and the captains, and the judges themselves, forty the treasurers, the counsellors, and the sheriffs, were warned to the dedication thereof, and commanded to fall down and worship at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music."

"And what o' a' this, ye fule wife! On what had Nebuchadnezzar to do with the wappenshaw of the Upper Ward of Clydesdale?"

"Only just thus far, my lordly," continued Maime, freely, "that preface is like the great golden image in the plain of Dura, and that as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were horse out in refusing to bow down and worship, so neither shall Cedric Beldrigg, your lordlyship's poor pleighman, at least w' his auld mither's consent, make crumpoons or jurymptions as they call them, in the house of the prelates and curates, nor gird him w' armour to fight in their cause, either at the sound of battle-drums, organs, bagpipes, or any other kind of music whatever."

Lady Margaret Belvidere heard this exposition of Scripture with the greatest possible indignation, as well as surprise.

"I see which way the wind blows," she exclaimed, after a pause of astonishment; "the evil spirit of the year sixteen hundred and forty-two is at work again as merrily as ever, and the auld wits in the drimley-moak will be for knapping doctrines w' doctors o' divinity and the godly fathers o' the church."

"If your lordlyship means the bishops and curates, I'm sure they has been but sleepiness to the Kirk o' Scotland. And

since your lordship is pleased to speak o' parting w' us, I am free to tell you a piece o' my mind in another article. Your lordship and the steward has been pleased to propose that my son Cuddie shall work in the barn w' a new-fangled machine^b for lighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impudently thwarting the will o' Divine Providence, by raising wind for your lordship's ain particular use by human art, instead o' eliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation o' wind Providence was pleased to send upon the shooing-hill. Now, my lordy"——

"The women would drive our reasonable being dack!" said Lady Margaret; then resuming her tone o' authority and indifference, she concluded, "Well, Maam, I'll just say where I and has begun—ye're over learned and over godly for me to dispute w' you; as I have just this to say,—either Cuddie must attend markers when he's lawfully warned by the ground-officer, or the sower he and you fit and quit my bounds the better; there's nae scarcity o' sail wires or ploughmen; but if there were, I had rather that the rigs o' Tillamookum have something less wind-stones and snail-loveroches^c than that they were ploughed by reids to the king."

"Awed, my lordy," said Maam, "I was born here, and thought to die where my father died; and your lordship has been a kind mistress, I'll ne'er deny that, and I've ne'er ceased to pray for you and for Miss Edith, and that ye may be brought to see the error o' your ways. But still"——

"The error o' my ways!" interrupted Lady Margaret, much increased—"the error o' my ways, ye united women!"

"Oo, ay, my lordy, we are blinded that live in this valley of tears and darkness, and has a' ever many errors, giff folk as weel as us;—but, as I said, my pair brethren will not w' you and yours wherever I am. I will be wae to hear o' your affliction, and blythe to hear o' your prosperity, temporal and spiritual. But I cannot prefer the commands o' an earthly mistress to those o' a heavenly master, and now I am o'en ready to suffer for righteousness' sake."

^a Probably something similar to the barn screens now used for winnowing corn, which were not, however, used in their present shape until about 1750. They were supposed to be the more rigid cylinders, on their first introduction, upon which resembling as that of honest Maam in the text.

^b Reut-gates and snail-lochs.

"It is very well," said Lady Margaret, turning her back in great displeasure; "ye has my will, Maure, in the matter. It's her own whiggery in the larny of Tillotson's—the next thing wad be to set up a conventicle in my very withering room."

Having said this, she departed, with an air of great dignity; and Maure, giving way to feelings which she had suppressed during the interview,—for she, like her mistress, had her own feeling of pride,—now lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

Cedric, whose reality, real or pretended, still detained him in bed, lay pale during all this confusion, deeply concerned within his bound bedstead, and terrified to death lest Lady Margaret, whom he held in hereditary reverence, should have detected his presence, and bestowed on him personally some of those bitter reproaches with which she loaded his mother. But as soon as he thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing, he bounced up in his bed.

"The fool he's ye, that I call my ma," he cried out to his mother, "for a lang-tongued douring wife, as my father, honest man, aye wad ye! Owdha ye let the lady alone wif your whiggery! And I was e'en as great a general to let ye persuade me to be up here among the blankets like a huchoon, instead o' gae to the wappenschaw like other folk.—Och, but I put a trick on ye, for I was out at the window-hole when your maid back was turned, and awa' down by to has a ha' at the poppley, and I shot within twa ca't. I cheated the lady for your chaw, but I wates gae to shoot my jow. But she may wauy what she likes now, for I'm close dung over. This is I waur dirdum than we got frae Mr. Gudyll when ye per'd me refuse to eat the plum-porridge on Yule-ere, as if it wae say matter to God or man whether a ploughman had suppit on minced pie or awa' someone."

"Och, whicht, my laird! whicht!" replied Maure; "there knows about these things—It was forbidden meat, things dedicated to set days and holidays, which are inhibited to the use of Protestant Christians."

"And now," continued her son, "ye has brought the lady herself on our hands!—An I could but has gotten some decent claes in, I wad has spanged out o' bed, and tould her I wad ride where she liked, night or day, as she wad but leave us the fire house, and the pield that grew the best early kale in the hail country, and the cow's grass."

"O woe! my winsome hairs, Cuddie," continued the old dame, "mourn not at the disputation; never grieve suffering in the gude cause."

"But what has I if the cause is gude or no, neither," rejoined Cuddie, "for a' ye blame out the wurdle doctrine about it! It's clear beyond my comprehension a'thogether—I see nae nae wurdle difference steven the twa ways o't as a' the folk pretend. It's very true the wurdles read aye the same words over again; and if they be right words, what for na I—a gude tale's na the want o' being twice tauld, I trow; and a body has aye the better chance to understand it. Everybody's na ene gleg at the uptake as ye are yourself, neither."

"O, my dear Cuddie, this is the wildest distress of a'," said the anxious mother—"O, how often have I shown ye the difference between a pure evangelical doctrine, and one that's corrupt wi' human inventions! O, my hairs, if na for your ain sake's sake, yet for my grey hairs!"

"Woe, neither," said Cuddie, interrupting her, "what need ye rank me wurdle din about it! I has aye done whatever ye bade me, and gude to kirk whar'er ye likt on the Sundays, and fashed woe for ye in the illa days besides. And that's what vases me mair than a' the rest, when I think how I am to find for ye now in these bridle times. I am na dour if I can plough my place but the Mains and Macklewhams, at least I never tried any other ground, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighbouring barons will daur to take us, after being turned off their bounds for non-conformity."

"Non-conformity, blunk," sighed Maene, "is the name that these warbly men gie us."

"Awed, awed—we'll hae to gang to a far country, maybe twad or threen miles off. I could be a dragoon, nae doubt, for I can ride and play wi' the broadsword a bit, but ye wad be roaring about your blessing and your grey hairs." (Here Maene's exclamations became extreme.) "Woe, woe, I but speak o'; besides, ye've ever said to be sitting coiled up on a baggage-wagon, wi' Rylie Dumbkins, the corpulent wile. See what's to come o' us I muna woe me—I doubt I'll hae to take the kille wi' the wild whips, as they ow' them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a snawkin at some illa-side, or to be sent to Heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's thyt about my hairs."

"O, my bonny Cuckie," said the ancient Maime, "fobber sic cussed, self-seeking language, whilk is just a misdoonin' o' Providence—I have not seen the son of the rightous bagging his bread,—as says the text; and your father was a dince honest man, though somewhat warbly in his dealings, and numbered about earthy things, s'en like yoursel, my jo!"

"Awed," said Cuckie, after a little consideration, "I see but ae gate for't, and that's a could coal to Maw at, neither. Howsomever, neither, ye has some guess o' a wee bit kindness thrife atween Miss Edith and young Mr. Henry Morton, that wad be m'd young Milwood, and that I hae whiles carried a bit look, or maybe a bit letter, quietly atween them, and made believe never to ken wha it cam frae, though I ken'd haurly. There's whiles convenience in a body looking a wee stupid—and I have often seen them walking at e'en on the little path by Edgelywood-burn; but nobody ever ken'd a word about it frae Cuckie. I ken I'm gay thick in the head, but I'm as honest as our wad two-hand at, your father, that I'll ne'er work my snair—I hope they'll be as kind to him that comes about me as I hae been.—But, as I was saying, we'll aw' down to Milwood and tell Mr. Harry our distress. They want a pleighman, and the grand's ae unlike our aye—I am sure Mr. Harry will stand my part, for he's a kind-hearted gentleman.—I'll get but little penny-fee, for his trade, and Nippie Milwood, has as close a grip on the dail himsell. But we'll aye win a bit bread, and a drop hale, and a fire-side, and Cheeking over our heads; and that's a' we'll want for a season.—Gae get up, neither, and sort your things to gang away; for since we it is that gang we mean, I wad like ill to wait till Mr. Harrison and wad Gudyll cam to ge' us out by the lag and the horn."

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

The devil a portion or anything else he is, but a time-server.

THOMAS FLEMING.

It was evening when Mr. Henry Morton perceived an old woman wrapped in her tartan plaid, supported by a stout, stupid-looking fellow, in hoodlurgery, approach the house of

Hilwood. Old Mamma made her courtesy, but Caddie took the lead in addressing Morton. Indeed, he had previously stipulated with his mother, that he was to manage matters his own way; for though he readily allowed his general inferiority of understanding, and finally submitted to the guidance of his mother on most ordinary occasions, yet he said, "For getting a service, or getting forward in the world, he could manage for the woe pickle some he had gang tackle farther than here, though she could cask like any minister o' them a'."

Accordingly, he then opened the conversation with young Morton:—

"A haw right this for the eye, your honour; the west park will be breezing heavily this e'en."

"I do not doubt it, Caddie; but what can have brought your mother—this is your mother, is it not?" (Caddie nodded). "What can have brought your mother and you down the water so late?"

"Tooth, sir, just what gars the auld wives trot—nauseosity, sir—I'm seeking for service, sir."

"For service, Caddie, and at this time of the year! how comes that?"

Mamma could forbear no longer. Proud alike of her name and her sufferings, she commenced with an affected humility of tone, "It has pleased Heaven, as it like your honour, to distinguish us by a visitation"——

"Dell's in the wif, and the gude!" whispered Caddie to his mother; "as ye come out wif your whiggery, they'll no dear open a door to us through the haill country!" Then, aloud, and addressing Morton, "My mother's aill, sir, and she has rather forgotten herself in speaking to my boddie, that comes woe hile to be contradickit (as I ken nashody like it if they could help themselves), especially by her aie folk; and Mr. Harrison the steward, and Godeyell the butler, they're no very fond o' us, and it's ill sitting at Rome and striving wif the Pope; so I thought it best to fit before ill came to water—and here's a wee bit line to your honour frae a friend wif maybe say some mair about it."

"Morton took the billet, and crisscrossing up to the room between joy and surprise, read these words: "If you can serve these poor helpless people, you will oblige R. R."

It was a few instants before he could attain composure enough to ask, "And what is your object, Caddie? and how can I be of use to you?"

"Work, sir, work, and a service, is my object—a bit help for my mother and myself—we have quite plannishin' o' our ain, if we had the rest o' a cart to bring it down—and milk and meal, and greens more, for I'm gay glug at meal-time, and me in my mother, lang may it be me—And, for the penny-fee and o' that, I'll just leave it to the laird and you. I ken ye'll no see a poor lad wrangled, if ye can help it."

Morton shook his head. "For the most and helping, Caddie, I think I can promise something; but the penny-fee will be a hard chapter, I doubt."

"I'll take my chance o't, sir," replied the candidate for service, "rather than gang down about Hamilton, or any sic far country."

"Well, step into the kitchen, Caddie, and I'll do what I can for you."

The negotiation was not without difficulties. Morton had first to bring over the housekeeper, who made a thousand objections, as usual, in order to have the pleasure of being brought and entreated; but, when she was gained over, it was comparatively easy to induce old Milnwood to accept of a servant whose wages were to be in his own option. An out-house was, therefore, assigned to Mance and her son for their habitation, and it was settled that they were for the time to be admitted to eat of the fragrant fare provided for the family, until their own establishment should be completed. As for Morton, he exhausted his own very slender stock of money, in order to make Caddie such a present, under the name of *aria*, as might show his sense of the value of the recommendation delivered to him.

"And now we're settled once mair," said Caddie to his mother, "and if we're as wee him and comfortable as we were up yonder, yet like his life any gae, and we're wif decent kirk-going folk o' your ain persuasion, neither; there will be nae quarrelling about that."

"Of my persuasion, Mairry?" said the too-enlightened Mance; "was't me for thy blindness and thine. O, Caddie, they are lost in the court of the Gentiles, and will ne'er win farther ben, I doubt; they are but little better than the protestants themselves."

They wait on the ministry of that blinded man, Peter Poundert, once a precious teacher of the Word, but now a back-sliding pastor, that has, for the sake of clipped and florid maintenance, forsaken the strict path, and gone astray after the black Indulgence. O, my son, had ye but profited by the gospel doctrine ye has heard in the Glen of Bangour, from the dear Richard Rumblerberry, that sweet youth, who suffered martyrdom in the Greenmarket,* afore Cassemann! Didna ye hear him say, that Roustations was as bad as Pockey, and that the Indulgence was as bad as Roustations!

"Haud awar o'aybody the like o' this!" interrupted Caddie; "we'll be driven out o' house and he' again afore we ken where to turn ourselves. Weel, neither, I has just as word mair—As I hear my mair o' your din—sleeve folk, that is, for I dinna mind your dancas myself, they are not me sleeping—but if I hear my mair din afore folk, as I was saying, about Poundert and Rumblerberries, and doctrines and indulgences, I'm e'en turn a single sidge myself, or maybe a sergeant or a captain, if ye please me the mair, and let Rumblerberry and you gang to the dail together. I w'e'r get my gude by his doctrine, as ye w'e'r, but a siver fit o' the batts w'e'r sitting among the wet moss-hags for four hours at a yoking, and the laddy cured me w'e'r some history-pickery; mair by toke, as she had ken'd how I came by the disorder, she woulna had been in sic a hurry to mend it."

Although growing in spirit over the delicate and important state, as she thought it, of her son Caddie, Maime durst neither urge him further on the topic, nor altogether neglect the warning he had given her. She knew the disposition of her deceased helpmate, whom this surviving pledge of their union greatly resembled, and remembered, that although submitting implicitly in most things to her boast of superior acuteness, he used on certain occasions, when driven to extremity, to be seized with fits of obstinacy, which neither remonstrances, flattery, nor threats, were capable of overpowering. Trembling, therefore, at the very possibility of Caddie's fulfilling his threat, she put a guard over her tongue; and even when Poundert was commended in her presence, as an able and fruitifying preacher, she had the good sense to suppress the contradiction which swelled upon her tongue, and to express her sentiments

* (The Greenmarket, a well-known locality in Edinburgh, where officials were executed during the reign of Charles II.)

no otherwise than by deep groans, which the baroness charitably construed to flow from a vivid recollection of the more painful parts of his history. How long she could have repressed her feelings, it is difficult to say—an unexpected accident relieved her from the necessity.

The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashions which were connected with economy. It was, therefore, with the custom in his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed the dinner on the table, ate down at the lower end of the board, and partook of the share which was assigned to them, in company with their masters. On the day, therefore, after Gaddie's arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, old Robin, who was butler, valet-de-chambre, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth, thickened with oatmeal and oilewort, in which coma of liquid were indistinctly discovered, by close observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton sitting to and fro. Two large baskets, one of bread made of barley and pease, and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing dish. A large boiled salmon would now-a-days have indicated more liberal housekeeping; but at that period salmon was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland, that instead of being accounted a delicacy, it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are still sometimes to be stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so insidious and enfeebling in its quality above five times a-week. The large black juk, filled with very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing, was allowed to the company at discretion, as were the hams, cakes, and broth; but the mutton was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs. Wilson included; and a measure of ale somewhat deserving the name, was set apart in a silver tankard for their exclusive use. A large kolbeck (a cheese, that is, made with ewe-milk mixed with cow's milk) and a jar of salt butter, were in common to the company.

To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed, at the head of the table, the old Laird himself, with his nephew on the one side, and the favourite housekeeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt of course, ate old Robin, a meagre, half-starved serving-man, reduced crumb and scrap by parsimony, and a dirty drab of a housemaid, whom use had rendered oil-

less to the daily exertions which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs. Wilson. A barn-man, a white-headed cow-herd boy, with Oddie the new ploughman and his mother, completed the party. The other labourers belonging to the property resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described, they could eat their fill, unwatched by the sharp, cunning, grey eyes of Milverwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of his dependants swallowed, as closely as if their plates attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unbecomable to Oddie, who sustained much prejudice in his new master's opinion, by the almost comely with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milverwood turned his eyes from the huge feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rustic labour was the principal cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had been the direct means of his hiring this very cornman.

"Pay thee wages, quotha?" said Milverwood to himself,—
 "Thou wilt eat in a week the value of work thou canst
 work for in a month."

These disagreeable reminiscences were interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer gate. It was a universal custom in Scotland, that, when the family was at dinner, the outer gate of the courtyard, if there was one, and if not, the door of the house itself, was always shut and locked, and only guests of importance, or persons upon urgent business, sought or received admittance at that time.* The family of Milverwood were therefore surprised, and, in the unsettled state of the times, something alarmed, at the earnest and repeated knocking with which the gate was now assailed. Mrs. Wilson ran in person to the door, and having reconducted those who were so clamorous for admittance, through some secret aperture with which most Scottish doorways were furnished for the express purpose, she returned wringing her hands in great dismay, exclaiming, "The red-coats! the red-coats!"

"Robin—Ploughman—what o' they ye!—Barnman—Navy Harry—open the door, open the door!" exclaimed old Milverwood, snatching up and slipping into his pocket the two

* Note D. Looking the door during dinner.

or three silver spoons with which the upper end of the table was garnished, those beneath the salt being of grossly base.
 "Speak them fair, sir—Lord love ye, speak them fair!—they winna bide thravag!—We're a' hurried—we're a' hurried!"

While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Goidie took the opportunity to whisper to his mother,
 "Now, ye daft auld catlike, mak yourself deaf—ye hae made us a' deaf an' now—and let me speak for ye.—I wad like ill to get my neck staid for an auld wife's dushes, though ye be our mother."

"O, hush, ay; I've be silent or thou wilt come to ill," was the corresponding whisper of Hester; "but bethink ye, my dear, that that deny the Word, the Word will deny!"—

Her attention was cut short by the entrance of the Life-Guardsmen, a party of four troopers, commanded by Bethwell.

In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone floor with the iron-shod heels of their huge jack-boots, and the dash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-hilted broadswords. Milnerd and his butler looked troubled, from well-grounded apprehensions of the system of extortion and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Barley. The widow Maude Hendrigg, between fear for her son's life and an overstrained and enthusiastic zeal which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to help her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for they knew not well what Goidie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scottish peasant can at these seasons as a mark for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow huge squabs of his broth, to command which he had dived within his apron the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself, amid the confusion, to a serventful portion.

"What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?" said Milnerd, kneeling himself before the attitudes of power.

"We come in behalf of the king," answered Bethwell; "why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?"

"We were at dinner," answered Milnerd, "and the door

was locked, as is usual in landlord towns* in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had ten'd my servants of our gude king has stood at the door—But wad ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of canny sack, or claret wine?" making a pause between each offer as long as a stinging bidder at an auction, who is loath to advance his offer for a favorite lot.

"Claret for me," said one fellow.

"I like ale better," said another, "provided it is right juice of John Barleycorn."

"Better never was waited," said Milnerwood; "I can hardly say any thanks for the claret. It's thin and cold, gentlemen."

"Brandy will cure that," said a third fellow; "a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the concurring in the stomach."

"Brandy, ale, sack, and claret!—we'll try them all," said Bothwell, "and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that, if the downiest widge in Scotland had said it."

Hastily, yet with a reluctant quiver of his muscles, Milnerwood hugged out two ponderous bags, and delivered them to the servants.

"The housekeeper," said Bothwell, taking a seat, and throwing himself upon it, "is neither so young nor so handsome as to tempt a man to follow her to the guanoes, and devil a one here is there worth sending in her place.—What's this!—most!" (searching with a fork among the broth, and taking up a pellet of mutton).—"I think I could eat a bit—why, it's as tough as if the devil's dam had hatched it."

"If there is anything better in the house, sir," said Milnerwood, shrunken at these symptoms of disapprobation.—

"No, no," said Bothwell, "it's not worth while; I must proceed to business.—You attend Ponderest the Presbyterian parson, I understand, Mr. Morton?"

Mr. Morton hastened to stifle in a confusion and apology.

"By the indulgence of his gracious Majesty and the Government, for I wad do nothing out of law—I have one objection whatever to the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, but

* The Scots retain the use of the word *town* in its comprehensive sense meaning, as a place of habitation. A manor or a farm-house, though solitary, is called *the town*. A landlord town is a dwelling situated in the country.

only that I am a country-bred man, and the ministers are a humbler kind of folk, and I can follow their decisions better ; and, with reverence, sir, it's a most fragrant establishment for the country."

"Well, I care nothing about that," said Bethwell ; "they are indulged, and there's an end of it ; but, for my part, if I were to give the law, never a drop-w'd ear of the whole pack should lack in a Scotch palpit. However, I am to obey commands.—There comes the liquor ; put it down, try good old haly."

He decanted about one-half of a quart bottle of claret into a wooden quaght or hicker, and took it off at a draught.

"You did your good wine injustice, my friend ;—it's better than your brandy, though that's good too. Will you pledge me to the king's health ?"

"With pleasure," said Milwood, "in ale,—but I never drink claret, and keep only a very little for some honored friends."

"Like me, I suppose," said Bethwell ; and then pushing the bottle to Henry, he said, "Here, young man, pledge you the king's health."

Henry filled a moderate glass in silence, regardless of the hints and pushes of his uncle, which seemed to indicate that he ought to have followed his example in preferring beer to wine.

"Well," said Bethwell, "have you all drunk the toast?—What is that old wife about? Give her a glass of brandy, she shall drink the king's health, by —"

"If your honour please," said Gudge, with great staidity of aspect, "this is my mother, sir ; and she's as deaf as Corra Léan ;" we cannot make her hear day nor door ; but if your honour please, I am ready to drink the king's health for her in as many glasses of brandy as ye think necessary."

"I dare swear you are," answered Bethwell ; "you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy—help thyself, man ; off's free wherever I come.—Then, help the maid to a comfortable cup, though she's but a dirty jilt neither. Fill round once more. Here's to our noble commander, Colonel Graham of Claverhouse ! What the devil is the old woman groning for? She looks as verry as ever sate on a hillside—Do you renounce the Covenant, good woman ?"

* [One of the upper Falls of the Clyde.]

"Which Covenant is your honour meaning?—is it the Covenant of Works, or the Covenant of Grace?" said Oudlin, interposing.

"Any Covenant—all covenants that ever were hatched," answered the trouper.

"Neither," cried Oudlin, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, "the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renounce the Covenant of Works!"

"With all my heart, Oudlin," said Mame, "and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof."

"Come," said Barrowell, "the old dame has come more friskily off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we'll proceed to business.—You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, by ten or eleven wretched bastards?"

All started and looked at each other; at length Milwood himself answered, "They had heard of some such misfortune, but were in hopes it had not been true."

"There is the relation published by Government, old gentleman; what do you think of it?"

"Think, sir! Wh—ah—whatever the council please to think of it," stammered Milwood.

"I desire to have your opinion more explicitly, my friend," said the dragoon, authoritatively.

Milwood's eyes hastily glanced through the paper to pick out the strongest expressions of censure with which it abounded, in glancing which he was greatly aided by their being printed in italics.

"I think it a—bloody and execrable—murder and parricide—devoted by hellish and execrable—crusky—utterly abominable, and a scandal to the land."

"Well said, old gentleman!" said the quaker—"Here's to thee, and I wish you joy of your good principles. You owe me a cup of thanks for having taught you them; nay, thou shalt pledge me in thine own sack—scarle ale ale ill upon a loyal stomach.—Now comes your turn, young man; what think you of the matter in hand?"

"I should have little objection to answer you," said Henry, "if I knew what right you had to put the question."

"The Lord preserve us!" said the old housekeeper, "to ask

the like of that at a trooper, when I felt her they do whatever they like through the half-country of man and woman, least and best."

The old gentleman exclaimed, in the same horror at his nephew's audacity, "Hold your peace, sir, or answer the gentleman discreetly. Do you mean to affront the king's authority in the person of a sergeant of the Life-Guards?"

"Silence, all of you!" exclaimed Bethwell, striking his hand heavily on the table—"Silence, every one of you, and hear me!—You ask me for my right to examine you, sir" (to Henry); "my cockade and my broadsword are my commission, and a better one than ever Old Ned gave to his roundheads; and if you want to know more about it, you may look at the act of council empowering his Majesty's officers and soldiers to search for, examine, and apprehend suspicious persons; and therefore, once more, I ask you your opinion of the death of Archbishop Sharp—it's a new touchstone we have got for trying people's mettle."

Henry had, by this time, reflected upon the useless risk to which he would expose the family by resisting the tyrannical power which was delegated to such rude hands; he therefore read the narrative over, and replied, composedly, "I have no hesitation to say, that the perpetrators of this assassination have committed, in my opinion, a rash and wicked action, which I regret the more, as I foresee it will be made the cause of proceedings against many who are both innocent of the deed, and so far from approving it as myself."

While Henry thus expressed himself, Bethwell, who bent his eyes keenly upon him, seemed suddenly to recollect his features.

"Alas! my friend Captain Poppley! I think I have seen you before, and in very suspicious company."

"I saw you once," answered Henry, "in the public-house of the town of —."

"And with whom did you leave that public-house, youngster!—was it not with John Bulmer of Buxley, one of the marshmen of the Archbishop?"

"I did leave the house with the person you have named," answered Henry—"I came to duty to; but, so far from knowing him to be a marshman of the prince, I did not even know at the time that such a crime had been committed."

"Lord have mercy on me! I am ruined!—utterly ruined

and undone!" exclaimed Milwood. "That collier's tongue will rim the head off his ain shoulder, and waste my gude to the very grey cloak on my back!"

"But you knew Barley," continued Rothwell, still addressing Henry, and regardless of his uncle's interruption, "to be an intercommuned rebel and traitor, and you knew the prohibition to deal with such persons. You know, that, as a loyal subject, you were prohibited to meet, supply, or intercommune with this attainted traitor, to correspond with him by word, writ, or message, or to supply him with meat, drink, horses, harbour, or victual, under the highest pains—you know all this, and yet you broke the law." (Henry was silent.) "Where did you part with him?" continued Rothwell; "was it in the highway, or did you give him harbourage in this very house?"

"In this house!" said his uncle, "he dined not for his neck being our traitor into a house of mine."

"Dare he deny that he did so?" said Rothwell.

"As you charge it to me as a crime," said Henry, "you will excuse my saying anything that will exonerate myself."

"O, the lands of Milwood!—the honey lands of Milwood, that have been in the name of Morton two hundred years!" exclaimed his uncle; "they are barbing and feeding, outfield and infield, haugh and halme!"

"No, sir," said Henry, "you shall not suffer on my account.—I own," he continued, addressing Rothwell, "I did give this man a night's lodging, as to an old military comrade of my father. But it was not only without my uncle's knowledge, but contrary to his express general orders. I trust, if my evidence is considered as good against myself, it will have some weight in proving my uncle's innocence."

"Come, young man," in a somewhat milder tone, "you're a smart spark enough, and I am sorry for you; and your uncle here is a fine old Trojan—kinder, I am, to his guests than himself, for he gives us wine, and drinks his own thin ale;—tell me all you know about this Barley, what he said when you parted from him, where he went, and where he is likely now to be found; and, O—a fit, I'll wink as hard as your share of the business as my duty will permit. There's a thousand marks on the marching whigsmore's head, as I could but light on it.—Come, out with it—where did you part with him?"

"You will excuse my answering that question, sir," said

Morton; "the same cogent reasons which induced me to afford him hospitality at considerable risk to myself and my friends, would constrain me to respect his secret, if, indeed, he had trusted me with any."

"So you refuse to give me an answer?" said Bothwell.

"I have none to give," returned Henry.

"Perhaps I could teach you to find one, by tying a piece of lighted match between your fingers," answered Bothwell.

"O, for pity's sake, sir," said old Alison, apart to her master, "give them either—it's either they're adding—they'll murder Mr. Henry, and yourself next!"

Milnerwood groaned in perplexity and bitterness of spirit, and, with a tone as if he was giving up the ghost, exclaimed, "If twenty p—p—pounds would make up this unhappy matter!"

"My master," intimated Alison to the surgeon, "would give twenty pounds sterling!"

"Pounds Scotch, ye k—h!" interrupted Milnerwood; for the agency of his avarice overcame alike his parsimonious predilection and the habitual respect he entertained for his housekeeper.

"Pounds sterling," insisted the housekeeper, "if ye wad hae the goodness to look ower the lady's misconduct; he's that dear ye may tear him to pieces, and ye wad ne'er get a word out o' him; and it wad do ye little good, I'm sure, to burn his bonny finger-ends."

"Why," said Bothwell, hesitating, "I don't know—most of my debt would have the money and take off the prisoner too; but I hear a conscience, and if your master will stand to your offer, and enter into a bond to produce his nephew, and if all in the house will take the test-oath, I do not know but!"

"O ay, ay, sir," cried Mrs. Wilson, "ony test, ony oath ye please!" And then aside to her master, "Haste ye away, sir, and get the offer, or they will burn the house about our legs."

Old Milnerwood cast a rueful look upon his adviser, and moved off, like a piece of Dutch clock-work, to set at liberty his imprisoned single in this dire emergency. Meanwhile, Sergeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his Majesty's custom-house.

"You—what's your name, woman?"

"Alison Wilson, sir."

"You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and declare,

that you judge it unlawful for subjects under protest of rebellion, or any other protests whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants"—

Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Caddie and his mother, which, long conducted in whispers, now became audible.

"Oh, whisht, neither, whisht! they're upon reasoning—Oh, whisht! and they'll agree wad enough o'now."

"I will not whisht, Caddie," replied his mother, "I will uplift my voice and spare not—I will confound the man of sin, even the scurvy man, and through my voice shall Mr. Henry be freed from the net of the forger."

"She has her leg over the harness now," said Caddie, "stop her wile ere—I see her cocked up behind a dragon on her way to the Tolbooth—I find my ain legs tied below a horse's belly. Ay—she has just mustered up her sermon, and there—w! that grace—but it comes, and we are a' ruined, horse and foot!"

"And dir ye think to come here," said Maime, her withered hand shaking in concert with her knee through wrinkled vings, animated by nervous wrath, and exasperated, by the very mention of the test, from the restraint of her own prudence and Caddie's admonition—"dir ye think to come here w! your soul-killing, saint-revelling, conscience-confounding wiles, and tests, and bands—your snares, and your traps, and your gins!—Surely it is in vain that a net is spread in the sight of any bird."

"Eh! what, good dame?" said the soldier—"Here's a whig miracle, ay! the old wile has got both her ears and tongue, and we are like to be driven deaf in our turn.—Go to, hold your peace, and remember whom you talk to, you old kilt."

"Whae do I talk to! Eh, dir, over wad may the sermoning lead her what ye are. Malignant adherents ye are to the papists, foul props to a schile and filthy cause, bloody hosts of prey, and burdens to the earth."

"Upon my soul," said Belshew, astonished as a mastiff-dog might be should a hen-pardidge fly at him in defence of her young, "this is the finest language I ever heard! Can't you give us some more of it?"

"Oo ye some mair o't!" said Maime, clearing her voice with a preliminary cough—"I will take up my testimony against you now and again. Phylistine ye are, and Edomite—beards are ye, and faces—creaking valves, that gnaw not the bones till the

morrow—wicked dogs, that compass about the chosen—threatening kins, and pushing bulls of Basins—gloriding serpents ye are, and allied both in name and nature with the great Red Dragon; Revelations, twelfth chapter, third and fourth verses."

Here the old lady stopped, apparently much more from lack of breath than of matter.

"Come the old hag!" said one of the dragons—"gag her, and take her to head-quarters."

"For shame, Andrews!" said Bethwell; "remember the good lady belongs to the fair sex, and uses only the privilege of her tongue.—Hut, hark ye, good woman—every bull of Basins and Red Dragon will not be so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool. In the meantime, I must necessarily carry off this young man to head-quarters. I cannot answer to my commanding-officer to leave him in a house where I have heard so much treason and familism."

"See now, rather, what ye has done," whispered Gubbie; "there's the Philistine, as ye ca' them, are gawn to whirly awa' Mr. Henry, and a' wif your cash-gab, del be a't!"

"Haud yere tongue, ye cowardly loon," said the mother, "and layn the wyte on me; if you and those throwless gluttons, that are sitting staring like covee busting on clavers, wad testify wif your hands as I have testified wif my tongue, they should never hae the precious young lad awa' to captivity."

While this dialogue passed, the soldiers had already bound and secured their prisoner. Milwood returned at this instant, and, charmed at the preparations he beheld, hastened to proffer to Bethwell, though with many a grievous groan, the purse of gold which he had been obliged to rummage out as ransom for his nephew. The trooper took the purse with an air of indifference, weighed it in his hand, checked it up into the air, and caught it as it fell, then shook his head, and said, "There's nae a merry night in this nest of yellow boys, but d—n me if I dare venture for them—that old woman has spoken too loud, and before all the men too.—Hark ye, old gentleman," to Milwood, "I must take your nephew to head-quarters, as I cannot, in conscience, keep more than is my due as civility-money;" then opening the purse, he gave a gold piece to each of the soldiers, and took three to himself. "Now," said he, "you have the comfort to know that your kinsman, young Captain Popenjay,

will be carefully looked after and civilly used; and the rest of the money I return to you."

Milnerwood eagerly extended his hand.

"Only you know," said Bothwell, still playing with the pence, "that every landholder is answerable for the conformity and loyalty of his household, and that these fellows of mine are not obliged to be silent on the subject of the fine sermons we have had from that old parson in the tartan plaid there; and I presume you are aware that the consequences of delation will be a heavy fine before the Council."

"Good serpent!—worthy captain!" exclaimed the terrified wiser, "I am sure there is no person in my house, to my knowledge, would give cause of offence."

"Nay," answered Bothwell, "you shall hear her give her testimony, as she calls it, herself—You, Sister" (to Cuddie), "stand back, and let your mother speak her mind. I am she's prized and loaded again since her first discharge."

"Lord! noble sir," said Cuddie, "an auld wife's tongue's but a fiddlers' matter to make sic a fash about. Neither my father nor me ever minded trouble what our mother said."

"Hold your peace, my lad, while you are well," said Bothwell; "I promise you I think you are slyer than you would like to be supposed.—Come, good dame, you see your master will not believe that you can give us so bright a testimony."

Mother's soul did not require this spur to set her again on full speed.

"Woe to the scepters and cruel self-anchors," she said, "that dash ever and drive their consciences by complying with wicked exactions, and giving assistance of unrighteousness to the sons of Belial, that it may make their peace with them! It is a sinful compliance, a base confederacy with the Enemy. It is the evil that Menahem did in the sight of the Lord, when he gave a thousand talents to Pul, King of Assyria, that his hand might be with him—Second Kings, fifteenth chapter, sixteen verse. It is the evil deed of Ahab, when he sent money to Tiglath-Pileser; see the same Second Kings, sixteen and eight. And if it was accounted a backsliding even to godly Hezekiah that he conspired with Sennacherib, giving him money, and offering to bear that which was put upon him (see the same Second Kings, eighteen chapter, fourteen and fifteen verses), even so it is with them that in this consummation and backsliding gener-

ation pays localities and fees, and once and twice, to greedy and unrighteous publicans, and extortions and stipends to kindling curates (drunk dogs which bark, not, sleeping, lying down, leaving to slumber), and gives gifts to be helps and lives to our oppressors and destroyers. They are all like the masters of a lot with them—like the preparing of a table for the troop, and the furnishing a drink-offering to the number."

"There's a fine sound of doctrine for you, Mr. Morton! How like you that?" said Bethwell; "or how do you think the Council will like it? I think we can carry the greatest part of it in our heads without a kyrielee you and a pair of tablets, such as you bring to conventicles. The dimes paying ones, I think, Andrews?"

"Yes, by G—," said Andrews; "and she swore it was a sin to give a trooper a pot of ale, or ask him to sit down to a table."

"You hear," said Bethwell, addressing Milwood; "but it's your own affair;" and he pressed back the pence with its distinguished contents, with an air of indifference.

Milwood, whose head seemed stunned by the accumulation of his misfortunes, extended his hand mechanically to take the pence.

"Are ye mad?" said his housekeeper, in a whisper, "tell them to keep it—they will keep it either by fair means or foul, and it's our only chance to make them quiet."

"I mean to do it, Alice—I mean to do it," said Milwood, in the bitterness of his heart. "I mean part wif the ailler I have counted me often over, to these blackguards."

"Then I mean to do it myself, Milwood," said the housekeeper, "or see it ging wrong together.—My master, sir," she said, addressing Bethwell, "mean think o' taking back anything at the head of an honourable gentleman like you; he implores ye to pit up the ailler, and be as kind to his nephew as ye can, and be favourable in reporting our dispositions to Government, and let us talk us wrong for the daft speeches of an wild head" (here she turned scornfully upon Mause, to indulge herself for the effort which it cost her to assume a mild demeanour to the soldiers), "a daft wild whig ready, that ne'er was in the house (but is' her) till yesterday afternoon, and that will ne'er cross the door-stone again, so soon I had her out o't."

"Ay, ay," whispered Cuddie to his parent, "don't say I heard we had be put to our travels again, where'er ye could get three words spoken to an end. I was sure that wud be the wisest o'f either."

"'Whisk, my hair,' said she, 'and dress manner at the cross—Cross their door-stone! woe! I wot I'll not cross their door-stone. There's no mark on their threshold for a sign that the destroying angel should pass by. They'll get a back- cast o' his hand yet, that think an muckle o' the creature and an little o' the Creator—an muckle o' verifie gear and an little o' a broken covenant—an muckle about thee when pleas o' yellow mark, and an little about the pure gold o' the Scripture—an muckle about their ain friend and kinsman, and an little about the elect, that are tried w' burnings, beatings, hangings, soundings, shakings, cuttings, imprisonments, tortures, bondments, bewilgins, hangings, floggingings, and quarterings quik, fory the hundreds scored from their ain habitations to the desert, mountains, mair, moors, moor-fells, and post-hags, there to hear the word like bread eaten to secret."

¹⁰ "She's at the Covenant now, sergeant; shall we not have her away?" said one of the soldiers.

"You be d—d!" said Bethwell, aside to him; "nawst you see she's better where she is, as long as there is a respectable, spendable, money-braking barter, like Mr. Morton of Milwood, who has the means of stealing her trapezium? Let the old mother fly to raise another brood—she's too tough to be made anything of herself.—Here," he cried, "one other round to Milwood and his scoundrel, and to our next merry meeting with him!—which I think will not be far distant, if he keeps such a frugal life."

He then ordered the party to take their horses, and pressed the best in Hildwood's stable into the king's service to carry the prisoner. Mrs. Wilson, with weeping eyes, made up a small parcel of necessaries for Henry's compelled journey, and as she bustled about, took an opportunity, unseen by the party, to slip into his hand a small sum of money. Bothwell and his troops, in other respects, kept their promise, and were civil. They did not bind their prisoner, but contented themselves with leading his horse between a file of men. They then

mounted, and marched off with much mirth and laughter among themselves, leaving the Milwood family in great confusion. The old Laird himself, overpowered by the loss of his nephew, and the unavailing outlay of twenty pounds sterling, did nothing the whole evening but rock himself backwards and forwards in his great leather easy-chair, repeating the same lamentation, of "Bairned on a' sides! bairned on a' sides!—bairned and raddens! bairned and raddens!—body and guiden! body and guiden!"

Mrs. Adam Wilson's grief was partly indulged and partly relieved by the torrent of invectives with which she accompanied Maase and Caddie's expulsion from Milwood.

"Ill luck be in the grunting corns o' thee!—the prettiest lad in Clydesdale this day morn be a sniffer, and a' for ye and your daft whiggery!"

"Gae we," replied Maase; "I trow ye are yet in the bonds of sin, and in the gall of iniquity, to grudge your bonniest and best in the corns of Ilia that gave ye a' ye has—I poodas I hae done as much for Mr. Harry as I wad do for my ain; for if Caddie was found worthy to bear testimony in the Green-market!"

"And there's guid hope o't," said Alice, "unless ye and he change your courses."

"—And if," continued Maase, disregarding the interruption, "the bloody Deugs and the flustering Zephiths were to seek to ensnare me with a proffer of his rascalies upon sinful compliances, I wad persevere, regardless, in lifting my testimony against piquery, proflacy, anticonscience, extravagance, hypocrisis, selfishness, and the sins and scorns of the times—I wad cry as a woman in labour against the black Indulgence, that has been a stumbling-block to professors—I wad uplift my voice as a powerful preacher."

"Hoot, hoot, neither," cried Caddie, interposing and dragging her off forcibly, "dinna deave the gentleman wi' your testimony! ye hae preached enough for our days. Ye preached us out o' our sunny fire-house and guid hole-yard, and out o' this new city o' refuge afore our blinder and was wad lifted in it; and ye hae preached Mr. Harry awa' to the prison; and ye hae preached twenty pounds out o' the Laird's pocket, that he likes as ill to quit wi'; and me ye may haul me for as wro wile, without preaching me up a ladder and down a tree.

See, come awa', come awa'; the family here had enough of your testimony to mind it for us while."

So saying he dragged off Mame, the words "Testimony—Covenant—malignants—indulgences," still thrilling upon her tongue, to make preparations for instantly removing their tracks in quest of an asylum.

"Il-fair'd, awa', crack-brained gowk that she is!" exclaimed the housekeeper, as she saw them depart, "to set up to be as sensible better than ilber folk, the wuid besom, and to bring me trouble distress on a dooce quiet family! If it hadna been that I am mair than half a gentleman by my station, I wud hae tried my ten nails in the wisest's hide o' her!"

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
And show my rate and score wherever I come;
This hat was for a trench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sword of the drum.

SCOTCH.

"Don't be too much cast down," said Sergeant Bothwell to his prisoner, as they journeyed on towards the head-quarters; "you are a smart pretty lad, and well connected; the worst that will happen will be stepping up for it, and that is many an honest fellow's lot. I tell you fairly your life's within the compass of the law, unless you make submission, and get off by a round fine upon your uncle's estate; he can well afford it."

"That seems me more than the rest," said Henry. "He parts with his money with regret; and as he had no concern whatever with my having given this peace shelter for a night, I wish to Heaven, if I escape a capital punishment, that the penalty may be of a kind I could bear in my own person."

"Why, perhaps," said Bothwell, "they will propose to you to go into one of the Scotch regiments that are serving abroad. It's no bad line of service; if your friends are active, and there are any knacks going, you may soon get a commission."

"I am by no means sure," answered Morton, "that such a sentence is not the best thing that can happen to me."

"Why, then, you are no real whig after all!" said the sergeant.

"I have hitherto meddled with no party in the state," said Henry, "but have remained quietly at home; and sometimes I have had serious thoughts of joining one of our foreign regiments."

"Have you?" replied Bothwell: "why, I honour you for it; I have served in the Scotch French Guards myself many a long day; it's the place for learning discipline, &c.—a we. They never mind what you do when you are off duty; but mind you the roll-call, and see how they'll arrange you—O—a we, if old Captain Montgomery didn't make me mount guard upon the second in my steel-buck and breast, plate-sleeves, and head-piece, for six hours at once, under so burning a sun, that, god, I was baked like a turtle at Port Royal. I wrenn never to miss answering to Francis Stewart again, though I should have my head of curls upon the drum-head—Ah! discipline is a capital thing."

"In other respects you find the service?" said Morton.

"Far amiable," said Bothwell; "women, wine, and wassail, all to be had for little but the asking; and if you find it in your conscience to let a fat priest think he has some chance to convert you, and, he'll help you to those comforts himself, just to gain a little ground in your good affection. Where will you find a cropped whig parson will be so civil?"

"Why, nowhere, I agree with you," said Henry. "But what was your chief duty?"

"To guard the King's person," said Bothwell, "to look after the safety of Louis le Grand, my leg, and now and then to take a turn among the Huguenots (Protestants, that is). And there we had fine scope; it brought my hand pretty well in for the service in this country. But, come, as you are to be a bon comrade, as the Spaniards say, I must put you in touch with some of your old uncle's broad places. This is cutler's law; we must not see a pretty fellow want, if we have cash ourselves."

Thus speaking, he pulled out his purse, took out some of the coinlets, and offered them to Henry without counting them. Young Morton declined the favour; and, not judging it prudent to acquaint the sergeant, notwithstanding his apparent generosity, that he was actually in possession of some money,

he assured him he should have no difficulty in getting a supply from his uncle.

"Well," said Estlin, "in that case those yellow rascals must serve to bolster my purse a little longer. I always make it a rule never to quit the tower (unless ordered on duty) while my purse is so weighty that I can chuck it over the sign-post." When it is so light that the wind blows it back, then, foot and saddle,—we must fall on some way of replenishing.—But what tower is that before us, rising so high upon the steep bank, out of the woods that surround it on every side?"

"It is the tower of Tillamook," said one of the soldiers. "Old Lady Margaret Bellenden lives there. She's one of the best affected women in the country, and one that's a soldier's friend. When I was hurt by one of the 4—d whig dogs that shot at me from behind a bush-dike, I lay a month there, and would stand such another wound to be in as good quarters again."

"If that be the case," said Estlin, "I will pay my respects to her as we pass, and request some refreshment for men and horses; I am as thirsty already as if I had drunk nothing at Millwood. But it is a good thing in these times," he continued, addressing himself to Henry, "that the King's soldier cannot pass a house without getting a refreshment. In such houses as Tillamook—what d'ye call it?—you are served for love; in the houses of the several families you help yourself by force; and among the moderate Presbyterians and other suspicious persons, you are well treated from fear; so your thirst is always quenched on some terms or other."

"And you propose," said Henry anxiously, "to go upon that crowd up to the Tower ponder?"

"To be sure I do," answered Estlin. "How should I be able to report favourably to my officers of the worthy lady's sound principles, unless I know the taste of her sack, for sack she will produce—that I take for granted; it is the favourite

* A Highland laird, whose peculiarities live still in the recollection of his descendants, used to regulate his residence at Edinburgh in the following manner: Every day he visited the Water-side, or, as it is called, at the Chancery, over which is crunched a wooden arch. Spade being then the general currency, he threw his purse over the gate, and as long as it was heavy enough to be thrown down, he continued his round of pleasure in the metropolis; when it was too light, he thought it time to return to the Highlands. Quarry.—How often would he have repeated this experiment on Temple Bar!

consider of your old dragger of quality, as well as that is the position of your country laird."

"Then, for Heaven's sake," said Henry, "if you are determined to go there, do not mention my name, or expose me to a family that I am acquainted with. Let me be shuffled up for the time in one of your soldier's cloaks, and only mention me generally as a prisoner under your charge."

"With all my heart," said Rothwell; "I promised to see you civilly, and I mean to break my word.—Here, Andrews, wrap a cloak round the prisoner, and do not mention his name, nor where we caught him, unless you would have a trot on a horse of wood."^{*}

They were at this moment at an arched gateway, battlemented and flanked with towers, one whereof was totally ruined, excepting the lower story, which served as a cow-house to the peasant whose family inhabited the turret that remained entire. The gate had been broken down by Monk's soldiers during the civil war, and had never been replaced, therefore presented no obstacle to Rothwell and his party. The avenue, very steep and narrow, and canonaded with large round stones, ascended the side of the precipitous bank in an oblique and zigzag course, now showing, now hiding, a view of the Tower and its exterior bulwarks, which seemed to rise almost perpendicularly above their heads. The fragments of Gothic defences which it exhibited were upon such a scale of strength, as induced Rothwell to exclaim, "It's well this place is in honest and loyal hands. Egad, if the enemy had it, a dozen of old whigsmen with their detachments might keep it against a troop of dragons, at least if they had half the spirit of the old girl we left at Milwood. Upon my life," he continued, as they came in front of the large double tower and its surrounding defences and bastions, "it is a superb place, fortified, says the worn inscription over the gate—unless the remnant of my Latin has given me the slip—by Sir Ralph de Bellenden in 1390—a respectable antiquity. I must greet the old lady with due honour, though it should put me to the labour of recalling some of the compliments that I used to dabble in when I was wont to keep that sort of company."

As he thus conversed with himself, the better, who had reconnoitred the soldiers from an arrow-slit in the wall, as-

^{*} Note B. Wooden Man.

noanced to his lady, that a commanded party of dragoons, as, as he thought, Life-Guardsmen, waited at the gate with a prisoner under their charge.

"I am certain," said Gudyll, "and positive, that the sixth man is a prisoner; for his horse is led, and the two dragoons that are before have their carbines out of their budgets, and rested upon their thighs. It was age the way we guarded prisoners in the days of the great Marquis."

"King's soldiers!" said the lady; "probably in want of refreshment. Go, Gudyll, make them welcome, and let them be accommodated with what provision and forage the tower can afford. And stay, tell my gentleman to bring my black scarf and mantles. I will go down myself to receive them; one cannot show the King's Life-Guards too much respect in those when they are doing so much for royal authority. And, d'ye hear, Gudyll, let Jenny Denison slip on her pendants to walk before my niece and me, and the three women to walk behind; and bid my niece attend me instantly."

Fully accoutred, and attended according to her directions, Lady Margaret now called out into the courtyard of her tower with great courtesy and dignity. Sergeant Bothwell saluted the grave and reserved lady of the manor with an assurance which had something of the light and careless address of the dissipated men of fashion in Charles the Second's time, and did not at all savour of the awkward or rude manners of a non-commissioned officer of dragoons. His language, as well as his manners, seemed also to be refined for the time and occasion; though the truth was, that, in the fluctuations of an adventurous and profligate life, Bothwell had sometimes kept company much better suited to his ancestry than to his present situation of life. To the lady's request to know whether she could be of service to them, he answered, with a suitable bow, "That as they had to march some miles further that night, they would be much accommodated by permission to rest their horses for an hour before continuing their journey."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Lady Margaret; "and I trust that my people will see that neither horse nor man want suitable refreshment."

"We are well served, madam," continued Bothwell, "that such has always been the reception, within the walls of Tillamouth, of those who served the King."

"We have studied to discharge our duty faithfully and loyally on all occasions, sir," answered Lady Margaret, pleased with the compliment, "both to our monarchs and to their followers, particularly to their faithful soldiers. It is not long ago, and it probably has not escaped the recollection of his sacred Majesty now on the throne, since he himself honoured my poor home with his presence, and breakfasted in a room in this castle, Mr. Sergeant, which my waiting gentlewomen shall show you; we still call it the King's room."

Bedford, led by this time dismounted his party, and committed the horses to the charge of one file, and the prisoner to that of another; so that he himself was at liberty to continue the conversation which the lady had so condescendingly opened.

"Since the King, my master, had the honour to experience your hospitality, I cannot wonder that it is extended to those that serve him, and whose principal merit is doing it with fidelity. And yet I have a nearer relation to his Majesty than this coarse red coat would seem to indicate."

"Indeed, sir! Probably," said Lady Margaret, "you have belonged to his household?"

"Not exactly, madam, to his household, but rather to his house; a connection through which I may claim kindred with most of the best families in Scotland, not, I believe, exclusive of that of Tilkevaldum."

"Sir!" said the old lady, drawing herself up with dignity at hearing what she conceived an important fact; "I do not understand you."

"It's but a foolish subject for one in my situation to talk of, madam," answered the younger; "but you must have heard of the history and misfortunes of my grandfather Francis Stewart, to whom James I., his cousin-german, gave the title of Bothwell, as my comrades give me the nickname. It was not, in the long run, more advantageous to him than it is to me."

"Indeed!" said Lady Margaret, with much sympathy and surprise; "I have indeed always understood that the grandson of the last Earl was in peculiar circumstances, but I should never have expected to see him so low in the service. With such connections, what ill fortune could have reduced you?"—

"Nothing much out of the ordinary course, I believe, madam," said Bedford, interrupting and anticipating the question.

"I have had my moments of good luck like my neighbours—

have drunk my bottle with Rochester, thrown a merry snail with Buckingham, and fought at Tangiers side by side with Sheffield. But my luck never lasted; I could not make useful friends out of my jolly companions—Perhaps I was not sufficiently sworn," he continued, with some bitterness, "how much the descendant of the Scottish Stewarts was honoured by being admitted into the convivialities of Wilnot and Villars."

"But your Scottish friends, Mr. Stewart—your relations here, so numerous and so powerful?"

"Why, ay, my lady," replied the sergeant; "I believe some of them might have made me their gamekeeper, for I am a tolerable shot—some of them would have entertained me as their bravo, for I can use my sword well—and here and there was one, who, when better company was not to be had, would have made me his companion, since I can drink my three bottles of wine. But I don't know how it is—between service and service among my kinsmen, I prefer that of my cousin Charles as the most creditable of them all, although the pay is but poor, and the Ivory far from splendid."

"It is a shame! it is a burning scandal!" said Lady Margaret. "Why do you not apply to his most sacred Majesty? he cannot but be surprised to hear that a son of his royal family"—

"I beg your pardon, madam," interrupted the sergeant; "I am but a blunt soldier, and I trust you will excuse me when I say, his most sacred Majesty is more busy in grafting scions of his own, than with nourishing those which were planted by his grandfather's grandfather."

"Well, Mr. Stewart," said Lady Margaret, "one thing you must promise me—remains at Tillicoultry to-night; to-morrow I expect your commanding officer, the gallant Clarendon, to whom king and country are so much obliged for his exertions against those who would turn the world upside down. I will speak to him on the subject of your speedy promotion; and I am certain he feels too much, both what is due to the blood which is in your veins, and to the request of a lady so highly distinguished as myself by his most sacred Majesty, not to make better provision for you than you have yet received."

"I am much obliged to your ladyship, and I certainly will remain here with my prisoner, since you request it, especially as it will be the earliest way of presenting him to Colonel

Guthrie, and obtaining his ultimate orders about the young spark."

"Who is your prisoner, pray you?" said Lady Margaret.

"A young fellow of rather the better class in this neighbourhood, who has been so fortunate as to give countenance to one of the murderers of the prince, and to facilitate the dog's escape."

"O, lie upon him!" said Lady Margaret. "I am but too apt to forgive the injuries I have received at the hands of these rogues, though some of them, Mr. Stewart, are of a kind not like to be forgotten; but those who would abet the perpetrators of so cruel and deliberate a homicide on a single man, an old man, and a man of the Archbishop's sacred profession—O lie upon him! If you wish to make him secure, with little trouble to your people, I will cause Harrison, or Gadyll, lock for the key of our pit, or principal dungeon. It has not been open since the week after the victory of Eilkytha, when my poor Sir Arthur Bellenden put twenty whips into it; but it is not more than two staves beneath ground, so it cannot be unwholesome, especially as I rather believe there is somewhere an opening to the outer air."

"I beg your pardon, madam," answered the sergeant; "I dare say the dungeon is a most admirable one; but I have promised to be civil to the lad, and I will take care he is watched so as to render escape impossible. I'll set three to look after him, shall keep him as fast as if his legs were in the stocks, or his fingers in the thumb-screws."

"Well, Mr. Stewart," rejoined the lady, "you best know your own duty. I heartily wish you good evening, and commit you to the care of my steward, Harrison. I would ask you to keep ourselves company, but a—a—a—"

"O, madam, it requires no apology; I am sensible the coarse red coat of King Charles II. does and ought to annihilate the privileges of the red blood of King James V."

"Not with me, I do assure you, Mr. Stewart; you do me injustice if you think so. I will speak to your officer to-morrow; and I trust you shall soon find yourself in a rank where there shall be no anomalies to be recalled."

"I believe, madam," said Bothwell, "your goodness will find itself deceived; but I am obliged to you for your intention, and, at all events, I will have a merry night with Mr. Harrison."

Lady Margaret took a conspicuous leave, with all the respect which she owed to royal blood, even when flowing in the veins of a sergeant of the Life-Guards; again assuring Mr. Stewart, that whatever was in the Tower of Tillinstation was heartily at his service and that of his attendants.

Sergeant Inghwell did not fail to take the lady at her word, and readily forgot the height from which his family had descended, in a joyous carousal, during which Mr. Hartoun excited himself to produce the best wine in the cellar, and to excite his guest to be werry, by that seducing example which, in matters of conviviality, goes further than precept. Old Graily associated himself with a party so much to his taste, pretty much as Davy, in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, mingles in the revels of his master, Justice Shallow. He ran down to the cellar at the risk of breaking his neck, to rumack some private cask, known, as he boasted, only to himself, and which never either had, or should, during his superintendence, render forth a bottle of its contents to any one but a real king's friend.

"When the Duke dined here," said the hostler, seating himself at a distance from the table, being somewhat overawed by Bothwell's genealogy, but yet blushing his seat half-a-yard nearer at every clause of his speech, "my lordy was importunate to have a bottle of that burgundy"—(here he advanced his seat a little) "but I dinna ken how it was, Mr. Stewart, I misadvised him. I followed him, sir, so to be the friend to Government he pretends: the family are not to lippen to. That said Duke James lost his heart before he lost his head; and the Worcester man was but wench parritch, neither gude to fry, boil, nor any ousid." (With this witty observation, he completed his first parallel, and commenced a signing, after the manner of an experienced engineer, in order to continue his approaches to the table.) "See, sir, the fater my lordy wot 'Burgundy to his Grace, the said Burgundy—the chaise Burgundy—the Burgundy that came over in the Thirty-nine—the mair did I say to myself, Doff a drop gauge down his haume unless I was mair sensible o' his principles; and what daunt may serve him. Na, na, gentlemen, as lang as I has the trust o' haiker in this house o' Tillinstation, I'll tak it upon me to see that nae disloyal or doubtful person is the better o' our house. But when I can find a true friend to the king and his cause, and a moderate episcopacy—when I find a man, as I say,

that will stand by church and crown as I did myself in my master's life, and all through Montrose's time, I think there's something in the collar over your neck to be spared on him."

By this time he had completed a judgment in the body of the place, or, in other words, advanced his seat close to the table.

"And now, Mr. Francis Stewart of Bothwell, I have the honour to drink your good health, and a commission to you, and much luck may ye have in making this country clear o' whigs and roundheads, fanatics and Covenanters."

Bothwell, who, it may well be believed, had long ceased to be very scrupulous in point of society, which he regulated more by his convenience and station in life than his ancestry, readily accepted the butter's pledge, acknowledging, at the same time, the excellence of the wine; and Mr. Gairdill, thus adopted a regular member of the company, continued to furnish them with the means of mirth until an early hour in the next morning.

CHAPTER NINTH.

IM I bet purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
And would break the shell and make the shore
When the whole world and the tempests roar!

Pope.

WHILE Lady Margaret held, with the high-descended sergeant of dragons, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her grand-daughter, partaking in a less degree her lordly high refinement for all who were sprung of the blood-royal, did not ignore Sergeant Bothwell with more attention than a single glance, which showed her a tall powerful person, and a set of hardy weather-beaten features, to which pride and dissipation had given an air where discontent mingled with the reckless gaiety of desperation. The other soldiers offered still less to detach her consideration; but from the prisoner, muffled and disguised as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw her eyes. Yet she blamed herself for indulging a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

"I wish," she said to Jenny Dundee, who was the immediate attendant on her person, "I wish we knew who that poor fellow is."

"I was just thinking on myself, Miss Edith," said the waiting woman; but it *mauns* be Caddie Hoadrigg, because he's taller and no one stout."

"Yet," continued Miss Bellenden, "it may be some poor neighbour, for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves."

"I can soon learn who he is," said the enterprising Jenny, "if the soldiers were ever settled and at leisure, for I ken one o' them very weel—the best-looking and the youngest o' them."

"I think you know all the idle young fellows about the country," answered her mistress.

"Na, Miss Edith, I am no use free o' my acquaintance as that," answered the *filles-de-chambre*. "To be sure, folk come help learning the folk by hand-work that they see eye glowering and looking at them at kirk and market; but I ken few lads to speak to unless it be them o' the family, and the three Stewsons, and Tam Rand, and the young miller, and the five Howisons in Netherstall, and lang Tam Gilry, and"—

"Pray not about a list of exceptions which threatens to be a long one, and tell me how you come to know this young soldier," said Miss Bellenden.

"Lord, Miss Edith, it's Tam Halliday—Trooper Tam, as they call him,—that was wounded by the ill-folk at the conventicle at Overtide Blair, and lay here while he was under cure. I can ask him anything, and Tam will no refuse to answer me, I'll be caution for him."

"Try, then," said Miss Edith, "if you can find an opportunity to ask him the name of his prisoner, and come to my room and tell me what he says."

Jenny Dundee proceeded on her errand, but soon returned with such a face of surprise and dismay as excited a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner.

"What is the matter?" said Edith anxiously; "does it prove to be Caddie, after all, poor fellow?"

"Caddie, Miss Edith! Na! na! it's nae Caddie," stammered out the faithful *filles-de-chambre*, sensible of the pain which her news were about to inflict on her young mistress. "O dear, Miss Edith, it's young Milwood here!"

"Young Milwood!" exclaimed Edith, agast in her turn,

"It is impossible—totally impossible! His uncle attends the dogman indulged by law, and has no connection whatever with the refractory people; and he himself has never interfered in this unhappy discussion; he must be totally innocent, unless he has been standing up for some intended right."

"O, my dear Miss Edith," said her attendant, "there are not days to ask what's right or what's wrong; if he were as innocent as the newborn infant, they would find some way of making him guilty, if they tried; but Tom Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been rustling one of the Fifth gentlemen that killed that wretched clerk of an Archbishop."

"His life!" exclaimed Edith, starting hastily up, and speaking with a hurried and tremulous accent;—"they cannot—they shall not—I will speak for him—they shall not hurt him!"

"O, my dear young lady, think on your grandmother; think on the danger and the difficulty," added Jenny; "for he's kept under close confinement till Chancery comes up in the morning, and if he doesn't give him full satisfaction, Tom Halliday says there will be brief work wif him—Kend down—smack ready—present—fire—just as they did wif wretched deaf John Maclear, that never understood a single question they put till him, and we lost his life for lack o' hearing."

"Jenny," said the young lady, "if he should die, I will die with him; there is no time to talk of danger or difficulty. I will put on a plaid, and slip down with you to the place where they have kept him—I will throw myself at the feet of the sentinel, and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved!"

"Eh, guide us!" interrupted the maid, "our young lady at the feet o' Trooper Tom, and speaking to him about his soul, when the pair could hardly hear whether he has one or no, unless that he wishes answers by it!—that will never do; but what must he mean by, and I'll never desert a true-love cause—And me, if ye mean see young Milwood, though I hae nae guide it will do, but to make both your hearts the siller, I'll e'en tak the risk o't, and try to manage Tom Halliday; but ye must let me see my ain gate, and no speak as word—he's keeping guard o'er Milwood in the eastern round of the tower."

"Go, go, fetch me a plaid," said Edith. "Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger—Haste ye, Jenny, as ever ye hope to have good at my hands."

Jenny hastened, and soon returned with a plaid, in which

Edith scoffed herself as so completely to screen her face, and in part to disguise her person. This was a mode of arranging the plaid very common among the ladies of that century, and the earlier part of the succeeding one; so much so, indeed, that the venerable eages of the Kirk, considering that the mode gave tempting facilities for intrigue, directed some stern act of Assembly against this use of the tartan. But fashion, as usual, proved too strong for authority, and while plaids continued to be worn, women of all ranks occasionally employed them as a sort of muffler or veil.* Her face and figure thus concealed, Edith, holding by her attendant's arm, hastened with trembling steps to the place of Morton's confinement.

This was a small study or closet, in one of the towers, opening upon a gallery in which the sentinel was posted to and fro; Sir Ferguson Rothwell, scrupulous in observing his word, and perhaps touched with some compassion for the prisoner's youth and gentle demeanour, had waived the indignity of putting his guard into the same apartment with him. Holiday, therefore, with his musketeer on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally shading himself with a draught of ale, a huge flagon of which stood upon the table at one end of the apartment, and at other times humming the lively Scottish air—

Between Sir Sir Johnstone and Jenny Dundee
I'll get ye to bide to follow me.

Jenny Dundee cautioned her mistress once more to let her take her own way.

"I can manage the trooper well enough," she said, "for as rough as he is—I bes their nature well; but ye mairna say a single word."

She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the sentinel had turned his back on it, and taking up the tune which he hummed, she sang in a coquettish tone of rustic melody—

If I were to follow a poor soldier lad,
My friends wad be angry, my mairns be sad;

* Concealment of an individual, while in public or promiscuous society, was then very common. In England, where no plaids were worn, the ladies used veils made for the same purpose, and the galleons drew the skirts of their cloaks over the right shoulder, so as to cover part of the face. This is repeatedly alluded to in *Pierre's Diary*.

A hind, or a hind, they were fitter for me,
But I'll never be fain to follow thee.—

"A fair challenge, by Jove," cried the sentinel, turning round, "and from two at once; but it's not easy to bring the soldier with his backbones;" then taking up the song where the dunsel had stop'd—

To follow me ye wad need be glad,
A share of my supper, a share of my bed,
To the sound of the drum to singe barbies and toes,
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.—

"Come, my pretty lass, and kin me to my sang."

"I should not have thought of that, Mr. Hallday," answered Jenny, with a look and tone expressing just the necessary degree of contempt at the proposal, "and, I'm sure ye, ye'll hae but little o' my company unless ye show greater barings—it wadna be hear that sort o' nonsense that brought me here w' my friend, and ye should think shame o' yourself, 'at should ye."

"Gough! and what sort of nonsense did bring you here, then, Mrs. Dunsen?"

"My kinswoman has some particular business with your prisoner, young Mr. Harry Morton, and I am come w' her to speak till him."

"The devil you are!" answered the sentinel. "And pray, Mrs. Dunsen, how do your kinswoman and you propose to get in? You are rather too plump to wrick through a keyhole, and opening the door is a thing not to be spoke of."

"It's no a thing to be spoken o', but a thing to be done," replied the persevering dunsel.

"We'll see about that, my bonny Jenny;" and the soldier resumed his march, humming, as he walked to and fro along the gallery—

Look into the draw-well,
Jenny, Jenny,
Then ye'll see your bonny self,
My Joe Janet.

"So ye're no thinking to let us in, Mr. Hallday? Well, wad ye gude o'm to ye—ye hae seen the last o' me, and o' this bonny de too," said Jenny, holding between her finger and thumb a splendid silver dollar.

"Give him gold, give him gold," whispered the agitated young lady.

"Silver's e'en our gude for the like o' him," replied Jenny, "that dinn care for the blink o' a bonny lassie's ee—and wha's want, he wad think there was something mair in't than a kinewoman o' mine. My cooty! silver's no mair plenty w' us, let alone gowd." Having addressed this advice wode to her mistress, she raised her voice and said, "My coonts wime stay our langer, Mr. Haliday; see, if ye please, gude e'en t'ye."

"Halt a bit, halt a bit," said the trooper; "rein up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kinewoman in to speak to my prisoner, you must stay here and keep me company till she come out again, and then we'll all be well pleased, you know."

"The deed be in my feet then," said Jenny; "d'ye think my kinewoman and me are gane to lose our gude name w' awdick dancin wif the like o' you or your prisoner either, without somebody try to see fair play? Hagh, hagh, aye! to see the difference between fufil' promises and performance! Ye wime aye willing to slight gude Cuddie; but as I had asked him to oblige me in a thing, though it had been to cost his hanging, he wadna lose stude twice about it."

"D—n Cuddie!" retorted the dragon, "he'll be hanged in good earnest, I hope. I saw him to-day at Millwood with his old puritanical b—— of a mother, and if I had thought I was to have had him out in my dish, I would have brought him up at my horse's tail—we had law enough to hear us out."

"Very woad, very woad—See if Cuddie wime has a lang shot at you one o' these days, if ye gar him tak the risk wif our money honest folk. He can hit a mark heansy; he was third at the popplejay; and he's as true of his promise as of an honest hand, though he dinn risk do a phrase about it as some acquaintance o' yours—But he's o' use to me—Come, coonts, we'll away."

"Stay, Jenny; d—n me, if I hang fire more than another when I have said a thing," said the soldier, in a hesitating tone. "Where is the corpse?"

"Detaching and driving over," quoth Jenny, "wif the steward and John Gudyff."

"So, so—be's safe enough—and where are my comrades?" asked Haliday.

"Drinking the brown bowl wif the drvier and the filenney, and some o' the serving folk."

"Have they plenty o' ale?"

YOS. 7.

1

"Box palkons, as gude as e'er was madeel," said the maid.

"Well, then, my pretty Jenny," said the reluctant sentinel, "they are fast till the hour of relieving guard, and perhaps something later; and so, if you will promise to come alone the next time"—

"Maybe I will, and maybe I wina," said Jenny; "but if ye get the dallas, ye'll like that just as well."

"I'll be d—'d if I do," said Haldiday, taking the money, however; "but it's always something for my risk; for if Charlemagne hears what I have done, he will build me a horse as high as the Tower of Babelstallers. But every one in the regiment takes what they can come by; I am sure Beliswell and his blood-royal does us a good example. And if I were trusting to you, you little jitting devil, I should lose both peace and pucker; whereas this fellow," looking at the piece, "will be good as far as he goes. So, come—there is the door open for you; do not stay grunting and prying with the young whig now, but be ready, when I call at the door, to start, as if they were sounding 'Horn and away.'"

So speaking, Haldiday unlocked the door of the closet, admitted Jenny and her pretended kinswoman, looked it behind them, and hastily resumed the indifferent measured step and time-killing whistle of a sentinel upon his regular duty.

The door, which slowly opened, discovered Marion with both arms crossed upon a table, and his head resting upon them in a posture of deep dejection. He raised his face as the door opened, and perceiving the female figure which it admitted, started up in great surprise. Edith, as if modesty had quelled the courage which despair had bestowed, stood about a yard from the door, without having either the power to speak or to advance. All the plans of aid, relief, or comfort, which she had proposed to lay before her lover, seemed at once to have vanished from her recollection, and left only a painful consciousness, with which was mingled a fear that she had degraded herself in the eyes of Marion by a step which might appear precipitate and unbecoming. She hung motionless and almost powerless upon the arm of her attendant, who in vain endeavoured to reassure and inspire her with courage, by whispering, "We are in now, madam, and we must make the best of our time; for, doubtless, the corporal or the sergeant

will gang the roads, and it wad be a pity to hae the poor lad Haldiday punished for his civility."

Morton, in the meantime, was slowly advancing, suspecting the truth; for what other female in the house, excepting Edith herself, was likely to take an interest in his misfortunes! and yet afraid, owing to the doubtful twilight and the muffled drum, of making some mistake which might be prejudicial to the object of his affection. Young, whose ready wit and forward manners well qualified her for such an office, hastened to break the ice.

"Ma, Morton, Miss Edith's very sorry for your present situation, and"—

It was needless to say more; he was at her side, almost at her feet, pressing her numbing hands, and looking her with a profusion of thanks and gratitude which would be hardly intelligible from the mere broken words, unless we could describe the tone, the gesture, the impetuous and hurried indications of deep and tumultuous feeling, with which they were accompanied.

For two or three minutes, Edith stood as motionless as the statue of a saint which receives the adoration of a worshipper; and when she recovered herself sufficiently to withdraw her hands from Henry's grasp, she could at first only faintly articulate, "I have taken a strange step, Mr. Morton—a step," she continued with more coherence, as her ideas arranged themselves in consequence of a strong effort, "that perhaps may expose me to censure in your eyes—But I have long permitted you to use the language of friendship—perhaps I might say more—too long to leave you when the world seems to have left you. How, or why, is this imprisonment! what can be done! see my uncle, who thinks so highly of you—can your own kinsman, Minwood, be of no use! are there no means! and what is likely to be the event?"

"Be what it will," answered Henry, contriving to make himself master of the hand that had escaped from him, but which was now again abandoned to his sleep, "be what it will, it is to me from this moment the most welcome incident of a weary life. To you, dearest Edith—forgive me, I should have said Miss Bellocchen, but misfortune claims strange privileges—to you I have owed the few happy moments which have gilded a gloomy existence; and if I am now to lay it down, the remi-

lection of this honour will be my happiness in the last hour of suffering."

"But is it even thus, Mr. Morton?" said Miss Hollenden. "Have you, who used to rely so little on these unhappy fads, become so suddenly and deeply implicated, that nothing short of"—

She paused, unable to bring out the word which should have come next.

"Nothing short of my life, you would say?" replied Morton, in a calm, but melancholy tone; "I believe that will be entirely in the power of my judges. My guards spoke of a possibility of exchanging the prison for entry into foreign service. I thought I could have embraced the alternative; and yet, Miss Hollenden, since I have seen you once more, I feel that exile would be more pining than death."

"And is it then true," said Edith, "that you have been as desperately rash as to entertain communication with any of those cruel wretches who assassinated the prince?"

"I know not even that such a crime had been committed," replied Morton, "when I gave unhappily a night's lodging and concealment to one of those rash and cruel men, the nearest friend and comrade of my father. But my ignorance will avail me little; for who, Miss Hollenden, save you, will believe it? And what is worse, I am at least uncertain whether, even if I had known the crime, I could have brought my mind, under all the circumstances, to refuse a temporary refuge to the fugitive."

"And by whom," said Edith, anxiously, "or under what authority, will the investigation of your conduct take place?"

"Under that of Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, I am given to understand," said Morton; "one of the military commissioners, to whom it has pleased our king, our privy council, and our parliament, that used to be more teachers of our liberties, to commit the sole charge of our goods and of our lives."

"To Claverhouse?" said Edith, faintly; "merciful Heaven! you are lost are you are tried! He wrote to my grandmother that he was to be here to-morrow morning, on his road to the head of the swamp, where some desperate men, seduced by the promise of two or three of the actors in the prince's murder, are said to have assembled for the purpose of making a stand against the Government. His expressions made

me shudder, even when I could not guess that—that—a friend!"

"Do not be too much alarmed on my account, my dearest Edith," said Henry, as he supported her in his arms. "Charvonne, though stern and relentless, is, by all accounts, brave, fair, and honourable. I am a soldier's son, and will plead my cause like a soldier. He will perhaps listen more favourably to a blunt and unwornished defence, than a truckling and time-serving judge might do. And indeed, is a time when justice is in all its branches so completely corrupted, I would rather lose my life by open military violence, than be consigned out of it by the hypocrites of some arbitrary lawyer, who lends the knowledge he has of the statutes made for our protection, to twist them to our destruction."

"You are lost—you are lost, if you are to plead your cause with Charvonne!" sighed Edith; "rest and labour is the mildest of his expressions. The unhappy private was his intimate friend and early patron. 'No excuses, no subterfuge,' said his letter, 'shall serve either those connected with the deed, or such as have given them countenance and shelter, from the simple and bitter penalty of the law, until I shall have taken as many lives in vengeance of this atrocious murder, as the old man had grey hairs upon his venerable head.' There is neither path nor favour to be found with him."

Jenny Dunsdon, who had hitherto remained silent, now ventured, in the extremity of distress which the lovers felt, but for which they were unable to devise a remedy, to offer her own advice.

"WT your lordship's pardon, Miss Edith, and young Mr. Morton's, we measure waste time. Let Edward take my phial and gown; I'll slip them off in the dark corner, if he'll promise us to look about, and he may walk past Tom Halfday, who is half blind with his age, and I can tell him a easy way to get out o' the Tower, and your lordship will gang quietly to your six room, and I'll rev myself in his grey cloak, and get on his hat, and play the prisoner till the next's day, and then I'll cry in Tom Halfday, and get him let me out."

"Let you out?" said Morton; "they'll make your life answer it."

"No'er a bit," replied Jenny; "Tom dunsen tell he let my-

body in, for his sin sake; and I'll get him and some other gals to account for the escape."

"Will you, by G—!" said the scoldard, suddenly opening the door of the apartment; "if I am half-blind, I am not deaf, and you should not plan an escape quite so loud, if you expect to go through with it. Come, come, Mrs. Janet—march, troop—quick time—trot, d—n me!—And you, madam kinewoman,—I won't ask your real name, though you were going to play me as usually a trick,—but I must make a dear garnish; so lend a retreat, unless you would have me torn out the guard."

"I hope," said Morton, very seriously, "you will not mention this circumstance, my good friend, and trust to my honour to acknowledge your ability in keeping the secret. If you overheard our conversation, you must have observed that we did not accept of, or enter into, the hasty proposal made by this good-natured girl."

"Oh, devilish good-natured, to be sure," said Halliday. "As for the rest, I guess how it is, and I seem to hear myself, or tell tales, as much as another; but no thanks to that little jilting devil, Jenny Devotions, who deserves a tight skipping for trying to lead an honest lad into a scrape, just because he was so silly as to like her good-for-little shiftless."

Jenny had no better means of justification than the last apology to which her own trust, and usually not in vain; she pressed her forehead to her face, sobbed with great vehemence, and either wept, or managed, as Halliday might have said, to go through the motions weepishly well.

"And now," continued the scoldard, somewhat mollified, "if you have anything to say, say it in two minutes, and let me see your backs turned; for if Rothwell takes it into his drunken head to make the rounds half-an-hour too soon, it will be a black business to us all."

"Farewell, Edith," whispered Morton, assuming a firmness he was far from possessing; "do not remain here—leave me to my fate—it cannot be beyond endurance since you are interested in it.—Good-night, good-night!—Do not remain here till you are discovered."

Thus saying, he resigned her to her attendant, by whom she was quietly led and partly supported out of the apartment.

"Every one has his taste, to be sure," said Halliday; "but

do—me if I would have voted so sweet a girl as that is, for all the whigs that ever swore the Covenant."

When Edith had regained her apartment, she gave way to a burst of grief which alarmed Jenny Deansie, who hastened to administer such scraps of consolation as occurred to her.

"Dinna vex yourself ma muckle, Miss Edith," said that faithful attendant; "wha knows what may happen to help young Milnerwood? He's a brave lad, and a bonny, and a gentleman of a good fortune, and they wince, string the lirk o' him up as they do the pale whig boddies that they catch in the snares, like stags o' unies. Maybe his uncle will bring him off, or maybe your ain grand-ma will speak a good word for him—he's wad enough wif a' the red-coat gentlemen."

"You are right, Jenny—you are right," said Edith, recovering herself from the stupor into which she had sunk; "this is no time for dispute, but for exertion. You must find some one to ride this very night to my uncle's with a letter."

"To Charrwood, ma'am? It's wae late, and it's awt miles an' a bittock down the water. I doubt if we can find men and horses the night, ma'r especially as they has mounted a sentinel before the gate. Pale Galloway! he's gone, pale fellow, that wad has done naught in the world I bade him, and na'er asked a reward—an' I've had nae time to draw up wif the new plough-lad yet; forby that, they say he's gane to be married to Meg Macdunn, (H-dam!) outside as she is."

"You must find some one to go, Jenny; life and death depend upon it."

"I wad gang myself, my laddy, for I could creep out at the window o' the pantry, and speed down by the wail yew-tree wad enough—I has played that trick ere now. But the road's nae wile, and are many red-coats about, forby the whigs, that are nae muckle better (the young lads o' them) if they meet a drake body their lass in the snare. I wadna stand for the walk—I can walk ten miles by moonlight wad enough."

"Is there no one you can think of, that, for money or favour, would serve me so far?" asked Edith, in great anxiety.

"I dinna ken," said Jenny, after a moment's consideration, "unless it be Gae Gibbie; and he'll maybe na ken the way, though it's nae sae difficult to him, if he keep the horse-road, and mind the turn at the Cappercleugh, and dinna drown himself in the Whomblekin-pole, or fa' over the snaw at the Dell's

Leaving, or ride any of the little steps at the Pass of Walkway, or be carried to the hills by the whigs, or be taken to the folklooth by the red-coats."

"All ventures must be run," said Edith, cutting short the list of chances against Grace Gildie's safe arrival at the end of his pilgrimages;—"all risks must be run, unless you can find a better messenger. Go, bid the boy get ready, and get him out of the Tower as secretly as you can. If he meets any one, let him say he's carrying a letter to Major Belvidere of Charwood, but without mentioning my name."

"I understand, madam," said Jenny Denison: "I warrant the colliat will do well enough, and Tib, the hen-wife, will take care of the goose for a week or my month; and I'll tell Gildie your lordship will make his peace wth Lady Margaret, and we'll give him a dollar."

"Two, if he does his errand well," said Edith.

Jenny departed to rouse Grace Gildie out of his slumbers, to which he was usually consigned at sundown, or shortly after, he keeping the hours of the birds under his charge. During her absence, Edith took her writing materials, and prepared against her return the following letter, superscribed,—*For the hands of Major Belvidere of Charwood, my much honored uncle, Thine:*

"My dear Uncle—This will serve to inform you I am desirous to know how your guest is, as we did not see you at the supper-table, which made both my grandmother and myself very uneasy. And if it will permit you to travel, we shall be happy to see you at our poor house to-morrow at the hour of breakfast, as Colonel Chubbuck of Chesham is to pass this way on his march, and we would willingly have your assistance to receive and entertain a military man of such distinction, who, probably, will not be much delighted with the company of women. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to let Mrs. Garforth, your housekeeper, send me my double-ironed padjowry with the hanging sleeves, which she will find in the third drawer of the velvet press in the green room, which you are so kind as to call mine. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to send me the second volume of the Grand Cyrus, as I have only read as far as the imprisonment of Philokles upon the seven hundredth and thirty-third page; but, above all, I entreat you to come to

us to-morrow before sight of the dock, which, as your parting sag is so good, you may well do without doing before your usual hour. So, praying to God to preserve your health, I rest your dutiful and loving niece,

"ELLEN BARNARD."

"*Postscriptum.* A party of soldiers have last night brought your friend, young Mr. Henry Marton of Silverwood, hither as a prisoner. I conclude you will be sorry for the young gentleman, and therefore let you know this, in case you may think of speaking to Colonel Graham in his behalf. I have not mentioned his name to my grandmother, knowing her prejudice against the family."

This epistle being duly sealed and delivered to Jenny, that faithful confidant hastened to put the same in the charge of Gossie Gibbs, whom she found in readiness to start from the cradle. She then gave him various instructions touching the seal, which she apprehended he was likely to mistake, not having travelled it above five or six times, and possessing only the same slender proportion of memory as of judgment. Lastly, she struggled him out of the garbison through the pantry window into the brambly yew-tree which grew close beside it, and had the satisfaction to see him reach the bottom in safety, and take the right turn at the commencement of his journey. She then returned to persuade her young sisters to go to bed, and to tell her to rest, if possible, with assurance of Gibbs's success in his embassy, only qualified by a passing regret that the trusty Cockle, with whom she sometimes might have been more safely reposed, was no longer within reach of serving her.

More fortunate as a messenger than as a cavalier, it was Gibbs's good lay rather than his good management, which, after he had gone astray not often in like times, and given his garments a taste of the variation of each fog, haw, and slough, between Tibbottoken and Charnwood, placed him about daybreak before the gate of Major Belmuck's mansion, having completed a walk of ten miles (for the Mitock as usual, amounted to four) in little more than the same number of hours.

CHAPTER TENTH.

At last comes the troop, by the word of command
 Drawn up in our court, where the Captain cries, Stand!
 Swear.

MARION BULLSTOCK'S ancient valet, Gideon Pike, as he adjusted his master's clothes by his bed-side, preparatory to the worthy veteran's toilet, acquainted him, as an apology for disturbing him an hour earlier than his usual time of rising, that there was an express from Tiffinstall.

"From Tiffinstall!" said the old gentleman, rising hastily in his bed, and sitting bolt upright. "Open the shutter, Pike—I hope my sister-in-law is well—furl up the bed-curtain. What have we all here?" (glancing at Edith's note). "The post! why, she knows I have not had a fit since Christmas.—The vespersinger! I told her a month since I was not to be there. Patchwork and laughing-shaven! why, hang the gipsy herself!—Grand Cyrus and Philip Melancton!—Philip David!—is the wench gone crazy all at once! was it worth while to send an express and wake me at five in the morning for all this trash!—But what says her postscriptum!—Merry on on!" he exclaimed on perusing it—"Pike, saddle old Kingfisher instantly, and another horse for yourself."

"I hope none ill news from the Tower, sir!" said Pike, astonished at his master's sudden emotion.

"You—no—you—that is, I trust most Charborough there on some express business; no back and saddle, Pike, as fast as you can. O Lord! what times are these!—the poor lad—my old cousin's son!—and the silly wench sticks it into her postscriptum, as she calls it, at the tail of all this trumpery about old givers and new receivers!"

In a few minutes the good old officer was fully equipped; and having mounted upon his winged charger as soberly as Mark Antony himself could have done, he proceeded forth his way to the Tower of Tiffinstall.

On the road he formed the prudent resolution to say nothing to the old lady (whose dislike to Presbyterians of all kinds he knew to be inveterate) of the quality and rank of the prisoner

detained within her walls, but to try his own influence with Clauchefosse to obtain Norton's liberation.

"Being as loyal as he is, he must do something for so old a comrade as I am," said the veteran to himself; "and if he is so good a soldier as the world speaks of, why, he will be glad to serve an old soldier's son. I never knew a real soldier that was not a frank-hearted, honest fellow; and I think the execution of the laws (though it's a pity they find it necessary to make them so severe) may be a thousand times better entrusted with them than with piddling lawyers and thick-skulled country gentlemen."

Such were the reminiscences of Major Miles Redford, which were terminated by John Gualfrill (not more than half-drunk) taking hold of his bridle, and advising him to dismount in the rough-paved court of Tilletsteden.

"Why, John," said the veteran, "what devil of a discipline is this you have been keeping! You have been reading Geneva print" this morning already."

"I have been reading the Litany," said John, shaking his head with a look of drunken gravity, and having only caught one word of the Major's address to him; "Life is short, sir; we are flowers of the field, sir"—*blomp*—"and Elms of the valley."

"Flowers and Elms! Why, man, such curies as thou and I can hardly be called better than old hawthorns, decayed nettles, or withered rag-wood; but I suppose you think that we are still worth watering."

"I am an old soldier, sir, I thank Heaven"—*blomp*—

"An old stickler, you mean, John. But come, never mind, show me the way to your mistress, old lad."

John Gualfrill led the way to the stone hall, where Lady Margaret was sitting about, superintending, arranging, and reforming the preparations made for the reception of the celebrated Clauchefosse, whom one party honoured and extolled as a hero, and another execrated as a bloodthirsty oppressor.

"Did I not tell you," said Lady Margaret to her principal female attendant—"did I not tell you, Myra, that it was my especial pleasure on this occasion to have everything in the precise order wherein it was upon that famous morning when his most sacred Majesty partook of his dinner at Tilletsteden!"

"Doubtless, such were your highship's commands, and to the

* [The Geneva "Book of Discipline," adopted by the Scottish Presbyterians.]

lost of my remembrance"—was Myde answering, when her ladyship broke in with, "Then whereabouts is the velvetan party placed on the left side of the throne, and the group of chairs upon the right, when ye may right well remember, Myde, that his most sacred Majesty with his six hand shifted the party to the same side with the flagon, and said they were too good friends to be parted?"

"I mind that well, madam," said Myde; "and if I had forgot, I have heard your ladyship often speak about that grand morning six' syne; but I thought everything was to be placed just as it was when his Majesty, God bless him, came into this room, looking mair like an angel than a man, if he hadna been een black-a-thaird."

"Then ye thought someone, Myde; for in whatsoever way his most sacred Majesty ordered the position of the truchers and flagons, that, as well as his royal pleasure in greater matters, should be a law to his subjects, and shall ever be to those of the house of Tiffenstaden."

"Well, madam," said Myde, making the alterations required, "It's easy mending the error; but if every thing is just to be as his Majesty left it, there should be an even hole in the velvetan party."

At this moment the door opened.

"Who is that, John Gladhill?" exclaimed the old lady. "I can speak to no one just now. Is it you, my dear brother?" she continued, in some surprise, as the Major entered; "this is a right early visit."

"Not more early than welcome, I hope," replied Major Belknap, as he saluted the widow of his deceased brother; "but I heard by a note which Edith sent to Chatterbox about some of her baggage and books, that you were to have Chatterbox here this morning, so I thought, like an old friend as I am, that I should like to have a chat with this rising soldier. I cannot find either Edith or the, and here we both are."

"And most kindly welcome you are," said the old lady; "it is just what I should have begged you to do, if I had thought there was time. You see I am busy in preparation. All is to be in the same order as when"—

"The King breakfasted at Tiffenstaden," said the Major, who, like all Lady Margrave's friends, dreaded the commencement of that narrative, and was desirous to cut it short,—"I remember it well; you know I was waiting on his Majesty."

"You were, brother," said Lady Margaret; "and perhaps you can help me to remember the order of the entertainment."

"Nay, good sooth," said the Major, "the damnable dinner that Noll gave us at Worcester a few days afterwards does all your good cheer out of my memory. But how's this!—you have even the great Turkey-leather elbow-chair with the tapestry cushions, placed in state."

"The throne, brother, if you please," said Lady Margaret grandly.

"Well, the throne be it, then," continued the Major. "Is that to be Claver's part in the attack upon the party?"

"No, brother," said the lady; "as those cushions have been once honoured by accommodating the person of our most sacred Monarch, they shall never, please Heaven, during my lifetime, be pressed by any less dignified weight."

"You should not, then," said the old soldier, "put them in the way of an honest old cavalier, who has ridden ten miles before breakfast; for, to confirm the truth, they look very inviting. But where is Edith?"

"On the battlements of the warder's turret," answered the old lady, "looking out for the approach of our guests."

"Why, I'll go there too; and so should you, Lady Margaret, as soon as you have your line of battle properly formed in the hall here. It's a pretty thing, I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march."

Thus speaking, he offered his arm with an air of old-fashioned gallantry, which Lady Margaret accepted with such a courtesy of acknowledgment as ladies were wont to make in Halgrood-house before the year 1645, which, for one while, drove both courtesies and courtship out of fashion.

Upon the battlements of the turret, to which they ascended by many a winding passage and smooth staircase, they found Edith, not in the attitude of a young lady who watches with fastidious curiosity the approach of a smart regiment of dragoons, but pale, downcast, and avoiding by her countenance that sleep had not during the preceding night been the companion of her pillow. The good old veteran was kept at her appearance, which, in the hurry of preparation, her grandmother had omitted to notice.

"What is come over you, you silly girl?" he said;—"why, you look like an officer's wife when she opens the News-letter

after an action, and expects to find her husband among the killed and wounded. But I know the reason—you will persist in reading those nonsensical romances, day and night, and whispering for distresses that never existed. Why, how the devil can you believe that Artamenes, or what Cyo will him, fought single-handed with a whole battalion? One to three is no great odds as ever fought and won, and I never knew anybody that cared to take that, except old Corporal Riddlestone. But these d—d books put all pretty men's actions out of countenance. I fancy you would think very little of Riddlestone, if he were alongside of Artamenes. I would have the fellow that writes such nonsense brought to the pigst for keeping-sucking."^{*}

Lady Margaret, herself somewhat attached to the pursuit of romance, took up the cudgels.

"Monsieur Scuderi," she said, "is a soldier, brother; and, as I have heard, a complete one; and so is the *Sieur d'Urk*."

"Must shame for them; they should have known better what they were writing about. For my part, I have not read a book these twenty years except my Bible, *The Whole Duty of Man*, and, of late days, Turner's *Pallas Armata*, or *Treatise on the Ordering of the Pike Exercise*,[†] and I don't like his discipline much neither. He wants to dress up the cavalry in front of a stand of pikes, instead of being upon the wings. Save me I, if we had done so at Eiloytha, instead of having our handful of horse on the flanks, the first discharge would have sent them back among our Highlanders.—But I hear the kettle-drums."

All heads were now bent from the battlements of the turret, which commanded a distant prospect down the vale of the river. The Tower of Tillatation stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of

^{*} As five, in the present age, are acquainted with the pedestrian fiction to which the age of Louis XIV. gave rise, we need only say, that they combine the details of the metaphysical curiosity with all the improbabilities of the ancient romances of Chivalry. Their character will be most easily learned from *Robinson's Dramatic History*, or *Mrs. Lennox's Female Quixote*.

[The romance of Artamenes, or the Grand Cyrus, by Magasin des Roches, is perhaps the largest of those profit translations from the French which were once so fashionable. It was rendered into English by F. G. Louisa, 1822.]

[†] Note E. Sir James Turner.

a considerable brook with the Clyde.* There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, wound the public road; and the fortification, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been, in times of war, a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular shape, interspersed with hedgerow-trees and copse, the enclosures seeming to have been individually cleared out of the forest which surrounded them, and which occupies, in undulating masses, the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in which a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the Cairngorm pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants here in most places planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, and unadorned country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighbourhood of the stream, and the rude masses swelled at a little distance into shapes and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains, dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the tower commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and impenetrable moorland.

The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted to the downward view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public highroad which wound up the vale, and announced the approach of the expected body of

* The Castle of Tyberochter is imaginary; but the ruins of Craigbathie Castle, situated on the Nith, about three miles from its junction with the Clyde, have something of the character of the description in the text.

cavalry. Their glimmering ranks were shortly afterwards seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun. The train was long and imposing, for there were about two hundred and fifty horse upon the march, and the glancing of the swords and waving of their banners, joined to the clang of their trumpets and kettle-drums, had at once a lively and useful effect upon the imagination. As they advanced still nearer and nearer, they could distinctly see the files of these chosen troops following each other in long succession, completely equipped and superbly mounted.

"It's a sight that makes me thirty years younger," said the old cavalier; "and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service as when I was employed on the Continent, and we were looking at fellows with foreign faces and outlandish dialect. It's a hard thing to hear a heavily French tongue cry quarter, and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out *mal-à-propos*.—So, there they come through the Ketherwood hush; upon my word, fine-looking fellows, and capital mounted.—He that is galloping from the rear of the column must be Clover's himself;—ay, he gets into the front as they cross the bridge, and now they will be with us in less than five minutes."

At the bridge beneath the Tower, the cavalry divided, and the greater part, moving up the left bank of the brook, and crossing at a ford a little above, took the road of the Grange, as it was called, a large set of farm-offices belonging to the Tower, where Lady Margaret had ordered preparation to be made for their reception and suitable entertainment. The officers alone, with their colours, and an escort to guard them, were sent to take the steep road up to the gate of the Tower, appearing by intervals as they gained the ascent, and again hidden by projections of the bank and of the large old trees with which it is covered. When they emerged from this narrow path, they found themselves in front of the old Tower, the gates of which were hospitably open for their reception. Lady Margaret, with Edith and her brother-in-law, having hastily descended from their post of observation, appeared to meet and

to welcome their guests, with a refinement of domestic life as good order as the organs of the preceding evening permitted. The gallant young cornet (a relation as well as namesake of Claverhouse, with whom the reader has been already made acquainted) lowered the standard, and the flourish of the trumpet, in homage to the rank of Lady Margaret, and the charms of her grand-daughter, and the old walls echoed to the flourish of the instruments, and the stamp and scigh of the charger.

Claverhouse* himself alighted from a black horse, the most beautiful perhaps in Scotland. He had not a single white hair upon his whole body—a circumstance which, joined to his spirit and dexterity, and to his being as frequently employed in pursuit of the Presbyterian sectaries, caused an opinion to prevail among them, that the steel had been presented to his rider by the great Enemy of Mankind, in order to assist him in persecuting the fugitive wanderers. When Claverhouse had paid his respects to the ladies with military politeness, had apologised for the trouble to which he was putting Lady Margaret's family, and had received the corresponding assurances that she could not think anything an inconvenience which brought within the walls of Tillicoultry as distinguished a soldier, and so loyal a servant of his sacred Majesty; when, in short, all forms of hospitable and polite ritual had been duly complied with, the Colonel requested permission to receive the report of Bellivell, who was now in attendance, and with whom he spoke apart for a few minutes. Major Bellenden took that opportunity to say to his niece, without the hearing of her grandmother, "What a trifling Scottish girl you are, Edith, to send me by express a letter crammed with nonsense about boots and gowns, and to slide the only thing I could a marvel do about into the postscript!"

"I did not know," said Edith, hesitating very much, "whether it would be quite—quite proper for me to"—

"I know what you would say—whether it would be right to take any interest in a Presbyterian. But I knew this lady's father well. He was a brave soldier; and, if he was once wrong, he was once right too. I must command your caution, Edith, for having said nothing of this young gentleman's affair to your grandmother—you may rely on it I shall not—I will take an opportunity to speak to Claverhouse. Come, my love, they are going to breakfast. Let us follow them."

* John D. Claverhouse.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

*Their breakfast no more to be seen they did eat,
A custom in themselves highly decent.*

PLATE.

THE breakfast of Lady Margaret Belton was no more resembled a modern *déjeuner*, than the great stone hall at Tilletsteden could brook comparison with a modern drawing-room. No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands,—the princely haunch, the knightly sturgeon, the noble haunch of beef, the princely venison patty; while silver flagons, served with difficulty from the doors of the Cuviermasters, now wanted, some with ale, some with mead, and some with generous wine of various qualities and descriptions. The appetites of the guests were in correspondence to the magnificence and solidity of the preparation,—no pickling—no boy's-play, but that steady and persevering exercise of the jaws which is best learned by early morning hours, and by occasional hard customers.

Lady Margaret beheld with delight the enter which she had provided descending with such alacrity into the persons of her honoured guests, and had little occasion to exercise, with respect to any of the company saving Chatterbox himself, the compulsory urgency of pressing to eat, to which, as to the pains *form* of *form*, the ladies of that period were in the custom of subjecting their guests.

But the leader himself, more anxious to pay courtesy to Miss Belton, next whom he was placed, than to gratify his appetite, appeared somewhat negligent of the good cheer set before him. With heed, without reply, many neatly speeches addressed to her, in a tone of voice of that happy modulation which could slide next in the low tones of interesting conversation, and she said the day of battle, "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound." The sense that she was in the presence of the dreaded chief upon whose fate the fate of Henry Morton must depend,—the recollection of the terror and awe which were attached to the very name of the commander, deprived her for some time, not only of the courage to answer, but even of the power of looking upon him. But when, unaided by the soothing tones of his voice, she lifted her eyes to demand some reply, the prince on

where she looked bore, in his appearance at least, none of the terrible attributes to which her apprehensions had arrayed him.

Grathame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gestures, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even features regularly. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tanned with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small tufted locks of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as invites love to peep and lilies to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour which even his enemies were compelled to admit, by concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and indeed, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, firm and unshaken in pursuing success, careless of losing death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by belated opposition, are too often combined with vice and excess which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.

In endeavouring to reply to the polite titles with which Claverhouse accosted her, Edith showed so much confusion, that her grandfather thought it necessary to come to her relief.

"Edith Belinda," said the old lady, "has, from my retired mode of living, seen so little of those of her own sphere, that truly she can hardly frame her speech to suitable answers. A soldier is no more a sight with us, Colonel Grathame, than unless

if he my young Lord Evelyns, we have hardly had an opportunity of receiving a gentleman in uniform. And, now I talk of that excellent young soldierman, may I inquire if I was not to have had the honour of seeing him this morning with the regiment?"

"Lord Evelyns, madam, was on his march with us," answered the ladies, "but I was obliged to detach him with a small party to disperse a considerable of those troublesome scoundrels, who have had the impudence to assemble within five miles of my head-quarters."

"Indeed!" said the old lady; "that is a height of presumption to which I would have thought no rebellious fancies would have ventured to aspire. But there are strange times! There is an evil spirit in the land, Colonel Graham, that excites the minds of persons of rank to rebel against the very laws that hold and bind them. There was one of my able-bodied men the other day who plainly refused to attend the wappenschaw at my bidding. Is there no law for such rascals, Colonel Graham?"

"I think I could find one," said Charlesmore, with great composure, "if your ladyship will inform me of the name and residence of the culprit."

"His name," said Lady Margaret, "is Colloctus Bawking; I can say nothing of his domicile, for ye may well believe, Colonel Graham, he did not dwell long in Tiltinstown, but was speedily expelled for his contumacy. I wish the lad no serious bodily injury; but immolation, or even a few stripes, would be a good example in this neighbourhood. His mother, under whose influence I doubt he acted, is an ancient domestic of this family, which makes me incline to mercy; although," continued the old lady, looking towards the pictures of her husband and her sons, with which the wall was hung, and heaving, at the same time, a deep sigh, "I, Colonel Graham, have in my sin person but little right to compassionate that stubborn and rebellious generation. They have made me a childless widow, and, but for the protection of our sacred Sovereign and his gallant soldiers, they would soon deprive me of lands and goods, of hearth and altar. Seven of my tenants, whose joint rent-ual may amount to well-nigh a hundred marks, have already refused to pay either one or rent, and had the assurance to tell my steward that they would acknowledge

neither king nor landlord but who should have taken the Covenant."

"I will take a course with these—that is, with your ladyship's pardoners," answered Charlewood. "It would ill become me to neglect the support of lawful authority when it is lodged in such worthy hands as those of Lady Margaret Belandier. But I must needs say, this country grows worse and worse daily, and reduces me to the necessity of taking measures with the rogues that are much more consistent with my duty than with my inclinations. And, speaking of this, I must not forget that I have to thank your ladyship for the hospitality you have been pleased to extend to a party of rascals who have brought in a prisoner, charged with having committed the murdering villain, Ruffian of Hurley."

"The house of Tillastouff," answered the lady, "hath ever been open to the servants of his Majesty, and I hope that the stones of it will no longer rest on each other when it assumes to be as much at their command as at ours. And this reminds me, Colonel Graham, that the gentleman who commands the party can hardly be said to be in his proper place in the army, considering whose blood flows in his veins; and if I might flatter myself that anything would be granted to my request, I would presume to entreat that he might be promoted on some favourable opportunity."

"Your ladyship means Sergeant Francis Stewart, whom we call Bothwell?" said Charlewood, smiling. "The truth is, he is a little too rough in the country, and has not been uniformly so amenable to discipline as the rules of the service require. But to instruct me how to oblige Lady Margaret Belandier, is to lay down the law to me.—Bothwell," he continued, addressing the sergeant, who just then appeared at the door, "go kiss Lady Margaret Belandier's hand, who interests herself in your promotion, and you shall have a commission the first vacancy."

Bothwell went through the salutation in the manner prescribed, but not without evident marks of hungry reluctance, and when he had done so, said aloud, "To kiss a lady's hand can never disgrace a gentleman; but I would not kiss a man's, save the King's, to be made a general."

"You kiss him," said Charlewood, smiling; "there's the rock he splits upon: he cannot forget his pedigree."

* Assailed, i. e. reviled or harassed.

"I know, my noble Colonel," said Rothwell, in the same tone, "that you will not forget your promise; and then, perhaps, you may permit Grand Stuart to have some recollection of his grandfather, though the *Sergeant* must forget him."

"Enough of this, sir," said Clarkson, in the tone of command which was familiar to him; "and let me know what you came to report to me just now."

"My Lord Bransdale and his party have halted on the high road with some prisoners," said Rothwell.

"My Lord Bransdale?" said Lady Margaret. "Surely, Colonel Clarkson, you will permit him to honour me with his society, and to take his poor dependents here, especially considering, that even his most sacred Majesty did not pass the Tower of Tilkeatham without halting to partake of some refreshment."

As this was the third time in the course of the conversation that Lady Margaret had alluded to this distinguished event, Colonel Clarkson, as speedily as politeness would permit, took advantage of the first pause to interrupt the further progress of the narrative, by saying, "We are already too numerous a party of guests; but as I know what Lord Bransdale will suffer" (looking towards Edith) "if deprived of the pleasure which we enjoy, I will run the risk of overburdening your ladyship's hospitality.—Rothwell, let Lord Bransdale know that Lady Margaret Belketham requests the honour of his company."

"And let Harrison take care," added Lady Margaret, "that the people and their horses are suitably seen to."

Edith's heart sprung to her lips during this conversation; for it instantly occurred to her, that, through her influence over Lord Bransdale, she might find some means of releasing Morton from his present state of danger in case her mother's intervention with Clarkson should prove ineffectual. At any other time she would have been much aware to exert this influence; for, however inexperienced in the world, her native delicacy taught her the advantages which a beautiful young woman gives to a young man when she permits him to lay her under an obligation. And she would have been the further disinclined to request any favour of Lord Bransdale, because the voice of the gossip in Clydesdale had, for reasons hereafter to be made known, assigned him to her as a suitor, and because she could not disguise from herself that very little encouragement was necessary to realise conjectures which had hitherto no founda-

tion. This was the move to be dreaded, that, in the case of Lord Eversdale's making a formal declaration, he had every chance of being supported by the influence of Lady Margaret and her other friends, and that she would have nothing to oppose to their solicitations and authority, except a prohibition, to avoid which she knew would be equally dangerous and unavailing. She determined, therefore, to wait the issue of her uncle's intervention, and, should it fail, which she conjectured she should soon learn, either from the looks or language of the open-hearted veteran, she would then, as a last effort, make use in Morton's favour of her interest with Lord Eversdale. Her mind did not long remain in suspense on the subject of her uncle's application.

Major Belvidere, who had done the honours of the table, laughing and chatting with the military guests who were at that end of the board, was now, by the conclusion of the repast, at liberty to leave his station, and accordingly took an opportunity to approach Claverhouse, requesting from him, also, at the same time, the honour of a particular introduction. As his name and character were well known, the two military men met with expressions of mutual regard; and Edith, with a beating heart, saw her aged relative withdraw from the company, together with his new acquaintance, into a recess formed by one of the arched windows of the hall. She watched their conference with eyes almost dazzled by the eagerness of suspense, and, with observation rendered more acute by the internal agency of her mind, could guess, from the pantomimic postures which accompanied the conversation, the progress and fate of the intercession in behalf of Harry Morton.

The first expression of the countenance of Claverhouse betokened that open and willing courtesy, which, ere it requires to know the nature of the favour asked, seems to say, how happy the party will be to render an obligation on the suppliant. But as the conversation proceeded, the brow of that officer became darker and more severe, and his features, though still retaining the expression of the most perfect politeness, assumed, at least, to Edith's terrified imagination, a harsh and inexorable character. His lip was now compressed as if with indignation; now curled slightly upward, as if in civil contempt of the arguments urged by Major Belvidere. The language of her uncle, as far as expressed in his manner, appeared to be that of earnest

intercession, urged with all the affectionate simplicity of his character, as well as with the weight which his age and reputation entitled him to use. But it seemed to have little impression upon Colonel Graham, who soon changed his posture, as if about to cut short the Major's importunity, and to break up their conference with a courtly expression of regret, calculated to accompany a positive refusal of the request admitted. This movement brought them so near Edith, that she could distinctly hear Claverhouse say, "It cannot be, Major Hollenden; hardly, in his case, is altogether beyond the bounds of my commission, though in anything else I am heartily desirous to oblige you.—And here comes Bransdale with news, as I think.—What tidings do you bring us, Bransdale?" he continued, addressing the young lord, who now entered in complete uniform, but with his dress disordered, and his boots spattered, as if by riding hard.

"Unglorious news, sir," was his reply. "A large body of whigs are in arms among the hills, and have broken out into actual rebellion. They have publicly burnt the Act of Supremacy, that which established episcopacy, that for clearing the martyrs of Charles I. and some others, and have declared their intention to remain together in arms for furthering the concerted work of reformation."

This unexpected intelligence struck a sudden and painful surprise into the minds of all who heard it, excepting Claverhouse.

"Unglorious news call you that?" replied Colonel Graham, his dark eyes flashing fire; "they are the best I have heard these six months. Now that the roundheads are driven into a body, we will make short work with them. When the sabbler cracks into daylight," he added, striking the heel of his boot upon the floor, as if in the act of cracking a vicious reptile, "I can trample him to death; he is only safe when he remains lurking in his den or among.—Where are these knaves?" he continued, addressing Lord Bransdale.

"About ten miles off among the mountains, at a place called London Hill," was the young nobleman's reply. "I dispersed the conventicle against which you sent me, and made prisoner an old transporter of rebellion—an intercommuned minister, that is to say—who was in the act of exhorting his hearers to rise and be doing in the good cause, as well as one or two of his

bearers who seemed to be particularly insolent; and from some country people and women I learned what I now tell you."

"What may be their strength?" asked his commander.

"Probably a thousand men, but accounts differ widely."

"Then," said Claverhouse, "it is time for us to be up and be doing also—Bedwell, bid them stand to arms."

Bedwell, who, like the war-horse of Scripture, smelt the battle afar off, hastened to give orders to six negroes, in white dresses slightly laced, and having massive silver collars and armlets. These noble functionaries acted as trumpeters, and speedily made the castle and the woods around it ring with their summons.

"Must you then leave us?" said Lady Margaret, her heart shivering under recollection of former unhappy times; "had ye not better send to burn the bones of the rebels?—O, how many a fair face has I heard those fearful sounds call away from the Tower of Tiptonholm, that my wild son were never to see return to it!"

"It is impossible for me to stop," said Claverhouse; "there are rebels enough in this country to make the rebels five times their strength, if they are not checked at once."

"Mary," said Eveline, "are fleeing to them already, and they give out that they expect a strong body of the indignant Presbyterians, headed by young Milwood, as they call him, the son of the famous old roundhead, Colonel John Milton."

This speech produced a very different effect upon the hearers. Edith almost sank from her seat with terror, while Claverhouse darted a glance of sarcastic triumph at Major Belenden, which seemed to imply—"You see what are the principles of the young man you are pleading for."

"It's a lie—it's a d—d lie of those rascally fanatics," said the Major lastly. "I will answer for Henry Morton as I would for my own son. He is a lad of as good church principles as any gentleman in the Life-Guards—I mean no offence to any one. He has gone to church service with me fifty times, and I never heard him miss one of the responses in my life. Edith Belenden can bear witness to it as well as I. He always read the same Prayer-book with her, and could look out the lessons as well as the surts himself. Call him up; let him be heard for himself."

"There can be no harm in that," said Claverhouse, "whether

he be innocent or guilty.—Major Allan," he said, turning to the officer next in command, "take a guide, and lead the regiment forward to London Hill by the best and shortest road. Move steadily, and do not let the men blow the horns. Lord Bransdale and I will overtake you in a quarter of an hour. Leave Bothwell with a party to bring up the prisoners."

Allan bowed, and left the apartment, with all the officers, excepting Claverhouse and the young soldiers. In a few minutes the sound of the military music and the clashing of heels announced that the horsemen were leaving the castle. The sounds were presently heard only at intervals, and soon died away entirely.

While Claverhouse endeavored to soothe the fears of Lady Margaret, and to reconcile the veterans, Major to his captain of Marston, Bransdale, getting the better of that conscious shyness which renders an ingenuous youth diffident in approaching the object of his affections, drew near to Miss Belenden, and scanned her in a tone of mingled respect and interest.

"We are to leave you," he said, taking her hand, which he pressed with much emotion—"to leave you for a scene which is not without its dangers. Farewell, dear Miss Belenden;—let me say for the first, and perhaps the last time, dear Edith! We part in circumstances so singular as may excite some curiosity in bidding farewell to one whom I have known so long, and whom I—respect so highly."

The manner, differing from the words, seemed to express a feeling much deeper and more agitating than was conveyed in the phrase he made use of. It was not in woman to be utterly inaccessible to his modest and deep-bitted expression of tenderness. Although borne down by the misfortune and imminent danger of the man she loved, Edith was touched by the hopeless and reverential passion of the gallant youth, who now took leave of her to rush into dangers of an ordinary description.

"I hope—I sincerely trust," she said, "there is no danger. I hope there is no occasion for this sudden separation—that those hasty insurgents will be dispersed rather by fear than force, and that Lord Bransdale will speedily return to be what he must always be, the fair and valued friend of all in this castle."

"Of all," he repeated, with a melancholy emphasis upon the

word. "But be it so—whatever is near you is dear and valued to me, and I value their approbation accordingly. Of our success I am not sanguine. Our numbers are so few, that I dare not hope for so speedy, so bloodless, or so safe an end of this unhappy disturbance. These men are enthusiastic, volatile, and desperate, and have leaders not altogether unskilled in military matters. I cannot help thinking that the impetuosity of our Colonel is carrying us against them rather prematurely. But there are few that have less reason to shun danger than I have."

Edith had now the opportunity she wished to bespeak the young soldier's intercession and protection for Henry Marton, and it seemed the only remaining channel of interest by which he could be rescued from impending destruction. Yet she felt at that moment as if, in doing so, she was abusing the partiality and confidence of the lover, whose heart was as open before her, as if his tongue had made an express declaration. Could she with honour engage Lord Eversdale in the service of a rival? or could she with prudence make him any request, or lay herself under any obligation to him, without affording ground for hopes which she could never realise? But the moment was too urgent for hesitation, or even for those explanations with which her request might otherwise have been qualified.

"I will but dispose of this young fellow," said Clarendon, from the other side of the hall, "and then, Lord Eversdale—I am sorry to interrupt again your conversation—but then we must mount.—Bedford, why do you not bring up the prisoner? and, hark ye, let two files lead their carbines."

In those words, Edith conceived she heard the death-verdict of her lover. She instantly looks through the curtain which had hitherto kept her silent.

"My Lord Eversdale," she said, "this young gentleman is a particular friend of my uncle's—your interest must be great with your colonel—let me request your intercession in his favour—it will confer on my uncle a lasting obligation."

"You overrate my interest, Miss Bedford," said Lord Eversdale; "I have been often unsuccessful in such applications, when I have made them on the mere score of humanity."

"Yet try once again for my uncle's sake."

"And why not for your own?" said Lord Eversdale. "Will you not allow me to think I am obliging you personally in this

matter? Are you so diffident of an old friend that you will not allow him even the satisfaction of thinking that he is gratifying your wishes?"

"Surely—surely," replied Edith; "you will oblige me infinitely—I am interested in the young gentlemen on my uncle's account—Leave no time, for God's sake!"

She became bolder and more urgent in her entreaties, for she heard the steps of the soldiers who were entering with their prisoner.

"By heaven! then," said Bransdale, "he shall not die, if I should die in his place!—But will not you," he said, resuming the hand, which in the hurry of her spirits she had not courage to withhold, "will not you grant me one suit, in return for my zeal in your service?"

"Anything you can ask, my Lord Bransdale, that sisterly affection can give."

"And is this all," he continued, "all you can grant to my affection living, or my memory when dead?"

"Do not speak thus, my lord," said Edith; "you distress me, and do injustice to yourself. There is no friend I esteem more highly, or to whom I would more readily grant every mark of regard—prevailing—But"—

A deep sigh made her turn her head suddenly, ere she had well uttered the last word; and as she hesitated how to frame the exception with which she meant to close the sentence, she became instantly aware she had been overheard by Morton, who, heavily armed and guarded by soldiers, was now passing behind her in order to be presented to Clarendon. As their eyes met each other, the sad and reproachful expression of Morton's glance seemed to imply that he had partially heard, and altogether misinterpreted, the conversation which had just passed. There wanted but this to complete Edith's distress and confusion. Her blood, which rushed to her brow, made a sudden residence to her heart, and left her as pale as death. This change did not escape the attention of Bransdale, whose quick glance easily discovered that there was between the prisoner and the object of his attachment, some singular and uncommon connection. He resigned the hand of Miss Hollenden, again surveyed the prisoner with more attention, again looked at Edith, and plainly observed the confusion which she could no longer conceal.

"This," he said, after a moment's gloomy silence, "is, I believe, the young gentleman who gained the prize at the shooting match."

"I am not sure," hesitated Edith—"yet—I rather think not," scarce knowing what she replied.

"It is he," said Brandale, decidedly; "I know him well. A victor," he continued, somewhat haughtily, "ought to have interested a fair spectator more deeply."

He then turned from Edith, and advancing towards the table at which Claverhouse now placed himself, stood at a little distance, resting on his staid broadsword, a silent, but not an uninterested, spectator of that which passed.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

O, my Lord, beware of jealousy.

CHANCE.

To explain the deep effect which the few broken passages of the conversation we have detailed made upon the unfortunate prisoner by whom they were overheard, it is necessary to say something of his previous state of mind, and of the origin of his acquaintance with Edith.

Henry Martin was one of those gifted characters which possess a force of talent unexpected by the owner himself. He had inherited from his father an undiminished courage, and a firm and uncompromising detestation of oppression, whether in politics or religion. But his enthusiasm was unalloyed by fanatic zeal, and unalloyed by the weakness of the party-spirit. From these his mind had been freed, partly by the active exertions of his own excellent understanding, partly by frequent and long visits at Major Bellenden's, where he had an opportunity of meeting with many guests whose conversation taught him, that goodness and worth were not limited to those of any single form of religious observance.

The base parsimony of his uncle had thrown many obstacles in the way of his education; but he had so far improved the opportunities which offered themselves, that his instructors, as well as his friends were surprised at his progress under such

disadvantages. Still, however, the current of his soul was frozen by a sense of dependence—of poverty—above all, of an imperfect and limited education. These feelings impressed him with a diffidence and reserve, which effectually excluded from all but very intimate friends, the extent of talent and the richness of character which we have stated him to be possessed of. The circumstances of the times had added to this reserve an air of isolation and indifference; for, being attached to neither of the factions which divided the kingdom, he passed for dull, inamiable, and uninspired by the feeling of religion or of patriotism. No conclusion, however, could be more unjust; and the reasons of the neutrality which he had hitherto professed had root in very different and most praiseworthy motives. He had formed few congenial ties with those who were the objects of persecution, and was disgusted alike by their narrow-minded and selfish party-spirit, their gloomy fanaticism, their abhorrent condemnation of all elegant studies or innocent recreations, and the conventional manner of their political hatred. But his mind was still more revolted by the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the Government—the murders, rapes, and brutality of the soldiery—the executions on the scaffold, the slaughters in the open field, the free quarters and exactions imposed by military law, which placed the lives and fortunes of a free people on a level with *Asiatic slaves*. Condemning, therefore, each party as its excesses fell under his eyes, disgusted with the sight of evils which he had no means of alleviating, and hearing alternate complaints and exaltations with which he could not sympathize, he would long ere this have left Scotland, had it not been for his attachment to Edith Bellenden.

The earlier meetings of these young people had been at Charnwood, when Major Bellenden, who was as free from suspicion as such occasions as Uncle Toby himself, had encouraged their keeping each other constant company, without entertaining any apprehension of the natural consequences. Love, as usual in such cases, borrowed the name of friendship, used her language, and claimed her privileges. When Edith Bellenden was recalled to her mother's castle, it was astonishing by what singular and recurring accidents she often met young Morton in her sequestered walks, especially considering the distance of their places of abode. Yet it somehow happened that she never expressed the surprise which the frequency of these encounters ought naturally to

have excited, and that their intercourse assumed gradually a more delicate character, and their meetings began to wear the air of appointments. Books, drawings, letters, were exchanged between them, and every trifling commission, given or executed, gave rise to a new correspondence. Love, indeed, was not yet manifested between them by name, but each knew the situation of their own hearts, and could not but guess at that of the other. Unable to desert from an intercourse which possessed such charms for both, yet trembling for its too probable consequences, it had been continued without specific explanation until now, when this appeared to have taken the conclusion into its own hands.

It followed, as a consequence of this state of things, as well as of the diffidence of Morton's disposition at this period, that his confidence in Edith's return of his affection had its occasional cold fits. Her situation was in every respect so superior to his own, her worth so eminent, her accomplishments so many, her face so beautiful, and her manners so bewitching, that he could not but entertain fears that some other more favoured than himself by fortune, and more acceptable to Edith's family than he dared hope to be, might step in between him and the object of his affections. Common rumour had raised up such a rival in Lord Rosedale, whose birth, fortune, connections, and political principles, as well as his frequent visits at Tullibardine, and his attendance upon Lady Bellenden and her niece at all public places, naturally pointed out as a candidate for her favour. It frequently and inevitably happened, that engagements to which Lord Rosedale was a party interfered with the meeting of the lovers; and Henry could not but mark that Edith either studiously avoided speaking of the young nobleman, or did so with shrewd reserve and hesitation.

These symptoms, which in fact arose from the delicacy of her own feelings towards Morton himself, were misconstructed by his diffident temper; and the jealousy which they excited was fermented by the occasional observations of Jenny Denison. This true-bred serving-maid was, in her own person, a complete country coquette, and when she had no opportunity of teasing her own lovers, used to take some occasional opportunity to torment her young lady's. This arose from no ill-will to Henry Morton, who, both on her mistress's account and his own hand, some form and countenance, stood high in her esteem. But then

Lord Bransdale was also handsome ; he was liberal far beyond what Morton's name could afford, and he was a lord, moreover ; and, if Miss Edith Bellenden should accept his hand, she would become a baron's lady ; and, what was more, little Jenny Devonson, whom the arch housekeeper at Tiffetallins buffed about at her pleasure, would be then Mrs. Devonson, Lady Bransdale's own woman, or perhaps her ladyship's lady-in-waiting. The impartiality of Jenny Devonson, therefore, did not, like that of Mrs. Quickly, extend to a wish that both the handsome suitors could wed her young lady ; for it must be owned that the scale of her regard was depressed in favour of Lord Bransdale, and her wishes in his favour took many shapes extremely tormenting to Morton—being now expressed as a friendly caution, now as an article of intelligence, and even as a merry jest, but always tending to confirm the idea that, sooner or later, his romantic intercourse with her young mistress must have a close, and that Edith Bellenden would, in spite of summer walks beneath the greenwood tree, exchange of verses, of drawings, and of looks, end in becoming Lady Bransdale.

These hints coincided so exactly with the very point of his own suspicions and fears, that Morton was not long of feeling that jealousy which every one has felt who has truly loved, but in which there are most liable when love is crossed by the want of friends' consent, or some other serious impediment of fortune. Edith herself, unwittingly, and in the generosity of her own frank nature, contributed to the error into which her lover was in danger of falling. Their conversation once chanced to turn upon some late excesses committed by the soldiers on an occasion when it was said (inaccurately however) that the party was commanded by Lord Bransdale. Edith, as true in friendship as in love, was somewhat hurt at the grosser assertions which escaped from Morton on this occasion, and which, perhaps, were not the less strongly expressed on account of their supposed rivalry. She entered into Lord Bransdale's defence with such spirit as hurt Morton to the very soul, and afforded no small delight to Jenny Devonson, the usual companion of their walks. Edith perceived her error, and endeavored to remedy it ; but the impression was not so easily erased, and it had no small effect in inducing her lover to form that resolution of going abroad, which was disappointed in the manner we have already mentioned.

The visit which he received from Edith during his confine-

most, the deep and devoted interest which she had expressed in his fate, ought of themselves to have dispelled his suspicions; yet, ingenious in tormenting himself, even this he thought might be imputed to anxious friendship, or, at most, to a temporary partiality, which would probably soon give way to dissimulation, the attraction of her friends, the authority of Lady Margaret, and the seductions of Lord Eversdale.

"And to what do I owe it," he said, "that I cannot stand up like a man, and plead my interest in her as I am thus cheated out of it!—to what, but to the all-pervading and accursed tyranny which affects at once our bodies, souls, senses, and affections! And is it to one of the persecuted out-throws of this oppressive Government that I must yield my pretensions to Edith Bellenden!—I will not, by Heaven!—It is a just punishment on me for being deaf to public wrongs, that they have stained me with their injuries in a point where they can be least brooked or borne."

As these stormy meditations boiled in his bosom, and while he ran over the various kinds of harsh and injury which he had sustained in his own cause and in that of his country, Bellenden entered the tower, followed by two dragoons, one of whom carried handcuffs.

"You must follow me, young man," said he, "but first we must put you in trim."

"In trim!" said Marion. "What do you mean?"

"Why, we must put on those rough bracciate. I don't net—say, do—a it, I *don't* do anything—but I would not for three hours' plunder of a stunted tree, bring a whig before my Colonel without his being flogged. Come, come, young man, don't look sulky about it."

He advanced to put on the iron; but seeing the colour cast upon which he had voted, Marion threatened to dash out the brains of the first who should approach him.

"I could smother you in a moment, my youngster," said Bellenden, "but I had rather you would strike still quietly."

Here indeed he spoke the truth, not from either fear or reluctance to adopt force, but because he dreaded the consequences of a noisy struggle, through which it might probably be discovered that he had, contrary to express orders, suffered his prisoner to pass the night without being properly secured.

"You had better be prudent," he continued, in a tone which

he meant to be conciliatory, "and don't spoil your own sport. They say here in the castle, that Lady Margaret's niece is immediately to marry our young Captain, Lord Bransdale. I saw them close together in the hall yonder, and I heard her ask him to intercede for your pardon. She looked so devilish handsome and kind upon him, that on my soul—But what the devil's the matter with you?—You are as pale as a sheet—Will you have some brandy?"

"Miss Bellenden ask my life of Lord Bransdale?" said the prisoner, kindly.

"Ay, ay; there's no friend like the woman—their interest carries all in court and camp. Come, you are reasonable now—Ay, I thought you would come round."

Here he employed himself in putting on the fetters, against which Morton, thunderstruck by this intelligence, no longer offered the least resistance.

"My life begged of him, and by her!—Ay, ay—put on the truss—my limbs shall not refuse to bear what has entered into my very soul—My life begged by Edith, and begged of Bransdale!"

"Ay, and he has power to grant it too," said Bolstead—"He can do more with the Colonel than any man in the regiment."

And as he spoke, he and his party led their prisoner towards the hall. In passing behind the seat of Edith, the unfortunate prisoner heard enough, as he conceived, of the broken expressions which passed between Edith and Lord Bransdale, to confirm all that the soldier had told him. That moment made a singular and instantaneous revolution in his character. The depth of despair to which his love and fortunes were reduced—the peril in which his life appeared to stand—the transference of Edith's affections, her intercession in his favour, which rendered her fallacious yet more galling,—seemed to destroy every feeling for which he had hitherto lived, but at the same time awakened those which had hitherto been smothered by passion more gentle though more selfish. Desperate himself, he determined to support the rights of his country, twisted in his power. His character was for the moment as effectually changed as the appearance of a villa, which, from being the abode of domestic quiet and happiness, is, by the sudden intrusion of an armed force, converted into a formidable post of defence.

We have already said that he cast upon Edith one glance, in which reproach was mingled with sorrow, as if to bid her farewell for ever; his next motion was to walk firmly to the table at which Colonel Graham was seated.

"By what right is it, sir," said he, firmly, and without waiting till he was questioned—"by what right is it that these soldiers have dragged me from my family, and put fetters on the limbs of a free man?"

"By my commands," answered Claverhouse;—"and I now lay my commands on you to be silent and hear my questions."

"I will not," replied Morton, in a determined tone, while his boldness seemed to electrify all around him. "I will know whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, or the shamer of my country shall be defied in my person."

"A pretty springald this, upon my honour!" said Claverhouse.

"Are you mad?" said Major Bellenden to his young friend. "For God's sake, Henry Morton," he continued, in a tone between rebuke and earnestness, "remember you are speaking to one of his Majesty's officers high in the service."

"It is for that very reason, sir," returned Henry, firmly, "that I desire to know what right he has to detain me without a legal warrant. Were he a civil officer of the law, I should know my duty was submission."

"Your friend, here," said Claverhouse to the veteran, coolly, "is one of those scrupulous gentlemen, who, like the madman in the play, will not tie his cravat without the warrant of Mr. Justice Gower; but I will let him see, before we part, that my shoulder-bust is as legal a badge of authority as the mace of the Judiciary.—So, waiting this distinction, you will be pleased, young man, to tell me directly when you saw Balliol of Berley."

"As I know no right you have to ask such a question," replied Morton, "I decline replying to it."

"You refused to my request," said Claverhouse, "that you saw and entertained him, knowing him to be an interested traitor: why are you not so frank with me?"

"Because," replied the prisoner, "I presume you are, from education, taught to understand the rights upon which you were disposed to trample; and I am willing you should be aware there are yet Scotsmen who can assert the liberties of Scotland."

"And those supposed rights you would vindicate with your sword, I presume!" said Colonel Grisham.

"Where I stand as you are, and we were alone upon a hill-side, you should not ask me the question twice."

"It is quite enough," answered Claverhouse, calmly ;—"your language corresponds with all I have heard of you ;—but you are the son of a soldier, though a rebellious one, and you shall not die the death of a dog ; I will save you that indignity."

"Die is what manner I say," replied Marton, "I will die like the son of a brave man ; and the ignominy you mention shall remain with those who shed innocent blood."

"Make your peace, then, with Heaven, in five minutes' space.—Bodwell, lead him down to the courtyard, and draw up your party."

The appalling nature of this conversation, and of its result, struck the silence of horror into all but the speakers. But now three who stood around broke forth into clamor and expostulation. Old Lady Margaret, who, with all the prejudices of rank and party, had not laid aside the feelings of her sex, was loud in her intercession.

"O, Colonel Grisham," she exclaimed, "spare his young blood ! Leave him to the law—do not repay my hospitality by shedding man's blood on the threshold of my doors !"

"Colonel Grisham," said Major Bellenden, "you must answer this violence. Don't think, though I am old and feeble, that my friend's son shall be murdered before my eyes with impunity. I can find friends that shall make you answer it."

"Be satisfied, Major Bellenden, I will answer it," replied Claverhouse, totally unmoved. "And you, madam, might spare me the pain of relating this passionate intercession for a traitor, when you consider the noble blood your own house has lost by such as he is."

"Colonel Grisham," asserted the lady, her aged frame trembling with anxiety, "I leave vengeance to God, who calls it his own. The shedding of this young man's blood will not call back the lives that were due to me ; and how can it comfort me to think that there has maybe been another widowed mother made childless, like myself, by a deed done at my very door-stone !"

"This is stark madness," said Claverhouse.—"I must do my duty to church and state. Here are a thousand officers hard by in open rebellion, and you ask me to pardon a young scoundrel

who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze! It cannot be.—Remove him, Bedivere!”

She who was most interested in this dreadful decision, had twice stooped to speak, but her voice had totally failed her—her mind refused to suggest words, and her tongue to utter them. She now sprang up, and attempted to rush forward, but her strength gave way, and she would have fallen flat upon the pavement had she not been caught by her attendant.

“Help!” cried Jenny—“Help, for God’s sake! my young lady is dying.”

At this exclamation, Bransdale, who, during the preceding part of the scene, had stood motionless, looking upon his sword, now stepped forward, and said to his commanding officer, “Colonel Graham, before proceeding in this matter, will you speak a word with me in private?”

Claverhouse looked surprised, but instantly rose and withdrew with the young nobleman into a room, where the following brief dialogue passed between them:—

“I think I need not remind you, Colonel, that when our family interest was of service to you last year in that affair in the privy-council, you considered yourself as laid under some obligation to us?”

“Certainly, my dear Bransdale,” answered Claverhouse, “I am not a man who forgets such debts; you will delight me by showing how I can repay my gratitude.”

“I will hold the debt cancelled,” said Lord Bransdale, “if you will spare this young man’s life.”

“Bransdale,” replied Graham, in great surprise, “you are mad!—absolutely mad! What interest can you have in this young spawn of an old scoundrel? His father was positively the most dangerous man in all Scotland—bold, resolute, valiant, and inflexible in his principles. His son seems his very model; you cannot imagine the mischief he may do. I have marked, Bransdale—were he an intelligent, fanatical, country body, do you think I would have refused such a trifle as his life to Lady Margaret and this family? But this is a bed of fire, mad, and education—and those knives want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiastic hardness. I mention this, not as refusing your request, but to make you fully aware of the possible consequences. I will never evade a promise, or refuse to return an obligation—if you ask his life he shall have it.”

"Keep him close prisoner," answered Bransdale, "but do not be surprised if I persist in requesting you will not put him to death. I have most urgent reasons for what I ask."

"Be it so then," replied Oshorne. "But, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, affections, and feelings. There are not times to sacrifice to the dotage of greybeards, or the tears of silly women, the measures of salutary severity which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember, that if I now yield this point, in compliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature."

He then stepped forward to the table, and bent his eyes kindly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the bystanders with horror, would produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness, which nothing but a mind that had nothing left upon earth to love or to hope, could have supported at such a crisis.

"You see him?" said Oshorne, in a half-whisper to Lord Bransdale; "he is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet he is the only clock unbleached, the only ape that is calm, the only lion that keeps his usual time, the only nerve that are not quivering. Look at him well, Bransdale—if that man shall ever come to head an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for on account of this morning's work." He then said aloud, "Young man, your life is for the present safe, through the intercession of your friends—Remove him, Botwell, and let him be properly guarded, and brought along with the other prisoners."

"If my life," said Morton, along with the idea that he owed his rescue to the intercession of a favoured rival, "if my life be granted at Lord Bransdale's request?"—

"Take the prisoner away, Botwell," said Colonel Oshorne, interrupting him; "I have neither time to make nor to hear his speeches."

Botwell freed off Morton, saying, as he conducted him into the courtyard, "Have you three lives in your pocket, besides the one in your body, my lad, that you can afford to let

your tongue run away with them at this rate! Come, come, I'll take care to keep you out of the Colonel's way; for, equal, you will not be five minutes with him before the next tree or the next ditch will be the word. He come along to your apartments in bondage."

Thus speaking, the sergeant, who, in his rude manner did not altogether want sympathy for a gallant young man, hurried Morton down to the courtyard, where three other prisoners (two men and a woman), who had been taken by Lord Branksdale, remained under an escort of dragoons.

Meanwhile, Claverhouse took his leave of Lady Margaret. But it was difficult for the good lady to forgive his neglect of her intercession.

"I have thought till now," she said, "that the Tower of Tillamouth might have been a place of security to those that are ready to perish, even if they were as deserving as they should have been—but I see now that has little availed—our suffering and our services have been of no ancient date."

"They are never to be forgotten by me, let me secure your helpship," said Claverhouse. "Nothing but what seemed my sacred duty could make me hesitate to grant a favour requested by you and the Major. Come, my good lady, let me hear you say you have forgiven me, and, as I return to-night, I will bring a dozen of two hundred whigs with me, and pardon fifty head of them for your sake."

"I shall be happy to hear of your success, Colonel," said Major Bellenden; "but take an old soldier's advice, and spare blood when battle's over—and once more let me request to enter hall for young Morton."

"We will settle that when I return," said Claverhouse. "Meanwhile, he secured his life shall be said."

During this conversation Branksdale looked anxiously around for Edith; but the presentation of Jenny Denbigh had occasioned her mistress being transported to her own apartment.

Slowly and heavily he obeyed the impatient summons of Claverhouse, who, after taking a courteous leave of Lady Margaret and the Major, had hastened to the courtyard. The prisoners with their guard were already on their march, and the officers with their escort mounted and followed. All pressed forward to overtake the main body, as it was supposed they would come in sight of the enemy in little more than two hours.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

My hands may s' in contention,
 My hands may fly from tree to tree,
 My feet may grip my vessel's keels,
 For there again none I never be.

OLD BALLAD.

WE left Morton, along with three companions in captivity, travelling in the custody of a small body of soldiers, who formed the rear-guard of the column under the command of Claverhouse, and were immediately under the charge of Sergeant Redivell. Their route lay towards the hills in which the insurgent Presbyterians were reported to be in arms. They had not presented their march a quarter of a mile on Claverhouse and Branksdale galloped past them, followed by their orderly-men, in order to take their proper places in the column which preceded them. No sooner were they past, than Redivell halted the body which he commanded, and discomfited Morton of his iron.

"King's blood must keep warm," said the dragon. "I promised you should be civilly treated as far as rated with me.—Here, Corporal Ingle, let this gentleman ride alongside of the other young fellow who is prisoner; and you may permit them to converse together at their pleasure, under their breath, but take care they are guarded by two files with loaded carbines. If they attempt an escape, blow their brains out.—You cannot call that using you civility," he continued, addressing himself to Morton; "it's the rules of war, you know.—And, Ingle, couple up the parson and the old woman—they are fittest company for each other, &c.—a care; a single file may guard them well enough. If they speak a word of rant or factional nonsense let them have a stopping with a shoulder-belt. There's some hope of checking a rascally parson; if he is not allowed to hold forth, his own women will learn him."

Having made this arrangement, Redivell placed himself at the head of the party, and Ingle, with six dragoons, brought up the rear. The whole then set forward as a unit, with the purpose of overtaking the main body of the regiment.

Morton, overwhelmed with a complication of feelings, was totally indifferent to the various arrangements made for his

secure custody, and even to the relief afforded him by his release from the fetters. He experienced that blank and waste of the heart which follows the hurricane of passion, and, no longer supported by the pride and conscious rectitude which dictated his answers to Clarkson, he surveyed with deep dejection the glades through which he travelled, each turning of which had something to remind him of past happiness and disappointed love. The entrance which they now ascended was that from which he used first and last to behold the ancient tower when approaching or retiring from it ;—and it is needless to add, that there he was wont to pause, and gaze with a lover's delight on the battlements which, rising at a distance out of the lofty wood, indicated the dwelling of her whom he either hoped soon to meet, or had recently parted from. Instinctively he turned his head back to take a last look of a scene formerly so dear to him, and no less instinctively he heaved a deep sigh. It was echoed by a loud groan from his companion in misfortune, whose eyes, moved, perhaps, by similar reflections, had taken the same direction. This indication of sympathy on the part of the captive was uttered in a tone more coarse than sentimental ; it was, however, the expression of a grieved spirit, and so far corresponded with the sigh of Morton. In turning their heads their eyes met, and Morton recognised the stolid countenance of Cudde Headrigg, bearing a moral expression, in which sorrow for his own lot was mixed with sympathy for the situation of his companion. "Begh, sir!" was the expression of the old-rivert plebeianism of the name of Tillietudlem—"It's an ousie thing that decent folk should be hantled through the country this gait, as if they were a world's wonder."

"I am sorry to see you here, Cudde," said Morton, who, even in his own distress, did not lose feeling for that of others.

"And me an I, Mr. Henry," answered Cudde, "boith for myself and you ; but neither of our sorrows will do usickle gude, that I can see. To be sure, for me, confined the captive agricultural, relieving his heart by talking, though he will know it was to little purpose—"to be sure, for my part, I hae nae right to be here ane', for I never did nor said a word against either king or craze ; but my mither, poor body, couldn't stand the auld tongue o' her, and we mae hant pay for't, it's like."

"Your mother is their prisoner, likewise?" said Morton, hardly knowing what he said.

"In truth is she, riding about ye there like a bridle, w? that wild curle o' a minister that they ca' Gabriel Kettle-drummle—Deil that he had been in the inside o' a drum or a bottle often, for my share o' him! Ye see, we were nae sooner chased out o' the doors o' Milnwood, and your uncle and the housekeeper laughing them to and harring them about us, as if we had had the plague on our bodies, than I says to my mother, What are we to do aicht? for every hole and hole in the country will be stuckit against us, now that ye hae affronted my auld laddy, and ga'e the troopers tak up young Milnwood. See she says to me, Runn east down, but gird yourself up to the great task o' the day, and gie your testimony like a man upon the mount o' the Covenant."

"And so I suppose you went to a conventicle?" said Morton.

"Ye will hear," continued Caddie.—"Aweel, I boudna needsa better what to do, as I o'm guid w? her to an auld daft curle like herseel, and we got some water-hoos and bonnocks; and mony a werry grace they said, and mony a psalm they sang, as they wad let me win to, for I was aicht furnished w? vocation. Aweel, they had me up in the gay o' the morning, and I bethored to whig awa w? them, reason or nane, to a great gathering o' their folk at the Mry-afloo; and there this child Gabriel Kettle-drummle was blasting awa to them on the hill-side, about lifting up their testimony, now doubt, and gringing down to the battle o' Roman Gilead or some sic place. Eh, Mr. Henry! but the curle ga'e them a serm o' doctrine! Ye might hae heard him a mile down the wind—he roared like a cow in a frened bounding. Weel, thinks I, there's nae place in this country they ca' Roman Gilead—it will be some gate in the west mainlands; and as we wia there I'll see to slip awa w? this rattle o' mine, for I wiana rin my neck into a tether for any Kettle-drummle in the country side.—Aweel," continued Caddie, relieving himself by detailing his misfortunes, without being scrupulous concerning the degree of attention which his companion bestowed on his narrative, "just as I was wearying for the tail o' the preaching, cam word that the dragons were upon us. Some ran, and some cried, Stand! and some cried, Down w? the Philistines! I was at my mother to get her awa sing and lag or the red coats cam up, but I might as weel hae tried to drive our auld fore-a-head on without the good—deil a step wad she budge.—Weel, after o', the clough we were in was strait, and the mist cam thick, and

there was good hope the dragons wad hae missed us if we could hae held our tongues; but, as if auld Kothledrummle himself haid made din enough to wake the very dead, they believed o' to skid up a peck: that ye wad hae heard as far as Lamsk! Aweel, to mak a lang tale short, up cam my young Lord Eversdale, shelping as fast as his horse could trot, and twenty red-coats at his back. Two or three shikls wad needs fight, w' the pistol and the whinger in the too hand, and the Bible in the bother, and they got their creens wad cleared; but there wadna much a skith done, for Eversdale aye coud be scatter us, but to spare life."

"And did ye not resist?" said Morton, who probably felt, that at that moment he himself would hae encountered Lord Eversdale on much slighter grounds.

"Na, truly," answered Cuddie,—"I keptt aye before the auld woman, and tried for naerly to life and limb; but twa o' the red-coats cam up, and one o' them was gane to strike my mither w' the side o' his broadsword—so I got up my knibbs at them, and said I wad gie them as gude. Weel, they turned on me, and clinked at me w' their swords, and I gar'd my hand keep my head as weel as I could till Lord Eversdale cam up, and then I cried out I was a servant at Tillietullem—ye ken yourself, he was aye judged to hae a lair after the young laddy—and he haid me fling down my knib, and use me and my mither yielded ourselves prisoners. I'm thinking we wad hae been better dly awa, but Kothledrummle was tane near us—for Andrew Wilson's naip that he was riding on had been a dragoner lang syne, and the auld Kothledrummle spurred to win awa, the reader the dear beast ran to the dragons when he saw them draw up.—Aweel, when my mither and him fergathered, they set till the edges, and I think they gar'these their knes through the neck! Barbara o' the hure o' Babylon was the best words in their vane. See then the kiff was in a blame again, and they brought us o' those on w' them to mak us an example, as they co't."

"It is most infamous and intolerable oppression!" said Morton, half speaking to himself. "Here's a poor peaceable fellow, whose only motive for joining the conventicle was a sense of thir piety, and he is chained up like a thief or murderer, and likely to die the death of one, but without the privilege of a formal trial which our laws hold out to the worst malefactor!"

Even to witness such tyranny, and still more to suffer under it, is enough to make the blood of the truest slave boil within him."

"To be sure," said Cuddie, hearing and partly understanding what had broken from Morton in resentment of his injuries, "it's no right to speak o' dignity—my auld laddy aye said that, as we doubt she had a gude right to do, being in a place o' dignity herself; and tooth I listened to her very patiently, for she aye ordered a drum, or a scowp hale, or something to us, after she had given us a beating on our duties. But deil a drum, or hale, or anything else—no we crackle in a cup o' cold water—do these lads at Edinburgh gie us; and yet they are heading and hanging among us, and walling us after these blackguard troopers, and taking our goods and gear as if we were authors. I waur say I tak it kind at their hands."

"It would be very strange if you did," answered Morton, with suppressed emotion.

"And what I like worst o' a'," continued poor Cuddie, "is these ranting red-coats coming among the houses, and taking awa our joon. I had a sair heart o' my ain when I passed the Mains down at Tillochadam this morning about parritch time, and saw the reek comin' out at my ain hurn-head, and hear'd there was someither body than my auld mother sitting by the ingle-side. But I think my heart was s'en sairer, when I saw that heilicest trooper, Tam Halliday, kissing Jenny Dornison afore my face. I wonder women can ha'e the impudence to do sic things; but they are a' for the red-coats. While I hae thought o' being a trooper myself, when I thought naething else wad gae down wi' Jenny—and yet I'll no blame her ever crackle neither, for maybe it was a' for my sake that she loo'd Tam touch her tap-knee that gae."

"For your sake!" said Morton, unable to refrain from taking some interest in a story which seemed to bear a singular resemblance with his own.

"Foe nae, Mirkwood," replied Cuddie; "for the pair quoon gat leave to come near me wif speaking the loon fair o'—o him, that I auld say nae (); and nae she bade me God speed, and she wanted to step affar into my head;—Foe waurst it was the twa half o' her fae and bonnith, for she waurd the ither half on pinner and pinner to gang to see us about yon day at the popinjay."

"And did you take it, Cuddie?" said Morton.

"Trot! did I na, Mairwood; I was aye a fide as to fling it back to her—my heart was ever girt to be beholden to her when I had seen that lace shivering and kissing at her. But I was a great fide for my pains; it wad hae done my mither and me some gude, and she'll wair't a' on duds and nonsense."

There was a deep and long pause. Cuddie was probably engaged in regretting the rejection of his mistress's beauty, and Henry Morton in considering from what motives, or upon what conditions, Miss Relfenden had succeeded in procuring the interference of Lord Eversdale in his favour.

Was it not possible, suggested his awakening hopes, that he had construed her influence over Lord Eversdale hastily and unjustly? Ought he to censure her severely, if, submitting to dishonour for his sake, she had permitted the young nobleman to entertain hopes which she had no intention to realise? Or what if she had appealed to the generosity which Lord Eversdale was supposed to possess, and had engaged his honour to protect the person of a favoured rival?

Still, however, the words which he had overheard recurred over and over to his remembrance, with a pang which resembled the sting of an adder.

"Nothing that she could refuse him!—was it possible to make a more unqualified declaration of predilection? The language of affection has not, within the limits of maidenly delicacy, a stranger expression. She is lost to me wholly, and for ever; and nothing remains for me now, but vengeance for my own wrongs, and for those which are hourly inflicted on my country."

Apparently, Cuddie, though with less reflection, was following out a similar train of ideas; for he suddenly asked Morton in a low whisper—"Wad there be ony ill in getting out o' these chibbie' hands as aye could compass it?"

"None in the world," said Morton; "and if an opportunity occurs of doing so, depend on it I for one will not let it slip."

"I'm blythe to hear ye say so," answered Cuddie. "I'm lost a pair afty fellow, but I woun think there wad be much ill in breaking out by strength o' hand, if ye could mak it onything feasible. I am the lad that will ne'er fear to lay on, if it were come to that; but our auld lady wad hae co't that a railing o' the king's authority."

"I will resist any authority on earth," said Morton, "that

invades tyrannically my chartered rights as a freeman; and I am determined I will not be unjustly dragged in a jail, or perhaps a gibbet, if I can possibly make my escape from these men either by address or force."

"Wad, that's just my mind too, are suggesting we have a feasible opportunity o' breaking loose. But then ye speak o' a charter; now there are things that only belong to the likes o' you that are a gentlemen, and it mightna bear us through that an' be a lumbardman."

"The charter that I speak o'," said Morton, "is common to the meenest Scotchman. It is that freedom from stripes and bondage which was claimed, as you may read in Scripture, by the Apostle Paul himself, and which every man who is free-born is called upon to defend, for his own sake and that of his countrymen."

"Hoch, sire!" replied Coddie, "it wad hae been lang o' my Laddy Margaret, or my rather either, wad hae find out sic a wiclike doctrine in the Bible! The time was ye were gruning about giving tribute to Cooze, and the siller is as daff wi' her whiggery. I hae been close spoilt, just wi' listening to two blabbering wad wives; but if I could get a gentleman that wad let me tak on to be his servant, I am confident I wad be a close contrary creature; and I hope your honour will think on what I am saying, if ye were unaw fairly delivered out o' this house of bondage, and just take me to be your ain wally-de-shumle."

"My valet, Coddie!" answered Morton—"ah! that would be very profound, even if we were at liberty."

"I ken what ye're thinking—that because I am lumbarded brad, I wad be bringing ye to disgrace afore folk. But ye mair ken I'm gey gleg at the upstak; there was never anything done wi' hand but I learned gey welly, 'seping reading, writing, and cyphering; but there's no the like o' me at the fiddin', and I can play wi' the broadsword as wad as Corporal Ingles there. I hae broken his head or now, for as many as he's riding about us.—And then ye'll no be gae to stay in this country!"—said he, stopping and interrupting himself.

"Probably not," replied Morton.

"Wad, I mean a backie. Ye see I wad get my rather battered wi' her and gruning tittle, wuntie Meg in the Gallows-gate o' Glasgow, and then I trust they wad neither burn her for a witch, or let her fall for fast o' false, or hang her up for an

said whig wife; for the parson, they say, is very regardfu' o' his pair bodden. And then ye and me wad gang and pawn our fortunes, like the folk i' the east wad take about Jack the Giant-killer and Valentine and Orson; and we wad come back to merry Scotland, as the sang says, and I wad tak to the stiles again, and turn sic fun on the bonny rigs o' Millwood holms, that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them."

"I fear," said Marion, "there is very little chance, my good friend Caddie, of our getting back to our old occupation."

"Hoot, sir,—hoot, sir," replied Caddie, "it's aye gude to keep up a hardy heart—as broken a ship's come to land. But what's that I hear! never stir, if my auld mither hae at the preaching again! I hear the wough o' her texts, that sound just like the wind blowing through the spence; and there's Kattie-drummie sitting to work, too—Loribude, if the walders wae get angry, they'd murder them bairns, and us for company!"

Their further conversation was in fact interrupted by a distant noise which rose behind them, in which the voice of the preacher entered, in union with that of the old woman, twice like the grumble of a bassoon combined with the screaming of a cracked fiddle. At first the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to console with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pungently aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

"Woe! woe! and a thousand woes unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!" exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kattie-drummie—"Woe! and thousand woes unto you, even to the breaking of wale, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials."

"Ay—ay—a black rest to a' their ill-d'w'd souls, and the outside o' the loof to them at the last day!" echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Misses, falling in like the second part of a catch.

"I tell you," continued the divine, "that your rankings and your ridings—your selidings and your grandings—your bloody, barbarous, and infernal cruelties—your bowstringing, stretching, and debauching the consciences of poor creatures by oaths, seal-darning and self-contradictory, have arisen from earth to Heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come—high! high! high!"

"And I say," cried Mance, in the same tone, and nearly at the same time, "that w' this cold breath o' mine, and it's air cam down w' the anathemas and this rough test!"

"Dell gin they would gallop," said Oaklie, "wad it but for her head her tongue!"

"—W' this cold and brief breath," continued Mance, "will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defilements, and declinings of the land—against the grievances and the causes of wrath!"

"Peace, I pray thee—Peace, good woman," said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit o' coughing, and found his own anathemas borne down by Mance's better wind; "peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar.—I say, I uplift my voice and tell you, that before the play is played out—ay, before this very sun goes down, ye will learn that neither a desperate John, like your pedlar Sharp that's gone to his place; nor a sanctary-breaking Halafarne, the bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious Distrophes, the lad Bransdale; nor a covetous and world-following Demas, like him they call Sergeant Kothwell, that makes every wife's plack and her maid-ark his sin; neither your crabblers, nor your pistols, nor your broadwords, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, whirgles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall ruin the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you!"

"That shall they never, I trow," echoed Mance. "Cartwheys are they fit use o' them—because of destruction, fit only to be fung into the fire when they have swept the fith out o' the Temple—whips of small cords, knotted for the chastisement of those who like their worldly gades and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that work's done, only meet to make larkets to the dell's haggens."

"Flead hae me," said Oaklie, addressing himself to Mance, "if I deem think our rather preacher as wad as the minister! But it's a sair pity o' his heart, for it aye comes on just when he's at the best o't, and that lang cooing he made air this mornin', is air again him too—Dell an I care if he wad roar his drunk, and then he would ha'e t' to answer for himself.—It's lucky the road's rough, and the troopers are no taking much notice to what they say, w' the rattling o' the horses' feet; but an we were aye on a soft ground, we'd hear some o' it this."

Oaklie's conjectures were but too true. The words of the

prisoners had not been much attended to, while drowned by the clang of hammer' back on a rough and stony road; but they now entered upon the moorlands, where the testimony of the two wailing captives lacked this evening accompaniment. And accordingly, as sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and greenward, and Gabriel Ketchum had again raised his voice with, "Alas I split my voice like that of a plover in the wilderness!"—

"And I mine," had issued from Mause, "Like a sparrow on the house-top!"—

When "Hollo, ho!" cried the corporal from the rear; "take up your tongues, the devil bluster there, or I'll slap a murther-gale on them."

"I will not pause at commands of the prison," said Gabriel.

"Nor I neither," said Mause, "for the bidding of no earthly potentate, though it be painted as red as a brick from the Tower of Babel, and on itself a corporal."

"Haltiday," cried the corporal, "has got never a gag about thee, man!—We must stop their mouths before they talk us all dead."

Ere any answer could be made, or any measure taken in consequence of the corporal's notice, a dragoon galloped towards Sergeant Bothwell, who was considerably ahead of the party he commanded. On hearing the orders which he brought, Bothwell instantly rode back to the head of his party, ordered them to close their files, to amend their pace, and to move with silence and precision, as they would soon be in presence of the enemy.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

Questions in war, we've thought good
To save the expense of Christian blood,
And try it we by negotiation
Of treaty, and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
This bloody deal without blow.

DEVIL.

THE increased pace of the party of horsemen soon took away from their wailing captives the breath, if not the inclination,

necessary for holding forth. They had now for more than a mile got free of the woodlands, whose broken glades had, for some time, accompanied them after they had left the woods of Tillesdales. A few birches and oaks still feathered the narrow ravines, or crept in dwarf-clusters the hollow plains of the moor. But these were gradually disappearing; and a wide and waste country lay before them, swelling into bare hills of dark heath, intersected by deep gullies; being the passages by which torrents forced their course in winter, and during summer the disproportioned channels for diminutive rivulets that winded their way among heaps of stones and gravel, the effects and tokens of their winter fury;—like so many specificities detailed down by the consequences of former excesses and extravagance. This desolate region seemed to extend farther than the eye could reach, without grandeur, without even the dignity of mountain wildness, yet striking, from the huge proportion which it seemed to bear to such more favoured spots of the country as were adapted to cultivation, and fitted for the support of man; and thereby impressing immediately the mind of the spectator with a sense of the omnipotence of Nature, and the comparative inefficiency of the boasted means of modification which man is capable of opposing to the disadvantages of climate and soil.

It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes, that they impose an idea of solitude even upon those who tread through them in considerable numbers; so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing it. Thus the members of a caravan of a thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Arabia, a sense of loneliness unknown to the individual traveller whose solitary course is through a thriving and cultivated country.

It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of emotion, that Morton beheld, at the distance of about half-a-mile, the body of the country to which his career belonged, creeping up a steep and winding path which ascended from the more level moor into the hills. Their numbers, which appeared formidable when they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially, and at different points, among the trees, were now apparently diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose extent bore such immense proportion to the numbers of horses and men, which,

showing more like a drove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, moved slowly along the base of the hill, their form and their numbers seeming trifling and contemptible.

"Surely," said Morton to himself, "a handful of resolute men may defend any defile in these mountains against such a small force as this is, provided that their bravery is equal to their enthusiasm."

While he made these reflections, the rapid movement of the horsemen who guarded him, soon traversed the space which divided them from their companions; and on the front of Claverhouse's column had gained the brow of the hill which they had been seen ascending. Bothwell, with his rear-guard and prisoners, had united himself, or nearly so, with the main body led by his commander. The extreme difficulty of the road, which was in some places steep and in others boggy, retarded the progress of the column, especially in the rear; for the passage of the main body, in many instances, poached up the swamps through which they passed, and rendered them so deep, that the last of their followers were forced to leave the beaten path, and find safer passages where they could.

On these occasions, the distresses of the Reverend Gabriel Kettlecrumie and of Maene Hadding were considerably augmented, as the brutal troopers, by whom they were guarded, compelled them, at all risks which such inexperienced riders were likely to incur, to leap their horses over ditches and gullies, or to push them through muds and swamps.

"Through the help of the Lord I have happen over a wall," cried poor Maene, as her horse was, by her rude attendants, brought up to leap the turf enclosure of a deserted fold, in which that her own cow flew off, leaving her grey hairs uncovered.

"I am sunk in deep mire where there is no standing—I am sunk into deep waters where the floods overflow me," exclaimed Kettlecrumie, as the charger on which he was mounted plunged up to the saddle-girths in a soft-land, as the springs are called which supply the marshes, the noble streamer beneath splashing over the face and person of the captive preacher.

These exclamations excited shouts of laughter among their military attendants; but events soon occurred which rendered them all sufficiently serious.

The leading file of the regiment had nearly attained the brow of the steep hill we have mentioned, when two or three

hussars, speedily discovered to be a part of their own advanced guard who had acted as a patrol, appeared retreating at full gallop, their lances much blown, and the men apparently in a disordered flight. They were followed upon the spur by five or six riders, well armed with sword and pistol, who halted upon the top of the hill on observing the approach of the Life-Guards. One or two who had carbines dismounted, and, taking a leisurely and deliberate aim at the foremost rank of the regiment, discharged their pieces, by which two troopers were wounded, one severely. They then mounted their horses, and disappeared over the ridge of the hill, retreating with so much coolness as evidently showed, that, on the one hand, they were undisturbed by the approach of so considerable a force as was moving against them, and conscious, on the other, that they were supported by numbers sufficient for their protection. This incident contained a hint through the whole body of cavalry, and while Clivehouse himself received the report of his advanced guard, which had been thus driven back upon the main body, Lord Eversdale advanced to the top of the ridge, over which the enemy's hussars had retired, and Major Allen, Cornet Graham, and the other officers, employed themselves in extricating the regiment from the broken ground, and driving them up on the side of the hill in two lines, the one to support the other.

The word was then given to advance; and in a few minutes the first line stood on the brow, and commanded the prospect on the other side. The second line closed upon them, and also the rear-guard with the prisoners; so that Merton and his companions in captivity could in like manner see the form of opposition which was now offered to the further progress of their captors.

The brow of the hill on which the Royal Life-Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity, for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground, which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manoeuvres of cavalry, until near the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gully, or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, tranches filled with water, out of which peats and turf had been dug, and here and

there by some straggling thickets of alders, which loved the moisture so well, that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch or gully, the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and, as if with the object of defending the broken ground and ditch that covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle.

Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with firearms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry as they descended the opposite hill (the whole front of which was exposed), and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should form the passage of the marsh. In their rear was their third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on poles, bay-forks, spits, clubs, gaols, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty recruitment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and solid ground whence to act in case their numbers should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were, in general, but indifferently armed and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property, or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of these who had been engaged in driving back the advanced guard of the royalists might now be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the others stood firm and motionless, as the grey stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.

The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men; but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however—the sense of their having taken a desperate step, the superiority of their numbers—but, above all, the ardour of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned for supplying the want of arms, equipage, and military discipline.

On the side of the hill that rose above the army of battle which they had adopted, were seen the women, and even the children, whom and, opposed to persuasion, had driven into the wilderness.—They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement, by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shrill cries which they raised, when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing embankment, acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect; for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, intimated the resolution of the insurgents to fight to the uttermost.

As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill, their trumpets and battle-cries sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that ran along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The wanderers, in answer, united their voices, and sent forth, in solemn modulation, the two first verses of the seventy-sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk:—

"In Jacob's land God is well known,
His name is Israel great;
In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Zion is his seat.

"There arrows of the bow he broke,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious than the hills of prey,
More excellent art far."

A shout, or rather a solemn acclamation, attended the close of the stanza; and after a dead pause, the second verse was resumed by the insurgents, who applied the destruction of the Assyrians as prophetic of the fate of their own impending conflict:—

"Those that were stout of heart are spoiled,
They sleep their sleep outright;
And none of them their hands did fold,
That were the men of might.

"When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Hid forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots took
Were in a deep sleep cast."

There was another acclamation, which was followed by the most profound silence.

While these solemn sounds, accented by a thousand voices, were prolonged amongst the waste hills, Claverhouse looked with great attention on the ground, and on the order of battle which the vanquished had adopted, and in which they determined to await the assault.

"The sharia," he said, "must have some old soldiers with them;—it was no rustic that made choice of that ground."

"Burdie is said to be with them for certain," answered Lord Ewensdale, "and also Harkston of Rathelbet, Patron of Mowbrayland, Cleland, and some other men of military skill."

"I judged as much," said Claverhouse, "from the style in which these detached battalions kept their horses over the ditch, as they returned to their position. It was easy to see that there were a few roundheaded troopers amongst them, the true spurs of the old Covenant. We must manage this matter wisely as well as boldly. Ewensdale, let the officers come to this knoll."

He moved to a small moss-grown cairn, probably the resting-place of some Celtic chief of other times, and the call of "Officers to the front," soon brought them around their commander.

"I do not call you around me, gentlemen," said Claverhouse, "in the formal capacity of a council of war, for I will never turn over on others the responsibility which my rank imposes on myself. I only want the benefit of your opinions, reserving to myself, as most men do when they ask advice, the liberty of following my own.—What say you, Cornet Graham? Shall we attack those fellows who are following yonder? You are youngest and hottest, and therefore will speak first whether I will or no."

"Then," said Cornet Graham, "while I have the honour to carry the standard of the Life-Guards, it shall never, with my will, retreat before rebels. I say, charge, in God's name and the King's!"

"And what say you, Allan?" continued Claverhouse, "for Ewensdale is so modest, we shall never get him to speak till you have said what you have to say."

"These fellows," said Major Allan, an old cavalier officer of experience, "are three or four to one—I should not mind that

men upon a fair field, but they are posted in a very formidable strength, and show no inclination to quit it. I therefore think, with deference to General Clarendon's opinion, that we should draw back to Tilletstown, occupy the pass between the hills and the open country, and send for reinforcements to my Lord Ross, who is lying at Glasgow with a regiment of infantry. In this way we should cut them off from the Strath of Clyde, and either compel them to come out of their stronghold, and give us battle on fair terms, or, if they remain here, we will attack them as soon as our infantry has joined us, and enabled us to act with effect among these ditches, bogs, and squagirs."

"Folks!" said the young General, "what signifies strong ground, when it is only held by a crew of scolding, peevish-looking old women?"

"A man may fight never the worse," retorted Major Allan, "for harassing both his Hills and Dingles. These fellows will prove as stubborn as steel; I know them of old."

"Their usual pakeady," said the General, "reminds our Major of the race of Devils."

"Had you been at that race, young man," retorted Allan, "you would have wanted nothing to remind you of it for the longest day you have to live."

"Hush! hush! gentlemen!" said Clarendon—"these are unkindly repartees—I should like your advice well, Major Allan, had our cavalry patrols (when I will see duly punished) brought us timely notice of the enemy's numbers and position. But having once presented ourselves before them in two, the retreat of the Life-Guards would argue great timidity, and be the general signal for inaction throughout the week. In which case, as far from obtaining any assistance from my Lord Ross, I promise you I should have great apprehensions of his being cut off before we can join him, or he us. A retreat would have quite the same fatal effect upon the King's cause as the loss of a battle—and as to the difference of risk as of safety it might make with respect to ourselves, that, I am sure, no gentleman thinks a moment about. There must be some gorge or pass in the masses through which we can force our way; and, were we once on firm ground, I trust there is no man in the Life-Guards who supposes our squadrons, though as weak in numbers, are unable to trample into dust twice the number of these ungraced devils.—What say you, my Lord Bunsbale?"

"I heartily think," said Lord Evershale, "that, go the day how it will, it must be a bloody one; and that we shall lose many brave fellows, and probably be obliged to slaughter a great number of these misguided men, who, after all, are Scotchmen and subjects of King Charles as well as we are."

"Rahoe! rahoe! and underscorring the name either of Scotchmen or of subjects!" said Claverhouse. "But come, my Lord, what does your opinion point at?"

"To enter into a treaty with these ignorant and misled men," said the young gentleman.

"A treaty! and with rebels having arms in their hands! Never while I live!" answered his commander.

"At least send a trumpet and flag of truce summoning them to lay down their weapons and disperse," said Lord Evershale, "upon promise of a free pardon—I have always heard that had that been done before the battle of Powder Mill, much blood might have been saved."

"Well," said Claverhouse, "and who the devil do you think would carry a summons to these headstrong and desperate fanatics! They acknowledge no laws of war. Their leaders, who have been all most active in the murder of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, fight with a rage mental their words, and are likely to kill the messengers, were it but to dip their followers in legal blood, and to make them as desperate of pardon as themselves."

"I will go myself," said Evershale, "if you will permit me. I have often staked my blood to spill that of others—let me do so now in order to save human lives."

"You shall not go on such an errand, my Lord," said Claverhouse; "your rank and situation render your safety of too much consequence to the country in an age when good principles are so rare.—Here's my brother's son, Dick Graham, who fears shot or steel as little as if the devil had given him armour of proof against it, as the fanatic say he has given to his monks." He shall take a flag of truce and a trumpet, and ride down to the edge of the morass to summon them to lay down their arms and disperse."

"With all my soul, Colonel," answered the Cornet; "and I'll tie my sword on a pike to serve for a white flag—the rebels never saw such a person of Freedom here in their lives before."

"Colonel Graham," said Evershale, while the young officer

* Note E. Cornet Graham.

prepared for his expedition, "this young gentleman is your nephew and your apparent heir; for God's sake, permit me to go. It was my counsel, and I ought to stand the risk."

"Were he my only son," said Claverhouse, "this is no cause and time to spare him. I hope my private affections will never interfere with my public duty. If Dick Graham falls, the loss is chiefly mine; were your lordship to die, the King and country would be the sufferers.—Come, gentlemen, such to his post. If our summons is unheeded we will instantly attack; and, as the old Scottish maxim has it, God share the right!"

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

With many a stiff thrust, many a bang,
Hast o'er the trees and o'er the ramp.

SCOTT.

CORNET RICHARD GRAHAM descended the hill, bearing in his hand the ensign's flag of truce, and making his managed horse keep time by bounds and curvets to the tune which he whistled. The trumpeter followed. Five or six horsemen, having something the appearance of officers, detached themselves from each flank of the Presbyterian army, and, meeting in the centre, approached the ditch which divided the hollow as near as the horses would permit. Towards this group, but keeping the opposite side of the swamp, Cornet Graham directed his horse, his motions being now the unobtrusive object of attention to both armies; and without disparagement to the courage of either, it is probable there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the risks and bloodshed of the impending conflict.

When he had arrived right opposite to those who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves as the leaders of the enemy, Cornet Graham commanded his trumpeter to sound a peal. The trumpets having no instrument of martial music wherewith to make the appropriate reply, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leader.

"To announce you to the King's cause, and in that of Colonel

John Graham of Claverhouse, specially commissioned by the right honourable Privy Council of Scotland," answered the Cornet, "to lay down your arms, and dissolve the followers whom ye have led into rebellion, contrary to the laws of God, of the King, and of the country."

"Return to them that sent thee," said the insurgent leader, "and tell them that we are this day in arms for a broken Covenant and a persecuted Kirk; tell them that we remember the licentious and perjured Charles Stuart, whom you call king, even as he renounced the Covenant, after having sworn and again sworn to preserve to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, really, constantly, and sincerely, all the days of his life, having no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant, and no friends but its friends. Whereas, far from keeping the oath he had called God and angels to witness, his first step, after his becoming into these kingdoms, was the fearful grasping at the prerogative of the Almighty, by that hideous Act of Supremacy, together with his expelling, without summons, trial, or process of law, hundreds of famous faithful preachers, thirstily wringing the bread of life out of the mouths of hungry, poor creatures, and fiercely examining their throats with the lifeless, useless, poisonous, infernal dramsack of the detestable false popes, and their sympathetic, ferocious, cruel, scoundrelous creature-cremies."

"I did not come to hear you preach," answered the officer, "but to know, in one word, if you will dispose yourselves on condition of a free pardon to all but the marshall of the late Archbishop of St. Andrews; or whether you will abide the attack of his Majesty's forces, which will instantly advance upon you."

"In one word, then," answered the spokesman, "we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take one part and portion together, as brethren in righteousness. Whoever assails us in our good cause, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God give them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways!"

"Is not your name," said the Cornet, who began to recollect having seen the person whom he was now speaking with, "John Dalziel of Bute?"

"And if it be," said the spokesman, "hast thou ought to say against it?"

"Only," said the Cornet, "that as you are excluded from

pardon in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, it is to these country people, and not to you, that I offer it; and it is not with you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat."

"Then set a young soldier, friend," said Darley, "and soon well learned in my trade, or then wouldst know that the honour of a flag of truce cannot trust with the army but through their officers; and that if he presume to do otherwise he forfeits his safe-conduct."

While speaking these words, Darley unslung his carbine, and held it in readiness.

"I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menaces of a murderer," said Cornet Graham.—"Hear me, good people!—I proclaim in the name of the King, and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting—"

"I give thee fair warning," said Darley, presenting his piece.

"A free pardon to all," continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents—"to all but"—

"Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul—amen!" said Darley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Graham dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The unfortunate young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth, "My poor mother!" when life deserted him in the effort. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his squire less affrighted attendant.

"What have you done!" said one of Balfour's brother officers.

"My duty," said Balfour firmly. "Is it not written, 'Thou shalt be anxious even to slaying!' Let those who dare own venture to speak of truce or pardon!"

Churchhouse saw his nephew fall. He turned his eye on Brandale, while a transitory glance of indescribable emotion flitted, for a second's space, the severity of his features, and briefly said, "You see the event."

"I will avenge him or die!" exclaimed Brandale; and putting his horse into motion, rode furiously down the hill, followed by his own troop and that of the deceased Cornet, which broke down without order; and, each striving to be the foremost to revenge their young officer, their ranks soon fell into confusion. These fierce formed the first line of the royalists. It was in

* See Note II., Cornet Graham.

tain that Claverhouse exclaimed, "Holt! halt! this madness will undo us." It was all that he could accomplish, by galloping along the second line, entreating, commanding, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.

"Alas," he said, as soon as he had rendered the men in some degree more steady, "lead them down the hill to support Lord Rothesdale, who is about to need it very much.—Bothwell, then art a cool and a daring fellow?"—

"Ay," muttered Bothwell, "you can remember that in a moment like this."

"Lead ten file up the hollow to the right," continued his commanding officer, "and try every means to get through the bog; then form and charge the rebels in flank and rear, while they are engaged with us in front."

Bothwell made a signal of intelligence and obedience, and moved off with his party at a rapid pace.

Meanwhile, the disaster which Claverhouse had apprehended did not fail to take place. The troopers who, with Lord Rothesdale, had rushed down upon the enemy, soon found their disorderly career interrupted by the impracticable character of the ground. Some stuck fast in the masses as they attempted to struggle through, some recoiled from the attempt and remained on the brink, others dispersed to seek a more favorable place to pass the swamp. In the midst of this confusion, the first line of the enemy, of which the foremost rank knelt, the second stooped, and the third stood upright, poured in a close and destructive fire that emptied at least a score of saddles, and increased tenfold the disorder into which the horsemen had fallen. Lord Rothesdale, in the meantime, at the head of a very few well-mounted men, had been able to clear the ditch, but was no sooner across than he was charged by the left body of the enemy's cavalry, who, encouraged by the small number of opponents that had made their way through the broken ground, set upon them with the utmost fury, crying, "Woe, woe to the unarmoured Philistines! down with Dagon and all his adherents!"

The young nobleman fought like a lion; but most of his followers were killed, and he himself could not have escaped the same fate but for a heavy fire of musketry, which Claverhouse, who had now advanced with the second line near to the ditch, poured so effectually upon the enemy, that both horse and foot

for a moment began to shrink, and Lord Rendale, disengaged from his unequal combat, and finding himself nearly alone, took the opportunity to effect his retreat through the masses. But notwithstanding the loss they had sustained by Claverhouse's first fire, the insurgents became soon aware that the advantage of numbers and of position were so decidedly theirs, that, if they could but persist in making a brief but resolute defence, the Life-Guards must necessarily be defeated. Their leaders flew through their ranks exhorting them to stand firm, and pointing out how efficacious their fire must be where both men and horses were exposed to it; for the troopers, according to custom, fired without having dismounted. Claverhouse more than once, when he perceived his best men dropping by a fire which they could not effectually return, made desperate efforts to pass the bog at various points, and renew the battle on firm ground and flower towns. But the close fire of the insurgents, joined to the natural difficulties of the pass, foiled his attempts in every point.

"We must retreat," he said to Rendale, "unless Rothwell can effect a diversion in our favour. In the meantime, draw the men out of fire, and leave skirmishers behind those patches of alderbushes to keep the enemy in check."

These directions being accomplished, the appearance of Rothwell with his party was earnestly expected. But Rothwell had his own disadvantages to struggle with. His detour to the right had not escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Rothwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still in front of a superior enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.

"Follow me, my lads!" he called to his men; "never let it be said that we turned our backs before these roaring round-heads!"

With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his masters, he shouted, "Rothwell! Rothwell!" and throwing himself into the morass, he struggled through it at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury that he drove them back above a pistol shot, killing three men with his own hand. Burley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this point, and that his men, though more numerous, were unequal to the

regular in using their arms and managing their horses, threw himself across Bothwell's way, and attacked him hand to hand. Each of the combatants was considered as the champion of his respective party, and a result carried more usual in romance than in real story. Their followers, on either side, instantly paused, and looked on as if the fate of the day were to be decided by the event of the combat between these two celebrated overlords. The combatants themselves seemed of the same opinion; for, after two or three eager cuts and pushes had been exchanged, they paused, as if by joint consent, to recover the breath which preceding exertions had exhausted, and to prepare for a duel in which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

"You are the murdering villain, Barley," said Bothwell, gripping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—"you escaped me once, but" (he swore an oath too tremendous to be written down)—"thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me."

"Yes," replied Barley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, "I am that John Barbour who promised to lay thy head where thou shouldst never lift it again; and God do as unto me, and mine also, if I do not redeem my word!"

"Then a bed of heather, or a thousand marks!" said Bothwell, sticking at Barley with his full force.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" answered Barbour, as he parried and returned the blow.

There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impetuosity of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Barbour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The supporters of Barley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragons, and the battle became again general. Yet nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to notice the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and flailing, with the leveller's way of thorough-bred bull-dogs.

Several horses passed over them in the mêlée without their quivering hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Rothwell was broken by the kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Rothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left gripped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle,—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Ballou, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Rothwell received the thrust without flinching—it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no further defence, but looking at Barley with a gaze of deadly hatred, exclaimed—“Hast thou not slain, thou hast with the blood of a line of kings!”

“Die, wretch!—die!” said Ballou, recoiling the thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Rothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword—“Die, bloodthirsty dog! die as thou hast lived!—die, like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing!”

“And *mañana* nothing!” said Rothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.

To catch a stray horse by the halter, throw himself upon it, and rush to the assistance of his followers, was, with Barley, the affair of a moment. And as the fall of Rothwell had given to the insurgents all the courage of which it had deprived his comrades, the issue of this partial contest did not remain long undecided. Several soldiers were slain, the rest driven back over the morass, and dispersed, and the victorious Barley, with his party, crossed it in their turn, to direct against Claverhouse the very manoeuvre which he had instructed Rothwell to execute. He now put his troops in order, with the view of attacking the right wing of the royalists; and, swelling now of his success to the main body, selected them, in the name of Heaven, to cross the marsh, and work out the glorious work of the Lord by a general attack upon the enemy.

Meanwhile, Claverhouse, who had in some degree remedied the confusion occasioned by the first irregular and uncoordinated attack, and refused the combat in front to a distant skirmish with firearms, chiefly maintained by some disconnected troops

where he had posted behind the cover of the shrubby aspect of alders which in some places covered the edge of the marsh, and whose dense, cool, and well-aimed fire greatly annoyed the enemy, and concealed their own deficiency of numbers,—Clarehouse, while he maintained the contest in this manner, still expecting that a diversion by Bothwell and his party might facilitate a general attack, was annoyed by one of the dragons, whose bloody face and jaded horse bore witness he was come from hard service.

"What is the matter, Hallday!" said Clarehouse, for he knew every man in his regiment by name—"Where is Bothwell?"

"Bothwell is down," replied Hallday, "and many a pretty fellow with him."

"Then the king," said Clarehouse, with his usual composure, "has lost a stout soldier. The enemy have passed the marsh, I suppose?"

"With a strong body of horse, commanded by the devil incarnate that killed Bothwell," answered the terrified soldier.

"Hush! hush!" said Clarehouse, putting his finger on his lips—"not a word to any one but me.—Lord Bransdale, we must retreat. The firos will have it so. Drive together the men that are disposed in the skirmishing work. Let Allan form the regiment, and do you two retreat up the hill in two bodies, each halting alternately as the other falls back. I'll keep the regens in check with the rear-guard, making a stand, and firing from time to time. They will be over the ditch presently, for I see their whole line in motion and preparing to cross; therefore hush so time."

"Where is Bothwell with his party?" said Lord Bransdale, notwithstanding at the coolness of his commander.

"Fairly disposed of," said Clarehouse, in his ear—"the king has lost a stoutest, and the devil has got one. Ret away to business, Bransdale—ply your spurs and get the men together. Allan and you must keep them steady. This retreating is new work for us all; but our turn will come round another day."

Bransdale and Allan betook themselves to their task; but ere they had arranged the regiment for the purpose of retreating in two alternate bodies, a considerable number of the enemy had crossed the marsh. Clarehouse, who had retained immediately around his person a few of his most active and tried men, charged

those who had crossed in person, while they were yet disordered by the broken ground. Some they killed, others they repulsed into the masses, and checked the whole so as to enable the main body, now greatly diminished, as well as disheartened by the loss they had sustained, to commence their retreat up the hill.

But the enemy's van being soon reinforced and supported, compelled Claverhouse to follow his troops. Scorer did more, however, better maintain the character of a soldier than he did that day. Conspicuous by his black horse and white feather, he was first in the repeated charges which he made at every favourable opportunity, to arrest the progress of the pursuers, and to cover the retreat of his regiment. The object of aim to every one, he seemed as if he were impervious to their shot. The superstitious Scottish, who looked upon him as a man gifted by the Evil Spirit with supernatural means of defence, avowed that they saw the bullets recoil from his jack-boots and buff-coat like hailstones from a rock of granite, as he galloped to and fro amid the storm of the battle. Many a wing that day loaded his musket with a dollar cut into slugs, in order that a silver bullet (such was their belief) might bring down the persecutor of the holy kirk, on whom lead had no power.

"Try him with the cold steel," was the cry at every renewed charge—"powder is wasted on him. Ye might as well shoot at the Auld Enemy himself!"*

But though this was loudly shouted; yet the awe on the insurgents' minds was such, that they gave way before Claverhouse as before a supernatural being, and few men ventured to cross swords with him. Still, however, he was fighting in retreat, and with all the disadvantages attending that movement. The soldiers, behind him, as they beheld the increasing number of enemies who poured over the moors, became restlessly; and at every successive movement, Major Allan and Lord Eversdale found it more and more difficult to bring them to halt and form line regularly, while, on the other hand, their motions in the act of retreating became, by degrees, much more rapid than was consistent with good order. As the retiring soldiers approached nearer to the top of the ridge, from which in no halcyon an hour they had descended, the panic began to increase. Every one became impatient to place the brow of

* Note L. Proof against shot given by Scott.

the hill between him and the continued fire of the pursuers; nor could any individual think it reasonable that he should be the last in the retreat, and thus sacrifice his own safety for that of others. In this mood, several troopers set upon to their horses and fled outright, and the others became so unsteady in their movements and formations, that their efforts every moment failed they would follow the same example.

Avoid this scene of blood and confusion, the trampling of the horses, the groans of the wounded, the continued fire of the enemy, which fell in a succession of unintermitted mortality, while loud shouts accompanied each bullet which the fall of a trooper showed to have been successfully aimed—avoid all the terrors and disorders of such a scene, and when it was dubious how soon they might be totally deserted by their dispirited midlery, Blandie could not forbear remarking the composure of his commanding officer. Not at Lady Margaret's breakfast-table that morning did his eye appear more lively, or his demeanour more composed. He had stood up to Blandie for the purpose of giving some orders, and picking out a few men to reinforce his own-guard."

"If this host lasts five minutes longer," he said in a whisper, "our ranks will leave you, my lord, old Allen, and myself, the honour of fighting this battle with our own hands. I must do something to disperse the rasketons who annoy them so hard, or we shall be all shamed. Don't attempt to succour me if you see me go down, but keep at the head of your men; get off as you can in God's name, and tell the king and the council I died in my duty!"

So saying, and commanding about twenty stout men to follow him, he gave, with this small body, a charge so desperate and unexpected, that he drove the foremost of the pursuers back to some distance. In the confusion of the assault he singled out Barley, and desirous to strike terror into his followers, he dash him as across a blow on the head, as cut through his steel head-piece, and threw him from his horse, stunned for the moment, though unwounded. A wonderful thing it was afterwards thought, that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the blow of a man to appearance so slightly made as Clavelhouse; and the vulgar, of course, set down to supernatural aid the effect of that example which a determined spirit can give to a bolder one. Clavelhouse had in this last charge,

however, involved himself too deeply among the insurgents, and was fairly surrounded.

Lord Bransdale saw the danger of his commander, his body of dragoons being thus halted, while that commanded by Allan was in the act of retreating. Regardless of Claverhouse's disinterested command to the contrary, he ordered the party which he headed to charge down hill and extricate their Colonel. Some advanced with him—most halted and stood uncertain—many ran away. With those who followed Bransdale, he disengaged Claverhouse. His assistance just came in time, for a rustic had wounded his horse in a most ghastly manner by the blow of a scythe, and was about to repeat the stroke when Lord Bransdale cut him down. As they got out of the press, they looked round them. Allan's division had ridden clear over the hill, that officer's authority having proved altogether unequal to halt them. Bransdale's troop was scattered and in total confusion.

"What is to be done, Colonel?" said Lord Bransdale.

"We are the last men in the field, I think," said Claverhouse; "and when men fight as long as they can, there is no shame in flying. Hector himself would say, 'Devil take the hindmost,' when there are but twenty against a thousand.—Save yourselves, my lads, and rally as soon as you can. Come, my lord, we must stir rick for it."

So saying, he put spurs to his wounded horse, and the generous animal, as if conscious that the life of his rider depended on his exertions, pressed forward with speed, unabated either by pain or loss of blood.* A few officers and soldiers followed him, but in a very irregular and hasty manner. The flight of Claverhouse was the signal for all the stragglers who yet offered desultory resistance, to fly as fast as they could, and yield up the field of battle to the victorious insurgents.

* Note J. Claverhouse's Charge.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

But lo! through the flash-lighting of war,
What shot to the desert this death and the!

CHARLES.

During the severe skirmish of which we have given the details, Morton, together with Cuddie and his mother, and the Reverend Gabriel Kethedrummle, remained on the brow of the hill, near to the small cairn, or barrow, beside which Claverhouse had held his preliminary council of war, so that they had a commanding view of the action which took place in the bottom. They were guarded by Corporal Ingle and four soldiers, who, as may readily be supposed, were much more intent on watching the fascinating fortunes of the battle, than in attending to what passed among their prisoners.

"If yon lads stand to their tackle," said Cuddie, "we'll hae some chance o' getting our necks out o' the noose again; but I walehoit them—they hae little shud o' arms."

"Much is not necessary, Cuddie," answered Morton: "they hae a strong position, and weapons in their hands, and are more than three times the number of their assailants. If they cannot fight for their freedom now, they and theirs deserve to lose it for ever."

"O, sire!" exclaimed Maria, "here's a goodly spectacle indeed! My spirit is like that of the blessed Ellen—it burns within me; my bowels are as wine which lacketh vent—they are ready to burst like new bottles. O that He may look after His ain people in this day of judgment and deliverance!—And now, what aillst thou, precious Mr. Gabriel Kethedrummle? I say, what aillst thou, that wert a Netherite purer than snow, whiter than milk, more redly than saffron" (meaning, perhaps, sapphires)—"I say, what aillst thou now, that thou art blacker than a coal, that thy beauty is departed, and thy levelness withered like a dry ploughed! Surely it is time to be up and be doing, to cry loudly and to spare not, and to wrestle for the jail lads that are yonder testifying with their ain blads and that of their enemies."

This expostulation implied a reproach on Mr. Kethedrummle, who, though an absolute Nonresistance, or son of thunder, in the

pulpit, when the enemy were afar, and indeed sufficiently contemplative, as we have seen, when in their power, had been struck dumb by the firing, shouts, and shrieks, which now arose from the valley, and—as many as honest men might have been, in a situation where he could neither fight nor fly—was too much dismayed to take as favourable an opportunity to preach the terrors of Presbytery, as the courageous Manse had expected at his hand, or even to pray for the successful event of the battle. His presence of mind was not, however, entirely lost, any more than his jealous respect for his reputation as a pure and powerful preacher of the word.

"Hold your peace, woman!" he said, "and do not perturb my loved meditations and the wrappings wherewith I wreath. —But of a verity the shooting of the fuzee doth begin to increase! perchance, some pellet may attain unto us even here. Lo! I will ensure me behind the oaken, as behind a strong wall of defence."

"He's lost a goodly body after a'," said Guldie, who was himself by no means deficient in that sort of courage which consists in timidity to danger; "he's lost a dobbing coward body. He'll never fill Hunkleberry's bonnet.—Od! Hunkleberry fought and flyed like a fleeing dragon. It was a great pity, poor man, he couldn't shoot the wench. But they say he good singing and rejoicing till't, just as I was going to a bicker o' brass supposing me hungry, as I stand a good chance to be. —Eh, sir! you're an awfu' sight, and yet our manna keep their own off free it!"

Accordingly, strong curiosity on the part of Morton and Guldie, together with the heated enthusiasm of old Manse, detained them on the spot from which they could best hear and see the issue of the action, leaving to Kettlebrained to occupy alone his place of security. The vicissitudes of combat, which we have already described, were witnessed by our spectators from the top of the eminence, but without their being able positively to determine to what they tended. That the Presbyterians defended themselves stoutly, was evident from the heavy smoke, which, illumined by frequent flashes of fire, now rolled along the valley, and hid the contending parties in its sulphureous shade. On the other hand, the continued firing from the nearer side of the morass indicated that the enemy persevered in their attack—that the affair was feverishly disputed—and that

everything was to be approached from a continued contest in which unhelpful men had to repel the assaults of regular troops, so completely officered and armed.

At length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life-Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion. Discomfited soldiers next appeared, forsaking the conflict, and staggering over the side of the hill, in order to escape from the scene of action. As the numbers of these fugitives increased, the fate of the day seemed no longer doubtful. A large body was then seen emerging from the smoke, forming irregularly on the hill-side, and with difficulty kept stationary by their officers, until Bonaparte's corps also appeared in full retreat. The result of the conflict was then apparent, and the joy of the prisoners was corresponding to their approaching deliverance.

"They has done the job for us," said Oudlo, "an they w'er do't again."

"They see!—they see!" exclaimed Mame, in ecstasy. "O the traitorous tyrants! they are rising now as they never rose before. O the false Egyptians—the proud Assyrians—the Philistines—the Moabites—the Edomites—the Ishmaelites!—the Lord has brought sharp revenges upon them, to make them food for the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field. See how the clouds roll, and the fire flashes about them, and goes forth before the chariot of the Covenant, even like the pillar of cloud and the pillar of flame that led the people of Israel out of the land of Egypt! This is indeed a day of deliverance to the righteous, a day of pouring out of wrath to the persecutors and the ungodly!"

"Lord save us, wifther," said Oudlo, "hand the clattering tongues o' ye, and lie down about the cairn, The Kattledromeds, honest men! The whippersnappers belike has some little discretion, and will just as soon knock out the horns o' a palm-singing maid with us a reviving dragon."

"Fear nothing for us, Oudlo," said the old dame, transported to ecstacy by the success of her party—"fear nothing for me! I will stand like Deborah, on the top of the cairn, and take up my song of reproach against these men of Harosheth of the Gentiles, whose horse-hoofs are broken by their prancing."

The enthusiastic old woman would, in fact, have accomplished her purpose of mounting on the cairn, and becoming, as she said, a sign and a banner to the people, had not Oudlo, with more

filial tenderness than respect, detained her by such force as his shrilled arms would permit him to exert.

"Eh, sirs!" he said, having accomplished this task, "look out yonder, Mitherwood!—see ye ever mortal fight like the doeril Chavvies? Yonder he's been thrice down among them, and thrice can free off. But I think we'll soon be free ourselves, Mitherwood. Inglis and his troopers look over their shoulders very often, as if they feared the road skint them better than the road alive."

Cordie was not mistaken; for, when the main tide of fugitives passed at a little distance from the spot where they were stationed, the corporal and his party fired their carbines at random upon the advancing insurgents, and, shadowing all change of their prisoners, joined the retreat of their comrades. Morton and the old woman whose hands were at liberty, lost no time in unshaking the bonds of Cordie and of the clergyman, both of whom had been secured by a cord tied round their arms above the elbows. By the time this was accomplished, the rear-guard of the dragons, which still preserved some order, passed beneath the black or rising ground which was accounted by the main already repeatedly mentioned. They exhibited all the hurry and confusion incident to a forced retreat, but still continued in a body. Chavvies led the van, his naked sword deeply dyed with blood, as were his face and clothes. His horse was all covered with gore, and now reeled with weakness. Lord Bunsdale, in not much better plight, brought up the rear, still exhorting the soldiers to keep together and fear nothing. Several of the men were wounded, and one or two dropped from their horses as they approached the hill.

Mace's and Ince's first care were at this spectacle, while she stood on the bank with her head uncovered, and her grey hair streaming in the wind, no bad representation of a superannuated bacchante, or Thetis when in the agonies of incantation. She soon discovered Chavvies at the head of the fugitive party, and exclaimed with bitter irony, "Tarry, tarry, ye wae wae are as like to be at the meetings of the saints, and wae ride every mair in Scotland to find a convertible! Wit thou not tarry, now thou hast found one! Wit thou not stay for one word mair! Wit thou na till the afternoon preaching!—Wae betide ye!" she said, suddenly changing her tone, "and out the boughs of the yew-tree whose sweetness ye trust in!—though! though!

—awa wí ye, that has spilled one muckle blood, and now we'll save your sin!—awa wí ye for a railing Babalabok, a cursing Shumel, a bloodthirsty Drog! The even's done; now that wíma be long s'tertaking ye, ride as fast as ye will."

Charlemagne, it may be easily supposed, was too busy to attend to her reproaches, but hastened over the hill, anxious to get the remnant of his men out of gun-shot, in hopes of again collecting the fugitives round his standard. But on the rear of his followers rode over the ridge, a shot struck Lord Eversdale's horse, which instantly sunk down dead beneath him. Two of the wily horsemen, who were the foremost in the pursuit, hastened up with the purpose of killing him, for hitherto there had been no quarter given. Morton, on the other hand, rushed forward to save his life, if possible, in order at once to indulge his natural generosity, and to requite the obligation which Lord Eversdale had conferred on him that morning, and under which circumstances had made him wiser as usually. Just as he had reached Eversdale, who was much wounded, to extricate himself from his dying horse, and to gain his feet, the two horsemen came up, and one of them exclaiming, "Hail to the red-coated tyrant!" made a blow at the young soldierman, which Morton parried with difficulty, exclaiming to the rider, who was no other than Burley himself, "Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake—for the sake," he added, observing that Burley did not immediately recognise him, "of Henry Morton, who so lately sheltered you."

"Henry Morton!" replied Burley, wiping his bloody brow with his bloody hand; "did I not say that the son of Elias Morton would come forth out of the land of bondage, nor be long an indweller in the tents of Ham? Then art a brand snatched out of the burning—But for this heated species of prophecy, he shall die the death!—We must unite them hip and thigh, even from the rising to the going down of the sun. It is our nomination to slay them like Amalek, and utterly destroy all they have, and spare neither man nor woman, infant nor suckling; therefore, hinder me not," he continued, endeavouring again to cut down Lord Eversdale, "for this work must not be wrought negligently."

"You must not, and you shall not, slay him, more especially while incapable of defence," said Morton, planting himself before Lord Eversdale so as to intercept any blow that should be aimed at him; "I owed my life to him this morning—my life,

which was endangered solely by my having sheltered you; and to shed his blood when he can offer no effectual resistance, were not only a cruelty abhorrent to God and man, but detestable ingratitude both to him and to me."

Barley paused.—"Then art yet," he said, "in the midst of the Gentiles, and I compassionate thy human blindness and frailty. Strong meat is not fit for babes, nor the mighty and grinding disposition under which I draw my sword, for those whose hearts are yet dwelling in hate of day, whose footsteps are tangled in the mesh of mortal sympathies, and who clothe themselves in the righteousness that is no filthy rags. But to gain a soul to the truth is better than to send one to Tophet; therefore I give quarter to this youth, providing the grant is confirmed by the general council of God's army, whom he hath this day blessed with so signal a deliverance—Then art unarmed—Alack my return here. I must yet pursue these sinners, the Amalekites, and destroy them till they be utterly consumed from the face of the land, even from Harilah unto Sheva."

So saying, he set upon to his horse, and continued to pursue the chase.

"Cuddie," said Morton, "for God's sake catch a horse as quickly as you can. I will not trust Lord Eversdale's life with these obdurate men.—You are wounded, my lord—are you able to continue your retreat?" he continued, addressing himself to his prisoner, who, half-stunned by the fall, was but beginning to recover himself.

"I can't go," replied Lord Eversdale. "But is it possible I—do I owe my life to Mr. Morton?"

"My interference would have been the same from common humanity," replied Morton;—"to your lordship it was a sacred debt of gratitude."

Cuddie at this instant returned with a horse.

"God-ack, man!—mount, and ride like a fleeing hawk, my lord," said the good-natured fellow, "for ne'er be in me if they were killing every one o' the wounded and prisoners!"

Lord Eversdale mounted the horse, while Cuddie efficiently held the stirrup.

"Stand off, good fellow, thy courtesy may cost thy life.—Mr. Morton," he continued, addressing Henry, "this makes us more than even—rely on it, I will never forget your generosity—Farewell."

He turned his horse, and rode swiftly away in the direction which seemed least exposed to pursuit.

Lord Brandaile had just rode off, when several of the insurgents, who were in the front of the pursuit, came up, denouncing vengeance on Henry Morton and Cudde for having aided the escape of a Philistine, as they called the young nobleman.

"What wad ye hae had us to do!" cried Cudde. "Had we ought to stop a man w' that had ten pistols and a sword? Sedin ye hae come faster up yoursel's, instead of flyin' at him!"

This accusation would hardly have passed current; but Kettledrummle, who now awoke from his trance of terror, and was known to, and revered by, most of the warriors, together with Mauch, who possessed their appropriate language as well as the preacher himself, proved active and effectual intercessors.

"Touch them not! harm them not!" exclaimed Kettledrummle, in his very best double-hose tones. "This is the son of the famous Siras Morton, by whom the Lord wrought great things in this land at the breaking forth of the reformation from priory, when there was a plentiful pouring forth of the Word and a renewing of the Covenant; a hero and champion of those blessed days, when there was power and efficacy, and convincing and converting of sinners, and heart-courages, and fellowships of saints, and a plentiful flowing forth of the spirit of the garden of Eden."

"And this is my son Cudde," exclaimed Mauch, in her turn, "the son of his father, Judah Hendry, who was a donee honest man, and of me, Mauch Middlemass, an unworthy professor and follower of the pure gospel, and one o' your ain folk. Is it not written, 'Cut ye not off the tribe of the families of the Kohathites from among the Levites?' Numbers, fourth and eighteenth—O sire! dinna be standing here puffing w' honest folk, when ye could be following forth your victory with which Providence has blessed ye."

This party having passed on, they were immediately beset by another, to whom it was necessary to give the same explanation. Kettledrummle, whose fear was much dissipated since the firing had ceased, again took upon him to be intercessor, and grown bold, as he felt his god word necessary for the protection of his late fellow-captives, he laid claim to no small share of the merit of the victory, appealing to Morton and Cudde, whether

the tide of battle had not turned while he prayed on the Mount of Jehovah-Nisi, like Moses, that Israel might prevail over Amalek; but granting them, at the same time, the credit of holding up his hands when they waned heavy, as those of the prophet were supported by Aaron and Har. It seems probable that Kettledrums also allotted this part in the success to his companions in adversity, but they should be tempted to decline his earned self-acknowledging and falling away, in regarding too closely his own personal safety. These strong testimonies in favour of the liberated captives quickly flew abroad, with many exaggerations, among the victorious army. The reports on the subject were various; but it was universally agreed, that young Morton of Milwood, the son of the stout soldier of the Crescent, Elias Morton, together with the pious Gabriel Kettledrums, and a singular devout Christian woman, whose name they thought as good as himself at extracting a doctrine or an use, whether of terror or consolation, had arrived to support the good old cause with a reinforcement of a hundred well-armed men from the Middle Ward.*

* *See E. Shireish at Drundeg.*

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

*When pulpit, from ecclesiastic,
Was lost with the instead of a stick.*

HERNIMAN.

In the meantime, the insurgent army retained from the pursuit, jaded and worn out with their arduous efforts, and the infantry assembled on the ground which they had won, fatigued with toil and hunger. Their success, however, was a cordial to every bosom, and seemed even to serve in the stead of food and refreshment. It was, indeed, much more brilliant than they dared have ventured to anticipate; for, with no great loss on their part, they had totally routed a regiment of picked men, commanded by the first officer in Scotland, and one whose very name had long been a terror to them. Their success seemed even to have upon their spirits the effect of a sudden and violent surprise, so much had their taking up arms been a measure of

desperation rather than of hope. Their meeting was also casual, and they had hastily arranged themselves under such circumstances as were remarkable for zeal and courage, without much respect to any other qualities. It followed, from this state of disorganization, that the whole army appeared at once to resolve itself into a general committee for considering what steps were to be taken in consequence of their success, and no opinion could be started so wild that it had not some directors and advocates. Some proposed they should march to Glasgow, some to Hamilton, some to Edinburgh, some to London. Some were for sending a deputation of their number to London to convert Charles II. to a sense of the error of his ways; and others, less charitable, proposed either to call a new parliament to the crown, or to declare Scotland a free republic. A free parliament of the nation, and a free assembly of the Kirk, were the objects of the more sensible and moderate of the party. In the meanwhile, a clamour arose among the soldiers for bread and other necessaries, and while all complained of hardship and hunger, none took the necessary measures to procure supplies. In short, the camp of the Covenanters, even in the very moment of success, seemed about to dissolve like a rope of sand, from want of the original principles of combination and union.

Burley, who had now returned from the pursuit, found his followers in this distracted state. With the ready talent of one accustomed to encounter exigencies, he proposed that one hundred of the freshest men should be drawn out for duty—that a small number of those who had hitherto acted as leaders, should constitute a committee of direction until officers should be regularly chosen—and that, to crown the victory, Gabriel Kettlemere should be called upon to improve the providential success which they had obtained, by a word in season addressed to the army. He reckoned very much, and not without reason, on this last expedient, as a means of engaging the attention of the bulk of the insurgents, while he himself, and two or three of their leaders, held a private council of war, untroubled by the discordant opinions, or useless clamours, of the general body.

Kettlemere more than answered the expectations of Burley. Two mortal hours did he preach at a brushing; and certainly no lungs, or doctrine, excepting his own, could have

kept up, for as long a time, the attention of men in such precarious circumstances. But he possessed in perfection a sort of rude and familiar eloquence peculiar to the preachers of that period, which, though it would have been hastily rejected by an audience which possessed any portion of taste, was a cake of the right heaven for the palates of those whom he now addressed. His text was from the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, "Even the captive of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children."

"And I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh; and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine; and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob."

The discourse which he pronounced upon this subject was divided into fifteen heads, each of which was garnished with seven uses of application, two of consolation, two of terror, two declaring the causes of backsliding and of wrath, and one announcing the promised and expected deliverance. The first part of his text he applied to his own deliverance and that of his companions; and took occasion to speak a few words in praise of young Milwood, of whom, as if a champion of the Covenant, he sang great things. The second part he applied to the punishments which were about to fall upon the persecuting government. At times he was familiar and colloquial—now he was loud, energetic, and boldness. Some parts of his discourse might be called sublime, and others sunk below burlesque. Occasionally he vindicated with great animation the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience; and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish Presbyterianism as the national religion, but had tolerated sectaries of various descriptions, Papists, Prelatists, Erasmians, assuming the name of Presbyterians, Independents, Socinians, and Quakers; all of whom Rattledrumm proposed, by one sweeping act, to expel from the land, and thus re-ally in its integrity the beauty of the sanctuary. He went handily very pithily the doctrine of defensive arms and of resistance to Charles II., observing, that, instead of a nursing father to the Kirk, that monarch had been a nursing father to none but his

own bestsels. He went at some length through the life and conversation of that joyous prince, few parts of which, it must be owned, were qualified to stand the rough handling of an uncharitably an order, who conferred on him the hard names of Jacobson, Omar, Akah, Shalton, Poinak, and every other evil name recorded in the Chronicles, and concluded with a sound application of the Scriptures—"Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the Kiroo it is provided: he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."

Kathlamunde had no sooner ended his sermon, and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit, than his post was occupied by a pastor of a very different description. The reverend Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent, with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of stupid and unamiable features, in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit than was usually in a sound divine. The youth who succeeded him in conducting this extraordinary conversation, Ephraim Macdaniel by name, was hardly twenty years old; yet his thin features already indicated that a constitution, naturally hectic, was worn out by vigils, by fasts, by the rigour of imprisonment, and the fatigues incident to a fugitive life. Young as he was, he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many severities, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his folded arms over the multitude and over the scene of battle; and a light of triumph arose in his glance, his pale yet striking features were coloured with a transient and hectic blush of joy. He folded his hands, raised his face to heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving ere he addressed the people. When he spoke, his clear and broken voice seemed at first inadequate to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered every word, as the furnished lamellæ collected the heavenly message, had a corresponding effect upon the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, his manner more earnest and energetic; it seemed as if religious zeal was triumphing over bodily weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was not altogether unaided with the consciousness of his sect; and yet, by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser

and more ludicrous errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which, in their mouths, was sometimes degraded by misapplication, gave, in Mackenzie's exhortation, a rich and solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the stained representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

He pointed the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judith under her palatium, mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

"Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood," he exclaimed—"but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fit with gore—but not with the blood of infants, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Burnah, and a great slaughter in the land of Khamsa. These were not the offerings of the flock, the small smiths of burnt-offerings, whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs, that is steaming in your nostrils; but these bloody tracks are the carcasses of those who held the bow and the lance, who were cruel, and would show no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle—they are the carcasses even of the mighty men of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fire that have consumed them. And these wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary plucked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and with tapers; but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death. And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the daughter the breast and

the oppressor, with the rocks for your altar, and the sky for your visited sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow—turn not back from the path in which you have entered like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of his name and the deliverance of his afflicted people—halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheep-fold, or the weeder cease in the ploughed field; but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and come the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters; for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their arm of battle hath been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Macabees, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Samson, every man's sword as that of Othias, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Redemption is spread abroad on the mountains in its first levellness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"Will is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even in the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him—even the bitter curse of Moses, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing! the blood of martyrs, rising upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrant's high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, furnished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, waiting, knocking, storming the gates of

heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Ham. Then whose will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arms at the hand of his servant,—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the sixth generation, even the blessing of the promise, for ever and ever! Amen."

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep hum of stern approbation which resounded through the armed assemblage at the conclusion of an exhortation so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigue and privations, as they listened to doctrines which elevated them alike above the wants and vanities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the preacher, as he descended from the eminence on which he stood, and, clasping him with hands on which the gore was not yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would play the part of Heaven's true soldiers. Enthusiased by his own enthusiasm, and by the animated fervour which he had excited in his discourse, the preacher could only reply, in broken accents,—“God bless you, my brethren! It is his cause. Stand strongly up and play the man—the worst that can befall us is but a brief and bloody passage to heaven.”

Balfour, and the other leaders, had not lost the time which was employed in these spiritual exercises. Watch-fires were lighted, sentinels were posted, and arrangements were made to refresh the army with such provisions as had been hastily collected from the nearest farm-houses and villages.—The present necessity thus provided for, they turned their thoughts to the future. They had despatched parties to spread the news of their victory, and to elicit, either by force or favour, supplies of what they stood most in need of. In this they had succeeded beyond their hopes, having at one village seized a small magazine of provisions, forage, and ammunition, which had been provided for the royal forces. This success not only gave them relief at the time, but each hoped for the future, that whereas formerly some of their number had begun to shudder in their soul, they now unanimously resolved to abide together in arms, and commit themselves and their cause to the event of war.

And whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow-minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the praise of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without magazines, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, braved not only by their innate zeal, and a detestation of the oppression of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established Government, supported by a regular army and the whole force of three kingdoms.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

Why, then, say an old man, can he succeed.

BOOK IV. Part IV.

We must now return to the tower of Tiltstallers, which the march of the Life-Guards, on the morning of this eventful day, had left to silence and solitude. The assurances of Lord Everdale had not succeeded in quelling the apprehensions of Edith. She knew his goodness, and faithful to his word; but it seemed too plain that he suspected the object of her intervention to be a successful trial; and was it not expecting from him an effort above human nature, to suppose that he was to watch over Morton's safety, and rescue him from all the dangers to which his state of imprisonment, and the suspicions which he had incurred, must repeatedly expose him? She therefore resigned herself to the most heartrending apprehensions, without admitting, and indeed almost without listening to, the multiform grounds of consolation which Jerry Dension brought forward, one after another, like a skilful general who charges with the several divisions of his troops in regular succession.

First, Jerry was morally positive that young Milwood would come to no harm—then, if he did, there was consolation in the reflection, that Lord Everdale was the better and more appropriate match of the two—then, there was every chance of a battle, in which the said Lord Everdale might be killed, and there would be no more talk about that job—then, if the whip got the better, Milwood and Cudd's night came to the Castle, and carry off the interest of their hearts by the strong hand.

"For I forgot to tell ye, maiden," continued the dame, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "that poor Cuthbert is the hands of the Philistines as well as young Milford, and he was brought here a prisoner this morning, and I was fain to speak Tom Holliday fair, and smooth him, to let me wear the yoke crests; but Cuthbert wants no thank's as he would till hee been neither," she added, and at the same time changed her tone, and briskly withdrew the handkerchief from her face—"as I will ne'er waste my own wif' greeing about the matter. There wad be age now o' young men left, if they were to hang the twa half o' them."

The other inhabitants of the Castle were also in a state of dissatisfaction and anxiety. Lady Margaret thought that Colonel Graham, in committing an execution at the door of her house, and refusing to grant a reprieve at her request, had fallen short of the delicacy due to her rank, and had even encroached on her maternal rights.

"The Colonel," she said, "ought to have remembered, brother, that the barony of Tillston has the hereditary privilege of pit and gallows; and therefore, if the lad was to be executed on my estate (which I consider to be an unbecoming thing, seeing it is in the possession of females, to whom such things cannot be acceptable), he ought, at common law, to have been delivered up to my hallie, and justified at his sight."

"Martha! her, sister," answered Major Bellenden, "separates every other. But I must own I think Colonel Graham rather deficient in attention to you; and I am not over and above personally flattered by his granting to young Eschdale (I suppose because he is a lord, and has interest with the privy council) a request which he refused to so old a servant of the king as I am. But so long as the poor young fellow's life is saved, I can comfort myself with the thought of a ditty as old as myself." And thereupon, he bursted a stanza:—

"And what though white will pink away,
Through locks of grey and a cheek that's old;
You keep up thy heart, bold maiden,
For a cup of milk shall keep the old."

"I must be your guest here to-day, sister. I wish to hear the tale of this gathering on London Hill, though I cannot conceive that standing a body of horse appointed like our grooms this morning.—Work me! the time has been, that I

would have liked it to have come in bigger sails waiting for the news of a shipwreck to be fought within ten miles of me! But, no the old song goes—

"For thou wilt rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
We never fight in sturdy manhood,
But then and years would overthrow!"

"We are well pleased you will stay, brother," said Lady Margaret. "I will take my old privilege to look after my household, when this collision has thrown into some disorder, although it is unwell to leave you alone."

"Oh, I hate idleness as I hate a stumbling horse," replied the Major. "Besides, your power would be with me, and your mind with the cold meat and redundancy parties.—Where is Ethel?"

"Gone to her room a little self-dissipated, I am informed, and laid down in her bed for a girl," said her grandmother; "as soon as she wakes she shall take some drops."

"Push! push! she's only sick of the soldiers," answered Major Edmunda. "She's not accustomed to see one acquaintance led out to be shot, and another marching off to actual service, with some chance of not finding his way back again. She would soon be used to it, if the civil war were to break out again."

"God forbid, brother!" said Lady Margaret.

"Ay, Heaven forbid, as you say!—and in the meantime, I'll take a bit of trick-trick with Harriette."

"He has ridden out, sir," said Godfrey, "to try if he can hear any tidings of the battle."

"Down the battle!" said the Major; "it puts this family as much out of order as if there had never been such a thing in the country before—and yet there was such a place as Edgemoor, John."

"Ay, and at Tippermoor, your honour," replied Godfrey, "where I was the bearer my late master's war-rack man."

"And Alfred, John," pursued the Major, "where I commanded the horse; and Inverlochy, where I was the Great Marquis's old-de-camp; and Auld Raze, and Brig o' Dee."

"And Philiphaugh, your honour," said John.

"Umph!" replied the Major; "the less, John, we say about that matter the better."

However, being more fully enlisted on the subject of Montrose's campaign, the Major and John Gradyll carried on the war so steadily, as for a considerable time to keep at bay the formidable enemy called Time, with whom retired veterans, during the quiet days of a bustling life, usually wage an unceasing hostility.

It has been frequently remarked, that the tidings of important events fly with a celerity almost beyond the power of credulity, and that reports, correct in the general point, though inaccurate in details, precede the certain intelligence, as if carried by the birds of the air. Such rumors anticipate the reality, not unlike to the "shadows of coming events," which occupy the imagination of the Highland war. Harrison, in his ride, encountered some such report concerning the onset of the battle, and turned his horse back to Tiltastollen in great dismay. He made it his first business to seek out the Major, and interrupted him in the midst of a public account of the steps and stores of Dundee, with the ejaculation, "Haven't you, Major, that we do not see a sign of Tiltastollen before we are many days older?"

"How is that, Harrison?—what the devil do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished veteran.

"Tooth, sir, there is strong and increasing belief that Charlie is down broken, some say killed; that the soldiers are all dispersed, and that the whole are hastening this way, threatening death and destruction to a' that will not take the Covenant."

"I will never believe that," said the Major, starting on his feet—"I will never believe that the Life-Guards would retreat before rebels; and yet why need I say that," he continued, checking himself, "when I have seen such sights myself!—Send out Pike, and one or two of the servants, for intelligence, and let all the men in the Castle and in the village that can be trusted, take up arms. This old tower may hold them play a bit, if it were but rimmed and garrisoned,—and it commands the pass between the high and low country. It's lucky I chanced to be here.—Oh, master men, Harrison.—You, Gradyll, look what provisions you have, or can get brought in, and be ready, if the news be confirmed, to knock down as many bollocks as you have salt for.—The well never goes dry.—There are some old-fashioned guns on the battlements; if we had but ammunition, we should do well enough."

"The soldiers left some carts of ammunition at the Orange this morning, to hide their retreat," said Harrison.

"Hasten, then," said the Major, "and bring it into the Castle, with every pike, sword, pistol, or gun, that is within our reach; don't leave so much as a toffin!—Lucky that I was here!—I will speak to my sister instantly."

Lady Margaret Bellenden was astonished at intelligence so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to her that the invading force which had that morning left her wife was sufficient to have routed all the disaffected in Scotland, if collected in a body; and now her first reflection was upon the inadequacy of their own means of resistance to an army strong enough to have defeated Claverhouse and such select troops.

"Woe's me! woe's me!" said she: "what will all that we can do avail us, brother?—what will resistance do but bring sure destruction on the house, and on the lady Edith; for, God knows, I think as my ain soul lies."

"Come, sister," said the Major, "you must not be cast down; the place is strong, the rebels ignorant and ill-provided: my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and robbers while old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I think my old grey hairs that I have some knowledge of war yet. Here comes Pike with intelligence.—What news, Pike? Another Philiphaugh job, eh?"

"Ay, ay," said Pike composedly: "a total scattering. I thought this morning little gals would come of their new-fangled gals of slaying their carlins."

"Whom did you see?—Who gave you the news?" asked the Major.

"O, sair than half-a-dozen dragon fellows that are a' on the spur while to get fast to Hamilton. They'll win the race, I warrant them, win the battle win like."

"Continue your preparations, Harrison," said the alert veteran; "get your ammunition in, and the cattle killed, send down to the borough-town for what need you can gather. We must not lose an instant.—Had not Edith and you, sister, better return to Glenwood, while we have the chance of sending you there?"

"No, brother," said Lady Margaret, looking very pale, but speaking with the greatest composure; "since the wild house is to be held out, I will take my chance in it. I have fed

twice from it in my days, and I have yet found it desolate of its harvest and its haunts when I returned; so that I will not think now, and not my pilgrimage is it."

"It may, on the whole, be the safest course both for Edith and you," said the Major; "for the whigs will rise all the way between this and Glasgow, and make your travelling there, or your dwelling at Chatterwood, very unsafe."

"So be it, then," said Lady Margaret. "And, dear brother, as the nearest blood-kinship of my deceased husband, I deliver to you, by this symbol,"—[here she gave into his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of the deceased Earl of Taverham]—"the keeping and government and responsibility of my Tower of Tullibardine, and the appointments thereof, with full power to kill, slay, and damage those who shall assault the same, as freely as I might do myself. And I trust you will so defend it, as becomes a house in which his most sacred Majesty has not disdained"—

"Fellow! sister," interrupted the Major, "we have no time to speak about the King and his breakfast just now."

And, hastily leaving the room, he hurried, with all the alacrity of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and superintend the measures which were necessary for defending the place.

The Tower of Tullibardine, having very thick walls and very narrow windows—having also a very strong counter-poise wall, with flanking towers on the only accessible side, and rising on the other from the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of defence against anything but a train of heavy artillery.

Famine or assault was what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For artillery, the top of the Tower was mounted with some articulated wall-pieces, and small cannons, which bore the old-fashioned names of culverins, sakers, demi-sakers, falcons, and falconets. These the Major, with the assistance of John Girdle, aimed to be sailed and landed, and pointed them so as to command the road over the brow of the opposite hill by which the rebels must advance, causing, at the same time, two or three trees to be cut down, which would have impeded the effect of the artillery, when it should be necessary to use it. With the trunks of these trees, and other materials, he directed burtheners to be constructed upon the winding avenue which ran to the Tower along the high-road, taking care that each should command the other.

The large gate of the courtyard he barricaded yet more strongly, leaving only a wicket open for the convenience of passage. What he had most to apprehend, was the slenderness of his garrison; for all the efforts of the steward were unable to get more than nine men under arms, himself and Gustyll included—so much more popular was the cause of the insurgents than that of the Government; Major Bellenden, and his trusty servant Pico, made the garrison eleven in number, of whom one-half were old men. The round down might indeed have been made up, would Lady Margaret have consented that Orono Oddie should again take up arms. But she recoiled from the proposal, when moved by Gustyll, with such abhorrent recollection of the former achievements of that luckless cavalier, that she declared she would rather the walls were lost than that he were to be recalled in the defence of it. With eleven men, however, himself included, Major Bellenden determined to hold out the place to the uttermost.

The arrangements for defence were not made without the degree of frictions incidental to such occasions. Women shrieked—cattle bellowed—dogs howled—men ran to and fro, cursing and swearing without intermission—the lumbering of the old guns backwards and forwards shook the battlements—the court resounded with the hasty gallop of messengers who went and returned upon errands of importance, and the din of warlike preparation was mingled with the sound of female lament.

Such a babel of discord might have awakened the slumbers of the very dead, and, therefore, was not long ere it dispelled the doleful reveries of Edith Bellenden. She went out Jenny to bring her the cause of the tumult which shook the walls to its very base; but Jenny, more engaged in the bustling tide, found so much to ask and to hear, that she forgot the state of anxious uncertainty in which she had left her young mistress. Having no pigeon to depend on for news or information when her own messenger had failed to return with it, Edith was compelled to venture in quest of it out of the ark of her own chamber into the deluge of confusion which overpowered the rest of the castle. Her return speaking at once, informed her, in reply to her first inquiry, that Charles and all his men were killed, and that ten thousand whites were marching to besiege the castle, headed by John Ballantyne of Hurley, young Milvered, and Oddie Hestrigg. This strange association of persons seemed to infer the falseness of the whole story, and yet the

general battle in the castle indicated that danger was certainly apprehended.

"Where is Lady Margaret?" was Edith's second question.

"In her study," was the reply,—a cell adjoining to the chapel, in which the good old lady was wont to spend the greater part of the days destined by the rules of the Episcopal Church to devotional observance, as also the anniversaries of those in which she had lost her husband and her children, and, finally, those hours, in which a deeper and more solemn address to Heaven was called for, by national or domestic calamity.

"Where, then," said Edith, much alarmed, "is Major Belkenden?"

"On the battlements of the Tower, no doubt, pointing the cannon," was the reply.

In the battlements, therefore, she made her way, impeded by a thousand obstacles, and found the old gentleman in the midst of his natural military element, commanding, rebuking, encouraging, instructing, and executing all the numerous duties of a good governor.

"In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?" exclaimed Edith.

"The matter, my love?" answered the Major coolly, as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the position of a gun—"The matter! Why—raise her brooch a thought more, John Oakyl!—The matter! Why, Claver's is routed, my dear, and the whigs are coming down upon us in force, that's all the matter."

"Gracious powers!" said Edith, whose eye at that instant caught a glimpse of the road which ran up the river; "and yonder they come!"

"Yonder!—where?" said the veteran; and, his eyes taking the same direction, he beheld a large body of horsemen coming down the path. "Stand to your guns, my love!" was the first exclamation; "we'll make them pay toll as they pass the laugh.—But stay, stay,—these are certainly the Life-Guards."

"Oh no, uncle, no," replied Edith; "see how disorderly they ride, and how ill they keep their ranks! These cannot be the fine soldiers who left us this morning."

"Ah! my dear girl," answered the Major, "you do not know the difference between men before a battle and after a defeat; but the Life-Guards it is, for I see the red and blue, and the

King's colours. I am glad they have brought them off, however."

His opinion was confirmed as the troopers approached nearer, and finally halted on the road beneath the Tower; while their commanding officer, leaving them to breathe and refresh their horses, hastily rode up the hill.

"It is Claverhouse, sure enough," said the Major; "I am glad he has escaped; but he has lost his famous black horse. Let Lady Margaret know, John Gudyill; order some refreshments; get oats for the soldiers' horses;—and let us to the hall, Edith, to meet him. I verily so shall have but indifferent news."

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

With careless gesture, mild mannered,
 He came to earth the plume,
 His mood in throng of blood-stained
 Whose winner tye the sword.

MACFARLANE.

Colonel GRANTON of Claverhouse met the family assembled, in the hall of the Tower, with the same serenity and the same courtesy which had greeted his manners in the morning. He had even had the complaisance to rectify in part the disarrangement of his dress, to wash the signs of battle from his face and hands, and did not appear more disordered in his exterior, than if returned from a morning ride.

"I am grieved, Colonel Granton," said the reserved old lady, the tears twinkling down her face, "deeply grieved."

"And I am grieved, my dear Lady Margaret," replied Claverhouse, "that this misfortune may render your remaining at Tillinstoun dangerous for you, especially considering your recent hospitality to the King's troops, and your well-known loyalty. And I mean here chiefly to request Miss Bellenden and you to accept my escort (if you will not scorn that of a poor runaway) to Glasgow, from whence I will see you safely sent either to Edinburgh or to Dunkeld Castle, as you shall think best."

"I am much obliged to you, Colonel Granton," replied Lady

Margaret; "but my brother, Major Bellenden, has taken on him the responsibility of holding out this house against the rebels; and, please God, they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from her ain hearth-stone while there's a brave man that says he can defend it."

"And will Major Bellenden undertake this?" said Claverhouse hastily, a joyful light glancing from his dark eye as he turned it on the veteran. "Yet why should I question it! It is of a piece with the rest of his life. But have you the means, Major?"

"All, but men and provisions, with which we are ill supplied," answered the Major.

"As for men," said Claverhouse, "I will have you a dozen or twenty fellows who will make good a breach against the devil. It will be of the utmost service, if you can defend the place but a week, and by that time you must surely be relieved."

"I will make it good for that space, Colonel," replied the Major, "with twenty-five good men and store of ammunition, if we should grow the wiser of our stores for longer; but I trust we shall get in provisions from the country."

"And, Colonel Graham, if I might presume a request," said Lady Margaret, "I would entreat that Sergeant Francis Stewart might command the militaries whom you are so good as to add to the garrison of our people, it may serve to legitimate his promotion, and I have a prejudice in favour of his noble birth."

"The sergeant's wars are ended, madam," said Graham, in an unaltered tone, "and he now needs no promotion that an earthly master can give."

"Pardon me," said Major Bellenden, taking Claverhouse by the arm, and turning him away from the ladies, "but I am anxious for my friends. I fear you have other and more important loss. I observe another officer carries your nephew's standard."

"You are right, Major Bellenden," answered Claverhouse, sadly; "my nephew is no more—he has died in his duty, as became him."

"Great God!" exclaimed the Major, "how unhappy!—the handsome, gallant, high-spirited youth!"

"He was indeed all you say," answered Claverhouse; "poor

Richard was to me as an eldest son, the apple of my eye, and my dearest heir ; but he died in his duty, and I—*I—Major Hollander*—(he waving the Major's hand hard as he spoke)—*"I live to avenge him."*

"Colonel Grahame," said the affectionate veteran, his eyes filling with tears, "I am glad to see you bear this misfortune with such fortitude."

"I am not a selfish man," replied Grahame, "though the world will tell you otherwise : I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, my joys or sorrows. I have not been severe for myself, or grasping for myself, or ambitious for myself. The service of my master and the good of the country are what I have tried to aim at. I may, perhaps, have driven severity into cruelty, but I acted for the best ; and now I will not yield to my own feelings a deeper sympathy than I have given to those of others."

"I am astonished at your fortitude under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair," pursued the Major.

"Yes," replied Grahame ;—"my enemies in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge—I despise their accusations. They will calculate me to my sovereign—I can repel their charge. The public enemy will crush in my fight—I shall find a time to show them that they count too early. This youth that has fallen stood between a grasping kinsman and my inheritance, for you know that my marriage-bed is barren ; yet peace be with him ! the country can better spare him than your friend Lord Brundale, who, after behaving very gallantly, has, I fear, also fallen."

"What a fatal day !" ejaculated the Major. "I heard a report of this, but it was again contradicted ; it was added, that the poor young nobleman's impetuosity had occasioned the loss of this unhappy field."

"Not so, Major," said Grahame ; "let the living officers bear the blame, if there be any ; and let the harsh flourish uncontradicted on the graves of the fallen. I do not, however, speak of Lord Brundale's death as certain ; but killed, or prisoner, I fear he must be. Yet he was extricated from the tumult the last time we spoke together. We were then on the point of leaving the field with a rear-guard of scarce twenty men ; the rest of the regiment were almost dispersed."

"They have rallied again soon," said the Major, looking from

the window on the dragons, who were feeding their horses and refreshing themselves beside the brook.

"Yes," answered Claverhouse, "my blackguards had little temptation either to desert, or to struggle further than they were driven by their fast pace. There is small friendship and scant courtesy between them and the bones of this country; every village they pass is likely to rise on them, and so the scoundrels are driven back to their quarters by a wholesale terror of spite, pike-staves, bay-onions, and broomsticks.—But now let us talk about your plans and wants, and the means of corresponding with you. To tell you the truth, I doubt being able to make a long stand at Glasgow, even when I have joined my Lord Ross; for this transient and accidental success of the faction will raise the devil through all the western counties."

They then discussed Major Bellenden's means of defence, and settled a plan of correspondence, in case a general insurrection took place, as was to be expected. Claverhouse renewed his offer to escort the ladies to a place of safety; but, all things considered, Major Bellenden thought they would be in equal safety at Tillicoultry.

The Colonel then took a polite leave of Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, assuring them, that, though he was reluctantly obliged to leave them for the present in dangerous circumstances, yet his earliest means should be turned to the redemption of his character as a good knight and man, and that they might speedily rely on hearing from or seeing him.

Full of doubt and apprehension, Lady Margaret was little able to reply to a speech so much in unison with her usual expressions and feelings, but contented herself with bidding Claverhouse farewell, and thanking him for the success which he had promised to leave them. Edith longed to inquire the fate of Henry Morton, but could find no pretext for doing so, and could only hope that it had made a subject of some part of the long private communication which her uncle had held with Claverhouse. On this subject, however, she was disappointed; for the old cavalier was so deeply interested in the duties of his own office, that he had scarce said a single word to Claverhouse, excepting upon military matters, and most probably would have been equally forgetful, had the fate of his own son, instead of his friends, lain in the balance.

Cherubino now descended the bank on which the Castle is founded, in order to put his troops again in motion, and Major Bollenius accompanied him to receive the detachment who were to be left in the tower.

"I shall leave Ingles with you," said Cherubino, "for, as I am situated, I cannot spare an officer of rank; it is all we can do, by our joint efforts, to keep the men together. But should any of our valiant officers make their appearance, I authorize you to detain them; for my fellows can with difficulty be subjected to any other authority."

His troops being now drawn up, he picked out sixteen men by name, and committed them to the command of Corporal Ingles, whom he promoted to the rank of sergeant on the spot.

"And hark ye, gentlemen," was his concluding harangue,—"I leave you to defend the house of a lady, and under the command of her brother, Major Bollenius, a faithful servant to the king. You are to behave bravely, soberly, regularly, and obediently, and each of you shall be handsomely rewarded on my return to relieve the garrison. In case of mutiny, cowardice, neglect of duty, or the slightest excess in the family, the post-marshal and cord—you know I keep my word for good and evil."

He touched his hat as he bade them farewell, and shook hands cordially with Major Bollenius.

"Adieu," he said, "my stout-hearted old friend! Good luck be with you, and better times to us both!"

The horsemen whom he commanded had been more more reduced to tolerable order by the exertions of Major Allan; and, though shorn of their splendour, and with their gilding all diminished, made a much more regular and military appearance on leaving, for the second time, the Tower of Telindus, than when they returned to it after their rout.

Major Bollenius, now left to his own resources, sent out several videttes, both to obtain supplies of provisions, and especially of meat, and to get knowledge of the motions of the enemy. All the news he could collect on the second subject tended to prove that the insurgents meant to remain on the field of battle for that night. But they, also, had shored their detachments and advanced guards, to collect supplies; and great was the doubt and distress of those who received contrary

orders, in the name of the King and in that of the Kirk,—the one commanding them to send provisions to victual the Castle of Tiberston, and the other exhorting them to forward supplies to the camp of the golly professors of true religion, now in arms for the cause of reformed information, presently pitched at Drumclog, nigh to London Hill. Each summons closed with a denunciation of fire and sword if it was neglected; for neither party could confide so far in the loyalty or zeal of those whom they addressed, as to hope they would part with their property upon other terms. So that the poor people knew not what hand to turn themselves to; and to say truth, there were some who turned themselves to more than one.

"*Their little thins will drive the wheat o' us daff,*" said Nial Hume, the prudent host of the Hoose; "but I'm aye deep a calm enough.—*Jenny, what meal is in the girdel?*"

"*Four bolls o' aimed, twa bolls o' bear, and twa bolls o' pease,*" was Jenny's reply.

"*Aweed, hussy,*" continued Nial Hume, sighing deeply, "let Basky drive the pease and bear meal to the camp at Drumclog—*he's a whig, and was the auld gawdwick's ploughman—the mackin' benches will suit their mackin' stomachs well.* He mair: say it's the last mure o' meal in the house, or, if he scruples to tell a lie (as it's no likely he will when it's for the gude o' the house), he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drucken weeper, drives up the aimed to Tiberston, wif my druff's service to my Laddy and the Major, and I hame as muchle left as will mak my parritch; and if Duncan manage right, I'll gie him a tuss o' whisky shall wash the blae law come out at his mouth."

"*And what are we to eat ourselves, then, father,*" asked Jenny, "when we hae sent awa the haff meal in the ark and the girdel?"

"*We mair: gar wheat-flour serve us for a blink,*" said Nial, in a tone of resignation; "it's no that ill food, though for time being we hearty or kindly to a Scotchman's stomach as the murray aimed is; the Englishers live auldit upon't; but, to be sure, the peck-packings hae us better."

While the prudent and peaceful endeavored, the Nial Hume, to make fair weather with both parties, those who had more public (or party) spirit began to take arms on all sides. The royalists in the country were not numerous, but were respectable

from their fortune and influence, being chiefly landed proprietors of ancient descent, who, with their brethren, cousins, and dependants in the sixth generation, as well as their domestic servants, formed a sort of militia, capable of defending their own possessions against detached bodies of the insurgents, of resisting their demands of supplies, and intercepting those which were sent to the Presbyterian camp by others. The news that the Tower of Tillamook was to be defended against the insurgents, afforded great courage and support to these feudal valentines, who considered it as a stronghold to which they might retreat in case it should become impossible for them to maintain the doubtful war they were now about to wage.

On the other hand, the towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the proprietors of small barrens, sent forth numerous recruits to the Presbyterian interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their lands were forfeited, seized, and driven to desolation, by the various exactions and cruelties to which they had been subjected; and, although by no means united among themselves, either concerning the purpose of this formidable insurrection, or the means by which that purpose was to be obtained, most of them considered it as a door opened by Providence to obtain the liberty of conscience of which they had been long deprived, and to shake themselves free of a tyranny, directed both against body and soul. Numbers of these men, therefore, took up arms; and in the phrase of their time and party, prepared to meet in their lot with the victims of London Hill.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

ARABIAN.—I do not like the man! He is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Chanaan truly.

TRISTRAM.—You must watch his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did it to spiritual him.

THE ASSASSIN.

We return to Henry Marten, whom we left on the field of battle. He was eating, by one of the watch-fires, his portion of the provisions which had been distributed to the army, and musing deeply on the path which he was next to pursue, when

Barley suddenly came up to him, accompanied by the young minister whose exhortation after the victory had produced such a powerful effect.

"Henry Morton," said Barley, sharply, "the council of the army of the Covenant, thinking that the son of Sirs Morton can never prove a lukewarm Louisiana, or an indifferent Gallo, in this great day, have nominated you to be a captain of their host, with the right of a vote in their council, and all authority fitting for an officer who is to command Christian men."

"Mr. Barley," replied Morton, without hesitation, "I feel this mark of confidence, and it is not surprising that a national sense of the injustice of my country, not to mention those I have sustained in my own person, should make me sufficiently willing to draw up sword for liberty and freedom of conscience. But I will own to you, that I must be better satisfied concerning the principles on which you bottom your cause, ere I can agree to take a command amongst you."

"And can you doubt of our principles," answered Barley, "since we have stated them to be the reformation both of church and state, the rebuilding of the decayed sanctuary, the gathering of the dispersed saints, and the destruction of the man of sin?"

"I will own frankly, Mr. Barley," replied Morton, "much of this sort of language, which, I observe, is so powerful with others, is entirely lost on me. It is proper you should be aware of this before we commence further together." (The young clergymen here groaned deeply.) "I observe you, sir," said Morton; "but perhaps it is because you will not hear me out. I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you or any Christian can do. I look into them with boundless hope of extracting a rule of conduct and a law of salvation. But I expect to find this by an examination of their general tenor, and of the spirit which they uniformly breathe, and not by wringing particular passages from their context, or by the application of Scriptural phrases to circumstances and events with which they have often very slender relation."

The young divine seemed shocked and thunderstruck with this declaration, and was about to remonstrate.

"Hark, Ephraim!" said Barley; "remember he is but as a babe in revealing doctine.—Listen to me, Morton. I will speak to thee in the worldly language of that natural reason, which is,

for the present, thy blind and imperfect guide. What is the object for which thou art content to draw thy sword? Is it not that the church and state should be reformed by the free voice of a free parliament, with such laws as shall hereafter prevent the executive government from spilling the blood, torturing and imprisoning the persons, expropriating the estates, and trampling upon the consciences of men, at their own wicked pleasure?"

"Most certainly," said Morton; "such I esteem legitimate causes of warfare, and for such I will fight while I can wield a sword."

"Nay, but," said Macbride, "ye handle this matter too tenderly; nor will my conscience permit me to lead or dash over the cause of divine wrath."—

"Peace, Ephraim Macbride!" again interrupted Burley.

"I will not peace," said the young man. "Is it not the cause of my Master who hath sent me? Is it not a profane and sacrilegious destroying of his authority, usurpation of his power, denial of his name, to place either King or Parliament in his place as the master and governor of his household, the almighty husband of his spouse?"

"You speak well," said Burley, dragging him aside, "but not wisely. Your ears may have heard this night in council how this matter amongst us is broken and divided, and would ye now make a wall of separation between them?—would ye build a wall with unslaked mortar?—if a fox go up, it will breach it."

"I know," said the young champion, in reply, "that thou art faithful, honest, and anxious, even unto dying; but, believe me, this worldly craft, this temporising with sin and with infamy, is in itself a falling away; and, I fear me, Heaven will not honour us to do much more for his glory, when we seek to avoid quarrelling and to a deadly war. The sanctified and must be wrought by sanctified means."

"I tell thee," answered Burley, "thy zeal is too tight in this matter; we cannot yet do without the help of the Lawless and the Eristians; we must endure for a space the insulted in the midst of the council—the sons of Scotland are yet too strong for us."

"I tell thee I like it not," said Macbride. "God can work deliverance by a few as well as by a multitude. The host of

the faithful that was broken upon Portland Hills, paid but the living penalty of acknowledging the moral interest of that tyrant and oppressor, Charles Stuart."

"Well, then," said Balfour, "then knowest the leading resolution that the council have adopted—to make a comprehending declaration, that may suit the tender consciences of all who grow under the yoke of our present oppressors. Return to the council if thou wilt, and get them to recall it, and send forth one upon narrower grounds. But abide not here to hinder my going over this youth, whom my soul travels for; his name alone will call forth hundreds to our banner."

"Do as thou wilt, then," said Macbride; "but I will not assist to withhold the youth, nor bring him into jeopardy of life, unless upon such grounds as will insure his eternal reward."

The more artful Balfour then dismissed the impatient preacher and returned to his proselyte.

That we may be enabled to dispense with detailing at length the arguments by which he urged Morton to join the insurgents, we shall take this opportunity to give a brief sketch of the person by whom they were used, and the motives which he had for interesting himself so deeply in the conversion of young Morton to his cause.

John Balfour of Kinloch, or Berley (for he is designated both ways in the histories and proclamations of that melancholy period), was a gentleman of some fortune, and of good family, in the county of Fife, and had been a soldier from his youth upwards. In the younger part of his life he had been wild and licentious, but had early laid aside open profligacy, and embraced the strictest tenets of Calvinism. Unfortunately, habits of excess and intemperance were more easily rooted out of his dark, saturnaline, and enterprising spirit, than the vices of revenge and ambition, which continued, notwithstanding his religious professions, to exercise an usual sway over his mind. During his days, prodigal and violent in intention, and going to the very extremity of the most rigid reconvalescence, it was his ambition to place himself at the head of the Presbyterian interest.

To attain this end, among the whigs, he had been active in attending their convocations, and more than once had commanded them when they appeared in arms, and broken off the forces sent to disperse them. At length, the gratification of his own fierce enthusiasm, joined, as some say, with motives of

private wrongs, placed him at the head of that party who maintained the *Primate of Scotland*, as the author of the sufferings of the Presbyterians. The violent measures adopted by Government to revenge this deed, not on the perpetrators only, but on the whole professors of the religion to which they belonged, together with long previous sufferings, without any prospect of deliverance, except by force of arms, constituted the insurrection, which, as we have already seen, commenced by the defeat of Claverhouse in the bloody skirmish of *London Hill*.

But *Burley*, notwithstanding the share he had in the victory, was far from finding himself at the summit which his ambition aimed at. This was partly owing to the various opinions entertained among the insurgents concerning the murder of *Archbishop Sharp*. The more violent among them did, indeed, approve of this act as a deed of justice, executed upon a persecutor of God's church through the immediate inspiration of the Deity; but the greater part of the Presbyterians disowned the deed as a crime highly culpable, though they admitted that the *Archbishop's* punishment had by no means availed his deserts. The insurgents differed in another main point, which has been already touched upon. The more warm and extravagant faction condemned, as guilty of a *pollutaneous abandonment* of the rights of the church, those preachers and congregations who were contented, in any manner, to exercise their religion through the permission of the ruling government. This, they said, was absolute *Reactionism*, or subjection of the church of God to the regulations of an earthly government, and therefore but one degree better than *pridey* or *popery*.—Again, the more moderate party were content to allow the king's title to the throne, and in secular affairs to acknowledge his authority, so long as it was accorded with due regard to the liberties of the subject, and in conformity to the laws of the realm. But the tenets of the wilder sect (called, from their leader *Richard Cameron*, by the name of *Cameronians*) went the length of disavowing the reigning monarch, and every one of his adherents who should not acknowledge the *Solemn League and Covenant*. The seeds of division were, therefore, thickly sown in this ill-fated party; and *Balfour*, however enthusiastic, and however much attached to the most violent of those tenets which we have noticed, saw nothing but ruin to the general cause, if they were insisted on during this crisis, when unity was of so much consequence.

Hence he disappeared, as we have seen, of the honest, down-right, and ardent soul of Mackriss, and was extremely desirous to receive the assistance of the moderate party of Presbyterians in the immediate overthrow of the Government, with the hope of being hereafter able to dictate to them what should be substituted in its place.

He was, on this account, particularly anxious to secure the accession of Henry Morton to the cause of the insurgents. The memory of his father was generally esteemed among the Presbyterians; and as few persons of any decent quality had joined the insurgents, this young man's family and prospects were such as almost insured his being chosen a leader. Through Morton's means, as being the son of his ancient comrade, Bailey conceived he might exercise some influence over the more liberal part of the army, and ultimately, perhaps, ingratiate himself so far with them, as to be chosen commander-in-chief, which was the mark at which his ambition aimed. He had, therefore, without waiting till any other person took up the subject, sought to the utmost the talents and disposition of Morton, and easily obtained his elevation to the painful mark of a leader in this disunited and undisciplined army.

The arguments by which Bailey pressed Morton to accept of this dangerous promotion, as soon as he had gotten rid of his loose way and unbecoming companion, Mackriss, were infinitely artful and urgent. He did not affect either to deny or to disguise that the sentiments which he himself entertained concerning church government, went as far as those of the preacher who had just left them; but he argued, that when the affairs of the nation were at such a desperate crisis, minute difference of opinion should not prevent those who, in general, wished well to their oppressed country, from directing their efforts to its behalf. Many of the subjects of division—as, for example, that concerning the Indulgence itself—were, he observed, not of circumstances which would come to exist, provided their attempt to free the country should be successful, seeing that the Presbytery, being in that case triumphant, would need to make no such compromise with the Government; and, consequently, with the abolition of the Indulgence, all discussion of its legality would be at once ended. He insisted much and strongly upon the necessity of taking advantage of this favorable crisis, upon the certainty of their being joined by the force of the whole western

shores, and upon the great gulf which those would leave, who, seeing the distress of the country, and the increasing tyranny with which it was governed, shrunk, from fear or indifference, withheld their active aid from the good cause.

Morton wanted not these arguments to induce him to join in any insurrection which might appear to have a feasible prospect of freedom to the country. He doubted, indeed, greatly, whether the present attempt was likely to be supported by the strength sufficient to cover success, or by the wisdom and liberality of spirit necessary to make a good use of the advantages that might be gained. Upon the whole, however, considering the wrongs he had personally endured, and those which he had seen daily inflicted on his fellow subjects—meditating also upon the perilous and dangerous situation in which he already stood with relation to the Government, he conceived himself, in every point of view, called upon to join the body of Presbyterians already in arms.

But while he expressed to Burley his acquiescence in the vote which had named him a leader among the insurgents, and a member of their council of war, it was not without a qualification.

"I am willing," he said, "to contribute every thing within my limited power to effect the emancipation of my country. But do not mistake me. I disapprove, in the utmost degree, of the action in which this rising seems to have originated; and no arguments should induce me to join it, if it is to be carried on by such measures as that with which it has commenced."

Burley's blood rushed to his face, giving a ruddy and dark glow to his sunburnt brow.

"You mean," he said, in a voice which he designed should not betray any emotion—"You mean the death of James Sharp?"

"Frankly," answered Morton, "such is my meaning."

"You imagine, then," said Burley, "that the Almighty, in times of difficulty, does not raise up instruments to deliver his church from her oppressors? You are of opinion that the justice of an execution mandates, not in the extent of the sufferer's crime, or in his having merited punishment, or in the wickedness and salutary effect which that example is likely to produce upon other evil-doers, but hold that it rests solely in the role of the judge, the height of the bench, and the voice of the drummer!"

Is not just punishment justly inflicted, whether on the scaffold or the stool? And where constituted judges, then coroners, or from having cast in their lot with transgressors, suffer them not only to pass at liberty through the land, but to sit in the high places, and dye their garments in the blood of the saints,—is it not well done in any leave spirits who shall draw their private swords in the public cause?"

"I have no wish to judge this individual action," replied Morton, "harder than is necessary to make you fully aware of my principles. I therefore repeat, that the case you have supposed does not satisfy my judgment. That the Almighty, in his mysterious providence, may bring a bloody man to an end deservedly bloody, does not vindicate those who, without authority of any kind, take upon themselves to be the instruments of execution, and presume to call them the executioners of divine vengeance."

"And were we not so?" said Hurley, in a tone of fierce enthusiasm. "Were not we—was not every one who owned the interests of the Covenanted Church of Scotland, bound by that Covenant to cut off the Jews who had sold the name of God for fifty thousand marks a-year? And we met him by the way as he came down from London, and there smitten him with the edge of the sword, we had done but the duty of men faithful to our cause, and to our calls recorded in heaven. Was not the execution itself a proof of our warrant? Did not the Lord deliver him into our hands when we laid out but for one of his inferior tools of persecution? Did we not pray to be directed how we should act, and was it not borne in on our hearts as if it had been written on them with the point of a diamond, 'Ye shall surely take him and slay him?'—Was not the tragical fall half-a-hour in acting was the sacrifice was completed, and that in an open house, and within the precincts of their gardens—and yet who interrupted the great work?—What dog so much as layed us during the pursuit, the taking, the slaying, and the disposing? Then, who will say—who dare say—that a mightier arm than ours was not heavily revealed?"

"You decide yourself, Mr. Father," said Morton; "such circumstances of facility of execution and escape have often attended the commission of the most heinous crimes.—But it is not mine to judge you. I have not forgotten that the way was opened to the former Execution of Scotland by an act of

violence which no man can justify—the daughter of Conscience by the hand of Robert Bruce; and, therefore, condemning this action, as I do and must, I am not unwilling to suppose that you may have motives vindicating it in your own eyes, though not in mine, or in those of sober reason. I only now mention it, because I desire you to understand that I join a cause supported by men engaged in open war, which it is proposed to carry on according to the rules of civilized nations, without in any respect approving of the act of violence which gave immediate rise to it."

Edouard bit his lip, and with difficulty suppressed a violent answer. He perceived, with disappointment, that, upon points of principle, his young brother-in-law possessed a clearness of judgment, and a firmness of mind, which afforded but little hope of his being able to exert that degree of influence over him which he had expected to possess. After a moment's pause, however, he said, with coolness, "My conduct is open to men and angels. The deed was not done in a corner—I am here in arms to avow it, and care not where, or by whom, I am called on to do so—whether in the council, the field of battle, the place of execution, or the day of the last great trial. I will not now discuss it further with one who is yet on the other side of the veil. But if you will cast in your lot with us as a brother, come with me to the council, who are still sitting, to arrange the future march of the army, and the means of improving our victory."

Walter arose and followed him in silence,—not greatly delighted with his associate, and better satisfied with the general justice of the cause which he had espoused, than either with the measures or the motives of many of those who were embarked in it.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

And lo! how many Garter knots do stand
 Below upon this plain—or many hollow factions.
 THOMSON AND CHAMBERS.

In a hollow of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle, was a shepherd's hut—a miserable cottage, which, as the only sheltered spot within a moderate distance, the leaders

of the Presbyterian army had chosen for their council-house. Towards this spot Hurley guided Martin, who was surprised, as he approached it, at the multifarious confusion of sounds which issued from its precincts. The calm and serene gravity which it might be supposed would have provided in councils held on such important subjects, and at a period so critical, seemed to have given place to discord wild, and loud uproar, which fell on the ear of their new ally as an evil augury of their future measures. As they approached the door, they found it open indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of countrymen, who, though no members of the council, felt no scruple in intruding themselves upon deliberations in which they were so deeply interested. By expostulation, by threats, and even by some degree of violence, Hurley, the strenuous of whose character manifested a sort of superiority over these disorderly forces, compelled the intruders to retire, and, introducing Martin into the cottage, secured the door behind them against importunate curiosity. At a less agitating moment, the young man might have been entertained with the singular scene of which he now found himself an auditor and a spectator.

The products of the gloomy and ruinous hut were congregated partly by some force which blazed on the hearth, the smoke whence, having no legal vent, eddied around, and formed over the heads of the assembled council a clouded canopy—an opaque as their metaphysical theology—through which, like stars through mist, were dimly seen to twinkle a few blinding candles, or rather tapers dipped in tallow, the property of the poor owner of the cottage, which were stuck to the walls by patches of wet clay. This broken and dusky light showed many a countenance stained with spiritual pain, or mottled dark by fierce enthusiasm; and some whose anxious, wondering, and uncertain looks, showed they felt themselves rankly enlisted in a cause which they had neither courage nor consent to being in a good cause, yet knew not how to abandon, for very shame. They were, indeed, a *quarta* and disheartened body. The most active of their number were those concerned with Hurley in the death of the Prince, four or five of whom had found their way to London Hill, together with other men of the same rebellious and uncompromising cast, who had in various ways given desperate and superfluous offence to the Government.

With them were mingled their preachers, men who had squandered at the indulgence offered by Government, and professed assembling their flocks in the wilderness, to worshipping in temples built by human hands, if their doing the latter should be construed to admit any right on the part of their rulers to interfere with the supremacy of the Kirk. The other class of counsellors were such gentlemen of small fortune, and substantial farmers, as a sense of intolerable oppression had induced to take arms and join the insurgents. These also had their clergymen with them; and such divines, having many of them taken advantage of the indulgence, were prepared to sustain the measures of their more violent brethren, who proposed a declaration in which they should give testimony against the warrants and instructions for indulgence as sinful and unscriptural acts. This delicate question had been passed over in silence in the first draught of the manifesto which they intended to publish at the request of their gathering in arms; but it had been raised anew during Bellin's absence, and, to his great vexation, he now found that both parties had opened upon it in full cry,—Macbride, Kettlebrowne, and other teachers of the wilderness, being at the very spring-tide of polemical discussion with Peter Fouchant, the indulged pastor of Milnwood's parish, who, it seems, had also girded himself with a broadsword, but, ere he was called upon to fight for the good cause of Presbytery in the field, was manfully defending his own dogmata in the council. It was the din of this conflict, maintained chiefly between Fouchant and Kettlebrowne, together with the clamour of their adherents, which had alarmed Montrose's men upon approaching the village. Indeed, as both the divines were men well gifted with words and lungs, and each fierce, ardent, and intemperate in defence of his own doctrine, prompt in the revivification of hate wherever they kindled each other without mercy, and deeply impressed with the importance of the subject of discussion, the noise of the debate between them fell little short of that which might have attended an actual bodily conflict.

Barley, astonished at the discussion implied in this violent strife of tongues, interposed between the disputants, and, by some general remarks on the unseasonableness of discord, a soothing address to the vanity of each party, and the exertion of the authority which his services in that day's victory entitled

him to assume, at length succeeded in prevailing upon them to adjourn further discussion of the controversy. But although Kestledrummle and Poundstact were then for the time allowed, they continued to eye each other like two dogs, who, having been separated by the authority of their master while fighting, have retreated, each beneath the chair of his owner, still watching each other's motions, and indicating, by occasional growls, by the crossed bristles of the back and ears, and by the red glances of the eye, that their discord is unappeased, and that they only wait the first opportunity afforded by any general movement or commotion in the company, to fly once more at each other's throats.

Balmer took advantage of the momentary pause to present to the council Mr. Henry Morton of Milwaukee, as one touched with a sense of the evils of the times, and willing to pool goods and life in the present cause for which his father, the renowned Silas Morton, had given in his time a soul-stirring testimony. Morton was instantly received with the right hand of Milwaukee by his ancient pastor, Poundstact, and by those among the insurgents who supported the more moderate principles. The others muttered something about Episcopalianism, and concluded each other in whispers, that Silas Morton, once a stout and worthy servant of the Covenant, had been a backslider in the day when the revolutionists had led the way in ousting the authority of Charles Stuart, thereby making a gap wherein the present tyrant was afterwards brought in, to the oppression both of Kirk and assembly. They added, however, that, on this great day of calling, they would not refuse society with any who should put hand to the plough; and so Morton was installed in his office of leader and counsellor, if not with the full approbation of his colleagues, at least without any formal or avowed dissent. They proceeded, on Turley's motion, to divide among themselves the command of the men who had assembled, and whose numbers were daily increasing. In this partition, the hangers of Poundstact's parish and congregation were naturally placed under the command of Morton; an arrangement readily agreeable to both parties, as he was recommended to their confidence, as well by his personal qualities, as having been born among them.

When this task was accomplished, it became necessary to deliberate what was to be made of their victory. Morton's

heart thrilled high when he heard the Tower of Tiltottallum named as one of the most important positions to be seized upon. It commanded, as we have often noticed, the pass between the more wild and the more fertile country, and must surely, it was plausibly urged, a stronghold and place of rendezvous to the savages and malignants of the district, supposing the insurgents were to march onward and leave it unguarded. This measure was particularly urged as necessary by Ponsifort and those of his immediate followers, whose habitations and families might be exposed to great severity, if this strong place were permitted to remain in possession of the republicans.

"I agree," said Ponsifort,—for, like the other chiefs of the period, he had no hesitation in offering his advice upon military matters, of which he was profoundly ignorant—"I agree that we should take in and raise that stronghold of the woman Lady Margaret Belenden, even though we should build a fleet and raise a navy against it; for the race is a rebellious and a bloody race, and their hand has been heavy on the children of the Government, both in the former and the latter times. Their hands have been in our veins, and their blades have cut our throats."

"What are their names and men of defence?" said Barley.

"The place is strong; but I cannot conceive that two women can make it good against a host."

"There is also," said Ponsifort, "Harlow the steward, and John Quayll, even the lady's chief brother, who bought himself a man of war from his youth upward, and who spread the banner against the good cause with that man of Bidal, James Quichome of Montrose."

"Fehaw!" returned Barley, scornfully—"a better!"

"Also, there is that ancient malignant," replied Ponsifort, "Miles Belenden of Chawwood, whose hands have been dipped in the blood of the saints."

"If that," said Barley, "be Miles Belenden, the brother of Sir Arthur, he is one whose sword will not turn back from battle; but he must now be stricken in years."

"There was word in the country as I rode along," said another of the council, "that so soon as they heard of the victory which had been given to us, they came about the gates of the Tower, and called in men, and collected ammunition. They were ever a fierce and a malignant house."

"We will not, with my consent," said Barley, "engage in a

ships which may consume time. We must rush forward, and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my Lord Ross's regiment, will judge it safe to attack our coming."

"Now, then," said Frouthart, "we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet, and summon them to come forth. It may be that they will give over the place into our hands, though they be a rebellious people. And we will summon the women to come forth of their stronghold, that is, Lady Margaret Bellenden and her granddaughters, and Jenny Denton, which is a girl of an answering eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a sub-conduct, and send them to grace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gaultfil, and Hugh Hartoun, and Miles Bellenden, we will detain with fetters of iron, even as they, in times bypast, have done to the martyred saints."

"Who talks of sub-conduct and of peace?" said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice, from the crowd.

"Peace, brother Rabbick," said Master, in a soothing tone, to the speaker.

"I will not hold my peace," reiterated the strange and unreasoned voice; "is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?"

While he spoke thus, the man struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The rag of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long head, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with lank, matted, grizzled hair, which hung in clumps around his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be articulated by misery and hunger, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild, and wandering, evidently belated a level-headed imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, dotted with blood, as were his long lean hands,

which were punished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

"In the name of Heaven, who is he?" said Morton, in a whisper to Foudrict,—surprised, shocked, and even startled, at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or David red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

"It is Ephraïm Blackbreath," answered Foudrict, in the same tone, "whom the enemy hath long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil demon hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our sainted brethren will have it, that he speaks both of the Spirit, and that they testify by his pouring forth."

Then he was interrupted by Blackbreath, who cried, in a voice that made the very beams of the roof quiver—"Who talks of peace and anti-conduct? who speaks of mercy to the bloody bones of the malignant? I say, take the infants and dash them against the stones—take the daughters and the mothers of the house, and hurl them from the battlements of their trust, that the dogs may fatten on their blood as they did on that of Israhel, the spouse of Ahab, and that their carcasses may be dung to the fur of the field even in the portion of their fathers!"

"He speaks right," said more than one solemn voice from behind. "We will be honoured with little service in the great cause, if we already make his weather with Heaven's enemies."

"This is utter abomination and daring impiety," said Morton, unable to contain his indignation—"What blessing can you expect in a cause, in which you listen to the mingled ravings of madness and slavery?"

"Hush, young man!" said Kothedramela, "and reserve thy censure for that for which thou must render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what vessels the Spirit may be poured."

"We judge of the tree by the fruit," said Foudrict, "and allow not that to be of divine inspiration that contradicts the divine law."

"You forget, brother Foudrict," said Madmax, "that these are the latter days, when signs and wonders shall be multiplied."

Foudrict stood forward to reply; but, ere he could utter—

into a ward, the house-garder broke in with a screen that drowned all competition.

"What talks of signs and wonders! Am not I Halakink Macdouglass, whose name is changed to Major-Macintosh, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me?—I heard it!—When did I hear it?—was it not in the Tower of the Bess, that overhangeth the wild wild sea?—and it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it!—Where did I see it?—was it not from the high peaks of Dunbarton, when I looked westward upon the terrible land, and northward on the wild Highland hills; when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host?—What did I see?—Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood.—What heard I?—The voice that cried, *slay, slay—slay—slay—slay*—let not your eyes have pity! slay sternly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is grey!—Defile the houses, and fill the courts with the slain!"

"We receive the command!" exclaimed more than one of the company. "Six days he hath not spoken nor broken bread, and now his tongue is unloosed.—We receive the command,—as he hath said, so will we do."

Astonished, disgusted, and horse-shock at what he had seen and heard, Morton turned away from the circle and left the cottage. He was followed by Budge, who had his eye on his motions.

"Whither are you going?" said the latter, taking him by the arm.

"Anywhere,—I care not whither; but here I will abide no longer."

"Art thou as soon weary, young man?" answered Budge. "Thy hand is but new put to the plough, and wouldst thou straight abandon it? Is this thy adherence to the name of thy father?"

"No more," replied Morton, indignantly.—"no more can prunes, as concluded. One party declares for the savings of a bloodthirsty madman; another leader is an old schismatic

polish; a third"—he stopped, and his companion continued the sentence—"In a desperate homicide, thou wouldst say, like John Balliol of Barley!—I can bear thy misconstruction without resentment. Thou dost not consider, that it is not men of sober and self-seeking minds, who arise in these days of wrath to execute judgment and to accomplish deliverance. Hark! thou hast seen the scenes of England, during her Parliament of 1640, whose ranks were filled with sectaries and enthusiasts, wilder than the anabaptists of Münster, thou wouldst have had more cause to marvel; and yet those men were unconquered on the field, and their hands wrought marvellous things for the liberation of the land."

"But their affairs," replied Morton, "were wisely conducted, and the violence of their zeal expended itself in their exhortations and sermons, without bringing division into their councils, or cruelty into their conduct. I have often heard my father say so, and protest, that he wondered at nothing so much as the contrast between the extravagance of their religious tenets, and the wisdom and moderation with which they conducted their civil and military affairs. But our country soon all was wild chaos of confusion."

"Thou must have patience, Henry Morton," answered Ed-
 ward; "thou must not have the names of thy religion and country either for one wild word, or one extravagant action. Hear me. I have already persuaded the wiser of our friends, that the quarrel was too common, and that we cannot expect that the Eldership shall, by so large a number, be delivered into our hands. They have hearkened to my voice, and our assemblies will be shortly reduced within such a number as can consult and act together; and in them thou shalt have a free voice, as well as in ordering our affairs of war, and protecting those to whom mercy should be shown.—Art thou now satisfied?"

"It will give me pleasure, sometimes," answered Morton, "to be the means of softening the horrors of civil war; and I will not leave the post I have taken, unless I see measures adopted at which my conscience revolts. But to see kindly creatures after quarter asked, or slaughter without trial, will I lose countenance or sanction; and you may depend on my opposing them, with both heart and hand, as constantly and resolutely.

if attempted by our own followers, as when they see the work of the enemy."

Balfour waved his hand impatiently.

"Then wilt thou," he said, "that the stubborn and heart-hardened generation with whom we deal, must be chastised with scourges ere their hearts be humbled, and ere they accept the punishment of their iniquity. The word is gone forth against them, 'I will bring a sword upon you, that shall avenge the quarrel of my Covenant.' But what is done shall be done bravely, and with discretion, like that of the worthy James Melvin, who executed judgment on the tyrant and oppressor, Cardinal Beaton."

"I owe to you," replied Morton, "that I feel with more abhorrent at cold-blooded and premeditated cruelty, than at that which is practised in the heat of zeal and excitement."

"Then art yet but a youth," replied Balfour, "and hast not learned how light in the balance are a few drops of blood in comparison to the weight and importance of this great national testimony. But be not afraid,—thou shalt vote and judge in these matters; it may be we shall one little come to strive together about them."

With this concession, Morton was compelled to be satisfied for the present; and Balfour left him, advising him to lie down and get some rest, as the hour would probably move in the morning.

"And you," answered Morton,—"do not you go to rest also?"

"No," said Balfour; "my eyes must not yet know slumber. This is no work to be done lightly. I have yet to preside the showing of the committee of brethren, and I will call you by them in the morning, to be present at their consultation."

He turned away, and left Morton to his repose.

The place in which he found himself was not ill adapted for the purpose, being a sheltered nook, beneath a large rock, well protected from the prevailing wind. A quantity of moss, with which the ground was overgrown, made a couch soft enough for one who had suffered as much hardship and sorrows. Morton wrapped himself in the horseman's cloak which he had still retained, stretched himself on the ground, and had not long indulged in melancholy reflections on the state of the country and upon his own condition, ere he was relieved from them by deep and sound slumber.

The rest of the army slept on the ground, dispersed in groups, which chose their beds on the fields as they could best find shelter and convenience. A few of the principal leaders held detached conference with Hurley on the state of their affairs, and some watchmen were appointed, who kept themselves on the alert by chanting psalms, or listening to the exercises of the more gifted of their number.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Out with me! one—now eagerly to home,
 RIDER IV. Part I.

When the first peep of day Henry awoke, and found the faithful Cuddie standing beside him with a portmanteau in his hand.

"I has been just putting your honoor's things in readiness again ye were waking," said Cuddie, "as is my duty, seeing ye has been me gude as to tak me into your service."

"I take you into my service, Cuddie!" said Morton; "ye must be dreaming."

"Na, na, na," answered Cuddie; "dides I say, when I was tied on the horse yonder, that if ever ye got loose I would be your servant, and ye didna say no! and if that bea lying, I know what is. Ye got me out wile, indeed, but ye had gien me enough before at Edinburgh."

"Well, Cuddie, if you insist on taking the chance of my unrepentant detestation!"

"Oo ay, I'm warrant as a' proper well enough," answered Cuddie, cheerfully, "as soon my self wather was well putten up. I has begun the campaigning trade at an end that is easy enough to learn."

"Pillaging, I suppose?" said Morton, "for how else could you come by that portmanteau?"

"I wates it's a' pillaging, or how ye ca't," said Cuddie; "but it comes natural to a body, and it's a profitable trade. Our folk had thirl'd the dead dragons as hae an business before we were here aneath,—but when I saw the wings a' well yakin by the hips to Rothburgh and the other child, I set off at the

long trot on my ain wheel and your horse's. Now I took up the axle a wee bit, away to the right, where I saw the marks o' many a horse-foot, and sure enough I ran to a place where there had been some clean leather's, and o' the pair childie was lying there bauld w' their chae just as they had put them on that morning—nobody had found out that pair o' carriage—and who wud be in the milt' thew' (as my mother says) but our wild acquaintance, Sergeant Rothwell?"

"Ay! has that pair filen?" said Morton.

"Tooth has he," answered Gubbe; "and his een were open and his brow bent, and his teeth clenched together, like the jaws of a trap for fourmarts when the spring's down—I was ainst' shew'd to look at him; however, I thought to hae turn about w' him, and see I c'd riped his pouches, as he had done away an honest man's; and here's your ain offer again (or your uncle's, which is the same) that he got at Milnwood that Saturday night that made us o' soldiers together."

"There can be na harm, Gubbe," said Morton, "in making use of this money, since we know how he came by it; but you must divide with me."

"Hide a wee, hide a wee," said Gubbe. "Well, and there's a bit ring he had hanging in a black ribbon down his breast. I am thinking it has been a love-token, your fellow—there's nobody so rough but they has ye a kind heart in the house—and there's a book w' a whorse paper, and I got twa or three odd things, that I'll keep to myself, forby."

"Upon my word, you have made a very successful day for a beginner," said his new master.

"Hanna I c'd now?" said Gubbe, with great exultation. "I tauld ye I woud that droun stupid, if it was to lifting things.—And forby, I have gotten twa guid horses. A fackless loon of a Straven vauver, that has left his loon and his hals house to sit drowsing on a mauld bill-side, had catched twa dragons ridge, and he woud neither gar them keep nor wud, as he took a guid while for them both.—I wud has tried him w' half the offer, but it's an unco ill place to get change in.—Y'll find the offer's mairing out o' Rothwell's purse."

"You have made a most excellent and useful purchase, Gubbe;—but what is that portmanteau?"

"The portmanteau?" answered Gubbe; "it was Lord Brundish's yesterday, and it's yours this day. I fand it aiblins the

back o' broom yonder—Ilka dog has its dog—Ye ken what the auld sang says,

Take care aboot, aither, quo' Tam o' the loan.

And, speaking o' that, I mean gang and see aboot my aither, pair auld body, if your honour haes any immediate commands."

"But, Caddie," said Morton, "I really cannot take those things from you without some recompense."

"Hout fa, sir," answered Caddie, "ye wad aye be taking,—for recompense, ye may think aboot that some other time—I hae seen gey weel to myself w' some things that is no better. What could I do w' Lord Evershile's liver claes? Sergeant Rothwell's will serve me weel enough."

Not being able to prevail on the self-satisfied and disinterested follower to accept of anything for himself out of those various spoils, Morton resolved to take the first opportunity of returning Lord Evershile's property, supposing him yet to be alive; and, in the meanwhile, did not hesitate to avail himself of Caddie's prize, as far as to appropriate some changes of linen, and other trifling articles amongst those of more value which the portmanteau contained.

He then hastily looked over the papers which were found in Rothwell's pocket-book. These were of a miscellaneous description. The roll of his troop, with the names of those absent on furlough, memorandums of tavern bills, and lists of delinquents who might be made subjects of fine and punishment, first presented themselves, along with a copy of a warrant from the Privy Council to arrest certain persons of distinction therein named. In another pocket of the book were one or two commissions which Rothwell had held at different times, and certificates of his services abroad, in which his courage and military talents were highly praised. But the most remarkable paper was an accurate account of his genealogy, with reference to many documents for establishment of its authenticity;—subjoined was a list of the ample possessions of the feudal Baron of Rothwell, and a particular account of the propertions in which King James VI. had bestowed them on the courtiers and nobility, by whose descendants they were at present actually possessed; beneath this list was written, in red letters, in the hand of the monarch, *Most Honourable, P. R. R. R.*, the initials probably indicating Francis Stewart, Earl of Rothwell. To

these documents, which strongly painted the character and feelings of their deceased proprietors, were added some which showed him in a light greatly different from that in which we have hitherto presented him to the reader.

In a secret pocket of the book, which Morton did not discover without some trouble, were one or two letters, written in a beautiful female hand. They were dated about twenty years back, bore no address, and were addressed only by initials. Without having time to peruse them accurately, Morton perceived that they contained the clearest yet finest expressions of female affection directed towards an object whose jealousy they endeavored to soothe, and of whose hasty, suspicious, and impatient temper the writer seemed gently to complain. The ink of these manuscripts had faded by time, and, notwithstanding the great care which had obviously been taken for their preservation, they were in one or two places chafed as it is in English.

"It matters not," (these words were written on the envelope of that which had suffered most), "I have them by heart."

With these letters was a leaf of hair wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which seemed, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the sonnets with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period:—

Try him, dear pledge, in pure and bright,
As in that well-remembered night,
When first thy mystic hand was seen,
And first thy Agnes whispered true.
Hence forth, how often hast thou pressed
The timid cheek of him with breast,
Whose words and looks had sworn to dwell
With the first one which peopled hell!
A breast whose blood's a martial rose,
Such thro' the north-west's wild commotion is—
O, I wish thou thou couldst believe,
Thou keep thy love unstained and pure,
What conquest o'er such every thought
Of that brave soldier had Agnes wrought!
I had not ventured wild and wild,
With such an urge for my guide,
But heaven can do all that man approves me,
If she had loved, and loved to love me.
But thou this world's wild joys had seen
To me one savage hunting scene,
My sole delight the bounding race,
And Smith's levy of the chase,

To slink, grope, and beg to beg,
 Hunt in, drag down, and snail my prey,
 Then flee, the corpse torn away ;
 Mine awful mood had evermore threat,
 And awful ends would which pride inflated ;—
 Yes, God and man might now appear to,
 If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me !

As he finished reading these lines, Martin could not refrain reflecting with compassion on the fate of this singular and most unhappy being, who it appeared, while in the lowest state of degradation, and almost of contempt, had his recollections constantly fixed on the high station to which his birth seemed to entitle him ; and, while plunged in gross dissipation, was in secret looking back with bitter remorse to the period of his youth, during which he had manifested a virtuous though unfortunate attachment.

" Alas ! what are we," said Martin, " that our best and most praiseworthy feelings can be thus debased and degraded—that honourable pride can sink into haughty and desperate indifference for general opinion, and the source of blighted affection inhale the same venom which lives, revenge, and rapine, have chosen for their channel ! But it is the same throughout : the liberal principles of one man sink into cold and trifling indifference ; the religious soul of another hurries him into frantic and savage enthusiasm. Our resolutions, our passions, are like the waves of the sea, and, without the aid of Him who formed the human breast, we cannot say to its sides, ' Thus far shall ye come, and no further.' "

While he thus mused, he raised his eyes, and observed that Hurley stood before him.

" Already awake ! " said that leader—" It is well, and shows you are to tread the path before you. What papers are those ? " he continued.

Martin gave him some brief account of Cecilia's successful searching party, and handed him the pocket-book of Rottweil, with its contents. The Cameronian leader looked with some attention on such of the papers as related to military affairs, or public business ; but when he came to the verses, he threw them from him with contempt.

" I little thought," he said, " when, by the blessing of God, I passed my sword three times through the body of that wretch of cruelty and persecution, that a character so desperate and

so dangerous could have stooped to an art as trifling as it is profane. But I see that Satan can blend the most different qualities in his well-beloved and chosen agents, and that the same hand which can wield a club or a slaughter-weapon against the godly in the valley of destruction, can touch a smiling lure, or a glitter, to bewitch the ears of the dancing daughters of perdition in their Vanity Fair."

"Your ideas of duty, then," said Martin, "exclude love of the fine arts, which have been supposed in general to purify and to elevate the mind?"

"To me, young man," answered Burley, "and to those who think as I do, the pleasures of this world, under whatever name disguised, are vanity, as its grandeur and power are a snare. We have but one object on earth, and that is to build up the temple of the Lord."

"I have heard my father observe," replied Martin, "that many who assumed power in the name of Heaven, were as slaves in its exercise, and as unwilling to part with it, as if they had been solely moved by the motives of worldly ambition—think of this another time. Have you succeeded in obtaining a committee of the council to be nominated?"

"I have," answered Burley. "The number is limited to six, of which you are one, and I come to call you to their deliberations."

Martin accompanied him to a sequestered grass-plot, where their colleagues awaited them. In this delegation of authority, the two principal factions which divided the tumultuary army had each taken care to send three of their own number. On the part of the Conservatives, were Burley, Blackstar, and Kettlebrained; and on that of the moderate party, Pennistock, Henry Morton, and a small proprietor called the Laird of Langpale. Thus the two parties were equally balanced by their representation in the committee of management, although it seemed likely that those of the most violent opinions were, as is usual in such cases, to possess and exert the greater degree of energy. Their debate, however, was conducted more like men of this world than could have been expected from their conduct in the preceding evening. After maturely considering their means and situation, and the probable increase of their numbers, they agreed that they would keep their position for that day, in order to reflect their men, and give time to re-

forements to join them, and that, on the next morning, they would direct their march towards Tullibardine, and surround that stronghold, as they expressed it, of malignancy. If it was not surrounded to their advantage, they resolved to try the effect of a brisk assault; and, should that visionary, it was settled that they should leave a part of their number to blockade the place, and reduce it, if possible, by famine, while their main body should march forward to drive Claverhouse and Lord Ross from the town of Glasgow. Such was the determination of the council of management; and that Martin's first enterprise in active life was likely to be the attack of a castle belonging to the parent of his mistress, and defended by her relative, Major Bellenden, to whom he personally owed many obligations! He felt fully the enhancement of his situation, yet comforted himself with the reflection, that his newly-acquired power in the insurgent army would give him, at all events, the means of extending to the inmates of Tullibardine a protection which no other circumstance could have afforded them;—and he was not without hope that he might be able to mediate such an accommodation betwixt them and the Presbyterian army, as should secure them a safe neutrality during the war which was about to ensue.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

There came a knight from the field of state,
His steel was drenched in blood and pain.

FOUR.

We must now return to the fortress of Tullibardine and its inhabitants. The morning, being the first after the battle of Lugton Hill, had dawned upon its battlements, and the defenders had already resumed the labours by which they prepared to render the place tenable, when the watchman, who was placed in a high turret called the Warrier's Tower, gave the signal that a horseman was approaching. As he came nearer, his dress indicated an officer of the Life-Guards; and the direction of his horse's pace, as well as the manner in which the rider stooped on the saddle-bow, plainly showed that he was sick or wounded.

The widow was instantly opened to receive him, and Lord Brancaldine fell into the courtyard, so reduced by loss of blood, that he was unable to dismount without assistance. As he entered the hall, leaning upon a servant, the ladies shrieked with surprise and terror; for, pale as death, stained with blood, his garments matted and torn, and his hair matted and discoloured, he resembled rather a specter than a human being. But their next emotion was that of joy at his escape.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Lady Margaret, "that you are here, and have escaped the hands of the bloodthirsty murderers who have cut off so many of the king's loyal servants!"

"Thank God!" added Edith, "that you are here and in safety! We have dreaded the worst. But you are wounded, and I fear we have little the means of mending you."

"My wounds are only sword-cuts," answered the young soldier, as he reposed himself on a seat; "the pain is not worth mentioning, and I should not even feel exhausted but for the loss of blood.—But it was not my purpose to bring my weakness to add to your danger and distress, but to relieve them, if possible. What can I do for you?—Permit me," he added, addressing Lady Margaret—"permit me to think and act as your son, my dear mother—as your brother, Edith!"

He pronounced the last part of the sentence with some emphasis, as if he feared that the apprehension of his pretensions as a soldier might render his professed services unacceptable to Miss Belsham. She was not insensible to his delicacy, but there was no time for exchange of sentiments.

"We are preparing for our defence," said the old lady with great dignity;—"my brother has taken charge of our garrison, and, by the grace of God, we will give the rebels such a reception as they deserve."

"How gladly," said Brancaldine, "would I share in the defence of the Castle! But in my present state, I should be but a burden to you—say, something worse; for, the knowledge that an officer of the Life-Guards was in the Castle would be sufficient to make them regard more desperately earnest to possess themselves of it. If they find it defended only by the family, they may possibly march on to Glasgow rather than hazard an assault."

"And can you think so meanly of us, my lord," said Edith, with the generous burst of feeling which women so often witness,

and which become her as well—her voice filtering through asperities, and her brow colouring with the noble warmth which dictated her language—"can you think so meanly of your friends, as that they would permit such considerations to interfere with their sheltering and protecting you at a moment when you are unable to defend yourself; and when the whole country is filled with the enemy? Is there a cottage in Scotland whose owners would permit a valued friend to leave it in such circumstances? And can you think we will allow you to go from a castle which we hold to be strong enough for our own defence?"

"Lord Branksdale need never think of it," said Lady Margaret. "I will dress his wounds myself; it is all an old wife is fit for in war time; but to quit the Castle of Tillamouth when the sword of the enemy is drawn to slay him,—the moment truer that ever wore the king's crest on his back should not do so, much less my young Lord Branksdale.—Ours is not a house that ought to brook such dishonour. The Tower of Tillamouth has been too much distinguished by the visit of his most moral."

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the Major.

"We have taken a prisoner, my dear uncle," said Edith. "a wounded prisoner, and he wants to escape from us. You must help us to keep him by force."

"Lord Branksdale!" exclaimed the veteran. "I am as much pleased as when I got my first commission. Chiverhouse reported you were killed, or missing at least."

"I should have been slain, but for a friend of yours," said Lord Branksdale, speaking with some emotion, and bending his eyes on the ground, as if he wished to avoid seeing the impression that what he was about to say would make upon Miss Edith. "I was unhurt and defenceless, and the second time I was despatched on, when young Mr. Morton, the prisoner for whom you interested yourself yesterday morning, interposed in the most generous manner, preserved my life, and furnished me with the means of escaping."

As he uttered the sentence, a painful curiosity overcame his first resolution; he raised his eyes to Edith's face, and imagined he could read in the glow of her cheek and the sparkle of her eyes, joy at hearing of her lover's safety and freedom, and triumph at his not having been left lost in the race of gene-

really. Such, indeed, were her feelings; but they were also mingled with admiration of the ready frankness with which Lord Bransdale had listened to her witness to the merit of a favoured rival, and to acknowledge an obligation which, in all probability, he would rather have owed to any other individual in the world.

Major Hollenden, who would never have observed the emotions of either party, even had they been much more markedly expressed, contented himself with saying, "Since Henry Morton has influence with these men, I am glad he has so exerted it; but I hope he will get clear of them as soon as he can. Indeed, I cannot doubt it. I know his principles, and that he detests their craft and hypocrisy. I have heard him laugh a thousand times at the pusillanimy of that old Presbyterian scoundrel, President, who, after enjoying the indulgence of the Government for so many years, has now, upon the very first ruffe, shewn himself in his own proper colours, and set off, with three parts of his crop-sown congregation, to join the host of the reaction—but how did you escape after leaving the field, my lord?"

"I owe for my life, as a recent knight-mart," answered Lord Bransdale, smiling. "I took the route where I thought I had least chance of meeting with any of the enemy, and I found shelter for several hours—you will hardly guess where."

"At Castle Banchin, perhaps," said Lady Margaret, "or in the house of some other loyal gentleman?"

"No, madam. I was required, under one more pretext or another, from more than one house of that description, for fear of the enemy following my traces; but I found refuge in the cottage of a poor widow, whose husband had been shot within three days of a party of our corps, and whose two sons were at this very moment with the insurgents."

"Indeed!" said Lady Margaret Hollenden; "and was a female woman capable of such generosity! But she disappointed, I suppose, of the tenets of her family?"

"Far from it, madam," continued the young gentleman; "she was in principle a right woman, but she saw my danger and distress, considered me as a fellow-creature, and forgot that I was a cavalier and a soldier. She bound my wounds, and permitted me to rest upon her bed, concealed me from a party of the insurgents who were seeking for stragglers, supplied me

with food, and did not suffer me to leave my place of refuge until she had learned that I had every chance of getting to this tower without danger."

"It was nobly done," said Miss Bellenden; "and I trust you will have an opportunity of rewarding her generosity."

"I am running up an arrow of obligation on all sides, Miss Bellenden, during these unfortunate circumstances," replied Lord Eversdale; "but when I can attain the means of showing my gratitude, the will shall not be wanting."

All now joined in pressing Lord Eversdale to relinquish his intention of leaving the Castle; but the argument of Major Bellenden proved the most effective.

"Your presence in the Castle will be most useful, if not absolutely necessary, my lord, in order to maintain, by your authority, proper discipline among the Kilbuck when Quartermen has left in garrison here, and who do not prove to be of the most orderly description of men; and, indeed, we have the Colonel's authority, for that very purpose, to detain any officer of his regiment who might pass this way."

"That," said Lord Eversdale, "is an unanswerable argument, since it shows me that my residence here may be useful, even in my present disabled state."

"For your wounds, my lord," said the Major, "if my sister, Lady Bellenden, will undertake to give battle to any feverish symptom, if with should appear, I will answer that my old campaigner, Colonel Pike, shall dress a flesh-wound with any of the ingredients of Doctor-Surgeon. He had enough of practice in Montrose's time, for we had few regularly-bred army surgeons, as you may well suppose.—You agree to stay with us, then?"

"My reasons for leaving the Castle," said Lord Eversdale, glancing a look towards Edith, "though they evidently seemed weighty, must needs give way to those which infer the power of serving you. May I presume, Major, to inquire into the means and plan of defence which you have prepared? or can I attend you to examine the works?"

It did not escape Miss Bellenden, that Lord Eversdale seemed much exhausted both in body and mind. "I think, sir," she said, addressing the Major, "that since Lord Eversdale consents to become an officer of our garrison, you should begin by rendering him amenable to your authority, and ordering him to

his apartment, that he may take some refreshment ere he enters on military discussions."

"Edith is right," said the old lady; "you must go instantly to bed, my love, and take some Stiffage, which I will prepare with my own hand; and my lady-in-waiting, Mistress Martha Widdell, shall make some flax's-children, or something very light; I would not advise wine.—John Oudryll, let the house-keeper make ready the chamber of state.—Lord Everdale must be down instantly. He will take off the dressings, and examine the state of the wounds."

"These are military preparations, madam," said Lord Everdale, as he returned thanks to Lady Margaret, and was about to leave the hall; "but I must submit to your ladyship's directions, and I trust that your skill will soon make me a more able defender of your Castle than I am at present. You must render my lady servicable as soon as you can, for you have to use for my head while you have Major Follenham."

With these words he left the apartment.

"An excellent young man, and a modest," said the Major.

"None of that count," said Lady Margaret, "that often makes young folk suppose they know better how their complaints should be treated than people that have had experience."

"And so generous and handsome a young soldierman," said Jenny Denison, who had entered during the latter part of this conversation, and was now left alone with her mistress in the hall,—the Major returning to his military cares, and Lady Margaret to her medical preparations.

Edith only answered these remarks with a sigh; but, although silent, she felt and knew better than any one how much they were merited by the persons on whom they were bestowed. Jenny, however, failed not to follow up her blow.

"After a', it's true that my lady says—there's nae trusting a Presbyterian; they are a faithless race—sworn hoons. Whae wad hae thought that young Milwood and Cuddie Heddrigg wad hae been on w' these rebel blackguards?"

"What do you mean by such improbable accusations, Jenny?" said her young mistress, very much displeased.

"I ken it's nae pleasing for you to hear, mistress," answered Jenny, hardly, "and it's nae little pleasant for me to tell; but so gude ye said him a' about it some an' aye, for the hall Cuddie's ringing w'th."

"Kneeling with what, Jenny? Have you a mind to drive me mad?" murmured Edith, impatiently.

"Just that Harry Morton of Milwood is out of the rebels, and one of their chief leaders."

"It is a falsehood!" said Edith—"a most base calumny! and you are very bold to dare to repeat it to me. Harry Morton is incapable of such treachery to his king and country—such cruelty to me—to—to all the innocent and defenceless victims, I mean, who must suffer in a civil war—I tell you he is utterly incapable of it, in every sense."

"Dear! dear! Miss Edith," replied Jenny, still constant to her tale, "they must be better acquainted wif young men than I am, or ever wish to be, that can tell precisely what they're capable or no capable of. But there has been Trooper Tom, and another child, out in bonnets and gray plaids, like countrymen, to rouse—recruitate—I think John Galspitt said it; and they has been among the rebels, and brought back word that they had seen young Milwood mounted on one of the dragon horses that was torn at London Hill, armed wif swords and pistols, like who bet him, and hand and glove wif the foremost of them, and droning and commanding the men; and Obed at the back of him, in one of Sergeant Botwell's laced waistcoats, and a rocket hat with a bit of blue ribbons at it for the sake cause of the Covenant (but Obed's apron liked a blue ribbons), and a ruffled neck, like my lord of the land—it sets the like of him, indeed!"

"Jenny," said her young mistress, hastily, "it is impossible these men's report can be true; my uncle has heard nothing of it at this instant."

"Because Tom Holliday," answered the hand-maiden, "came in just five minutes after Lord Brenchley; and when he heard his lordship was in the Castle, he swore (the profane lion!) he would be d—d ere he would make the report, as he co'd it, of his news to Major Bellenden, since there was an officer of his own regiment in the garrison. Soe he wud have said nothing till Lord Brenchley wakened the next morning; only he wud say about it" (here Jenny looked a little down), "just to vex me about Obed's."

"Poh! you silly girl," said Edith, assuming some courage—"it is all a trick of that fellow to tease you."

"No, madam, it cannot be that, for John Galspitt took the other dragon (he's an odd hard-favoured man, I wote his

stave) into the cellar, and gave him a taste o' brandy to get the news out o' him, and he said just the same as Tom Halliday, word for word; and Mr. Gadsby was to do a rape, that he took it o' over again to us, and says the hull rebellion is owing to the nonsense o' my Lady and the Major, and Lord Bransdale, that begged off young Milwood and Cuckie yesterday morning, for that, if they had suffered, the country wud have been quiet—and, toth I am sensible o' that opinion myself."

This last commentary Jenny added to her tale, in resentment of her mistress's extreme and obstinate incredulity. She was instantly alarmed, however, by the effect which her news produced upon her young lady—an effect rendered doubly violent by the High Church principles and prejudices in which Miss Hollenden had been educated. Her complexion became as pale as a corpse—her respiration so difficult, that it was on the point of altogether failing her—and her limbs so incapable of supporting her, that she sunk, rather than sat, down upon one of the seats in the hall, and seemed on the eve of fainting. Jenny tried cold water, burnt feathers, cutting of hairs, and all other remedies usual in hysterical cases, but without any immediate effect.

"God forgive me! what has I done?" said the repentant Rhode-chamber. "I wish my tongue had been cutt off!—Who wud have thought o' her taking on that way, and o' for a young lad!—O, Miss Edith! dear Miss Edith! hand your heart up about it—it's maybe no true fir a' that I have said—O, I wish my mouth had been blistered! A body tells me my tongue will do me a mischief some day. What if my Lady comes! or the Major!—and she's sitting in the throne, too, that nobody has sat in since that werry morning the King was hute!—O! what will I do! O! what will become o' us!"

While Jenny Denstone thus lamented herself and her mistress Edith slowly returned from the paroxysm into which she had been thrown by this unexpected intelligence.—"If he had been unfortunate," she said, "I never would have deserted him—I never did so, even when there was danger and disgrace in pleading his cause. If he had died, I would have mourned him—if he had been unhithful, I would have forgiven him; but a rebel to his King—a traitor to his country—the associate and colleague of anti-thrones and common stalkers—the persecutor of all that

is noble—the professed and Magnanimous enemy of all that is sacred—I will tear him from my heart, if my life-blood should oblige to the effort!”

She wiped her eyes, and rose hastily from the great chair (or throne, as Lady Margaret used to call it), while the terrified damsel hastened to shake up the cushions, and effect the appearance of any one having occupied that sacred seat; although King Charles himself, considering the youth and beauty, as well as the affliction of the momentary usurper of his hallowed chair, would probably have thought very little of the profanation. She then hastened officiously to press her support on Edith, as she paced the hall, apparently in deep meditation.—“Take my arm, madam; better just take my arm; sorrow means less to me now, and doubtless”——

“No, Jenny,” said Edith with firmness; “you have seen my weakness, and you shall see my strength.”

“But ye leaned on me the other morning, Miss Edith, when ye were so sore grieved.”

“Misplaced and crying affection may require support, Jenny—but duty can support itself. Yet I will do nothing rashly;—I will be aware of the reasons of his conduct—and then—cast him off for ever,” was the firm and determined answer of her young lady.

Overwhelmed by a manner of which she could neither conceive the motive, nor estimate the merit, Jenny swallowed between her teeth, “Oh, when the first flight’s over, Miss Edith take it as easy as I do, and trouble none, and I’m sure I never cared half as much about Caddie Henshaw as she did about young Milnerwood. Forsooth, it’s naught as well to have a friend on both sides; for if the whigs will come to take the Castle, as it’s like they may, when there’s no little victual, and the dragons waiting what’s o’t,—on, in that case, Milnerwood and Caddie will have the upper hand, and their friendship will be worth after—I was thinking so this morning as I heard the news.”

With this consolatory reflection the damsel went about her usual occupations, leaving her mistress to mull over what she had just said, for evincing the sentiments which she had hitherto entertained towards Henry Morton.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more !
Refrain !

On the evening of this day, all the information which they could procure led them to expect that the insurgent army would be with early dawn on their march against Tilkeothien. Lord Bransdale's wounds had been examined by Pike, who reported them in a very promising state. They were numerous, but none of any consequence; and the loss of blood, as much perhaps as the heated spirits of Lady Margaret had produced any tendency to fever; so that, notwithstanding he felt some pain and great weakness, the patient maintained that he was able to creep about with the assistance of a stick. In those circumstances he refused to be confined to his apartment, both that he might encourage the soldiers by his presence, and suggest any necessary addition to the plan of defence, which the Major might be supposed to have arranged upon something of an antiquated fashion of warfare.—Lord Bransdale was well qualified to give advice on such subjects, having served, during his early youth, both in France and in the Low Countries. There was little or no chance, however, for altering the preparations already made; and excepting on the article of provisions, there seemed no reason to fear for the defence of so strong a place against such numbers as those by whom it was threatened.

With the pass of day, Lord Bransdale and Major Richmond were on the battlements again, staring and re-viewing the state of their preparations, and anxiously expecting the approach of the enemy. I ought to observe, that the report of the spies had now been regularly made and received; but the Major treated the report that Marton was in arms against the Government with the most scornful incredulity.

"I know the lad better," was the only reply he deigned to make;—"the fellows have not dared to venture near enough, and have been deceived by some faithful messengers, or have picked up some story."

"I differ from you, Major," answered Lord Bransdale; "I think you will see that young gentlemen at the head of the

insurgents; and, though I shall be heartily sorry for it, I shall not be greatly surprised."

"You are as bad as Clarendon," said the Major, "who contended yesterday morning down my very throat, that this young fellow, who is as high-spirited and gentleman-like a boy as I have ever known, wanted but an opportunity to place himself at the head of the rebels."

"And considering the usage which he has received, and the suspicion under which he lies," said Lord Bunsdale, "what other course is open to him! For my own part, I should hardly know whether he deserved most blame or pity."

"Blame, my lord!—Pity!" echoed the Major, astonished at hearing such sentiments: "he would deserve to be hanged, that's all; and, were he my own son, I should see him strung up with pleasure—Blame, indeed! But your lordship cannot think as you are pleased to speak!"

"I give you my honour, Major Bellenden, that I have been for some time of opinion, that our politicians and prelates have driven matters to a painful extremity in this country, and have alienated, by violence of various kinds, not only the lower classes, but all those in the upper scale, whose strong party-feeling, or a desire of court-interest, does not attach to their standard."

"I am no politician," answered the Major, "and I do not understand nice distinctions. My sword is the King's, and when he commands, I draw it in his name."

"I trust," replied the young lord, "you will not find me more backward than yourself, though I heartily wish that the enemy were foreigners. It is, however, no time to debate that matter, for yonder they come, and we must defend ourselves as well as we can."

As Lord Bunsdale spoke, the van of the insurgents began to make their appearance on the road which crossed the top of the hill, and thence descended opposite to the Tower. They did not, however, move downwards, as if aware that, in doing so, their columns would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the place. But their numbers, which at first seemed few, appeared presently as to deepen and concentrate themselves, that, judging of the masses which occupied the road behind the hill from the closeness of the front which they presented on the top of it, their force appeared very considerable. There was a

pass of smokes on both sides; and, with the untidy ranks of the Communists were agitated, as if by powers behind, or mysteriously as to their best movement, their arms, picturesque from their variety, glared in the morning sun, whose beams were reflected from a grove of pines, aspens, larches, and battle-axes. The armed men occupied, for a few minutes, this fluctuating position, until three or four horsemen, who seemed to be leaders, advanced from the front, and occupied the height a little nearer to the Castle. John Outryll, who was not without some skill as an artilleryman, brought a gun to bear on this detached group.

"I'll see the flocks"—(so the small cannon was called)—
 "I'll see the flocks wherever your horses give command; my
 canister, shall rattle their feathers for them!"

The Major looked at Lord Eversdale.

"Stay a moment," said the young widower;—"they send
 us a flag of truce."

In fact, one of the horsemen at that moment dismounted, and, displaying a white cloth on a pole, moved forward towards the Tower, while the Major and Lord Eversdale, dismounting from the bastiment of the main fortress, advanced to meet him as far as the barbed wire, judging it wiser to admit him within the precincts which they designed to defend. At the same time that the ambassador set forth, the group of horsemen, as if they had anticipated the preparations of John Outryll for their escape, withdrew from the advanced station which they had occupied, and fell back to the main body.

The array of the Communists, to judge by his notes and manner, seemed fully imbued with that spiritual pride which distinguished his sect. His features were drawn up to a contemptuous primness, and his half-shut eyes seemed to stare to look upon the terrestrial objects around, while, at every sudden stride, his toes were pointed outwards with an air that appeared to Gaspar the ground on which they trod. Lord Eversdale could not suppress a smile at this singular figure.

"Did you ever," said he to Major Bellenden, "see such an absurd situation? One would swear it were upon springs—
 Can it speak, think you?"

"O, ay," said the Major; "that seems to be one of my old acquaintances, a genuine partner of the right phreatical lozenge.
 —Stay—he coughs and hems; he is about to announce the

ready with the instead of a sermon, instead of a parley on the trumpet."

The veteran, who in his day had had many an opportunity to become acquainted with the manners of these religiousists, was not far mistaken in his conjecture; only that, instead of a prose sermon, the Laird of Langdale—for it was no less a personage—spoke, with a stentorian voice, a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm:

"To give lift up your heads if ye deem,
 From that do hat for eyes,
 Ye lifted up!"—

"I told you so," said the Major to Bransdale,—and then presented himself at the entrance of the barracks, demanding to know for what purpose or intent he made that doleful noise, like a bag in a high wind, beneath the gates of the Castle.

"I come," replied the ambassador in a high and shrill voice, and without any of the usual salutations or deferences—"I come from the gaily army of the Solemn League and Covenant, to speak with two named magnifics, William Maxwell, called Lord Bransdale, and Miles Bellesden of Charwood."

"And what have you to say to Miles Bellesden and Lord Bransdale?" answered the Major.

"Are you the parson?" said the Laird of Langdale, in the same sharp, comical, characteristic tone of voice.

"None as, for lack of better," said the Major.

"Then there is the public summons," said the clergy, putting a paper into Lord Bransdale's hand, "and there is a private letter for Miles Bellesden from a gaily youth, who is honoured with being a part of our host. Read these quickly, and God give you grace to testify by the contents, though it is unable to be doubted."

The summons ran thus: "We, the named and constituted leaders of the gentlemen, ministers, and others, presently in arms for the cause of Liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William Lord Bransdale and Miles Bellesden of Charwood, and others presently in arms, and keeping garrison in the Tower of Tiltedown, to surrender the said Tower upon fair conditions of quarter, and license to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by the laws of war to those who hold out an untenable post. And so may God defend his own good cause!"

This sentence was signed by John Ballou of Dorley, a quarter-master-general of the army of the Covenant, for himself, and in name of the other leaders.

The letter to Major Bellenden was from Henry Norton. It was couched in the following language:—

"I have taken a step, my reasonable friend, which, among many painful consequences, will, I am afraid, incur your very decided disapprobation. But I have taken my resolution in honour and good faith, and with the full approval of my own conscience. I can no longer submit to have my own rights and those of my fellow-subjects trampled upon, our freedom violated, our persons insulted, and our blood spilt, without just cause or legal trial. Providence, through the violence of the oppressors themselves, seems now to have opened a way of deliverance from this intolerable tyranny, and I do not hold him deserving of the name and rights of a freeman, who, thinking as I do, shall withhold his arm from the cause of his country. But God, who knows my heart, be my witness, that I do not share the angry or violent passions of the oppressed and harassed sufferers with whom I am now acting. My most earnest and anxious desire is, to see this unnatural war brought to a speedy end, by the union of the good, wise, and moderate of all parties, and a peace restored, which, without injury to the King's constitutional rights, may substitute the authority of equal laws to that of military violence, and, permitting to all men to worship God according to their own consciences, may subdue fanatical enthusiasm by reason and mildness, instead of driving it to frenzy by persecution and intolerance.

"With these sentiments, you may conceive with what pain I appear in arms before the house of your venerable relative, which we understand you propose to hold out against us. Permit me to press upon you the sentence, that such a measure will only lead to the effusion of blood—that if repeated in the assault, we are yet strong enough to harvest the place, and reduce it by hunger, being aware of your indifferent preparations to sustain a protracted siege. It would grieve me to the heart to think what would be the sufferings in such a case, and upon whom they would chiefly fall.

"Do not suppose, my respected friend, that I would propose to you any terms which could compromise the high and honour-

able character which you have so deservedly won, and so long borne. If the regular soldiers (to whom I will reserve a safe retreat) are dismissed from the place, I trust no more will be required than your parole to remain neutral during this unhappy contest; and I will take care that Lady Margaret's property, as well as yours, shall be duly respected, and no garbion intruded upon you. I could say much in favour of this proposal; but I fear, as I meet in the present instance appear criminal in your eyes, good arguments would lose their influence when coming from an unbecoming quarter. I will, therefore, break off with assuring you, that whatever your sentiments may be hereafter towards me, my sense of gratitude to you can never be diminished or erased; and it would be the happiest moment of my life that should give me more effectual means than mere words to assure you of it. Therefore, although in the first moment of resentment you may reject the proposal I make to you, let not that prevent you from resuming the topic, if future events should render it more acceptable: for whenever, or however I can be of service to you, it will always afford the greatest satisfaction to

§ "Hector Monro."

Having read this long letter with the most marked indignation, Major Hollenden put it into the hands of Lord Branksdale.

"I would not have believed this," he said, "of Henry Morton, if half mankind had sworn it! The ungrateful, rebellious traitor!—schismatic in cold blood, and without even the pretence of enthusiasm, that warms the liver of such a crack-brained dog as our blood the wrong theme. But I should have remembered he was a Presbyterian—I ought to have been aware that I was trusting a wolf-cub, whose diabolical nature would make him tear and snatch at me on the first opportunity. Were Saint Paul on earth again, and a Presbyter, he would be a rebel in three months—it is in the very blood of them."

"Well," said Lord Branksdale, "I will be the last to recommend surrender; but if our provisions fail, and we receive no relief from Edinburgh or Glasgow, I think we ought to avail ourselves of this opening, to get the ladies, at least, safe out of the Castle."

"They will secure all, ere they would accept the protection of such a smooth-tongued hypocrite," answered the Major, indignantly; "I would ransom them for relatives were it otherwise. But let us dismiss the worthy ambassador.—My friend," he said

turning to Langdale, "tell your leaders, and the mob they have gathered round, that if they have not a particular opinion of the hardness of their own skulls, I would advise them to beware how they knock them against those old walls. And let them send us some flag of truce, or we will hang up the messenger in retaliation of the murder of General Graham."

With this answer the ambassador returned to those by whom he had been sent. He had no sooner reached the main body, than a murmur was heard amongst the multitude, and there was raised in front of their ranks an angle red flag, the borders of which were edged with blue. As the signal of war and defiance spread out its large folds upon the morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady Margaret's family, together with the royal ensign, was immediately hoisted on the walls of the Tower, and at the same time, a round of artillery was discharged against the foremost ranks of the insurgents, by which they sustained some loss. Their leaders instantly withdrew them to the shelter of the brow of the hill.

"I think," said John Gabyll, while he busied himself in re-charging his gun, "they will find the falcon's web a bit over hard for them—it's no for aught that the hawk whistles."

But as he uttered these words, the ridge was once more crowded with the ranks of the enemy. A general discharge of their firearms was directed against the defenders upon the battlements. Under cover of the smoke, a column of picked men rushed down the road with determined courage, and, maintaining with firmness a heavy fire from the garrison, they forced their way, in spite of opposition, to the first barricade by which the avenue was defended. They were led on by Buller in person, who displayed courage equal to his enthusiasm; and, in spite of every opposition, forced the barricade, killing and wounding several of the defenders, and compelling the rest to retreat to their second position. The precautions, however, of Major Bullenden rendered this success unavailing; for no sooner were the Government in possession of the post, than a close and destructive fire was poured into it from the Castle, and from those positions which commanded it in the rear. Having no means of protecting themselves from this fire, or of retarding it with shot against men who were under cover of their barricades and defenses, the Government were obliged to retreat; but not until they had with their axes destroyed the

stockade, so as to render it impossible for the defenders to re-occupy it.

Balfour was the last man that retired. He even remained for a short space almost alone, with an axe in his hand, labouring like a pioneer amid the storm of balls, many of which were specially aimed against him. The retreat of the party he commanded was not effected without heavy loss, and served as a severe lesson concerning the local advantages possessed by the garrison.

The next attack of the Covenanters was made with more caution. A strong party of marksmen (many of them competitors at the game of the popinjay), under the command of Henry Morton, glided through the woods where they afforded them the best shelter, and, avoiding the open road, endeavoured, by finding their way through the bushes and trees, and up the rocks which surrounded it on either side, to gain a position from which, without being exposed in an intolerable degree, they might annoy the flank of the second bastion, while it was menaced in front by a second attack from Balfour. The besieged saw the danger of this movement, and endeavoured to impede the approach of the marksmen, by firing upon them at every point where they showed themselves. The assailants, on the other hand, displayed great coolness, spirit, and judgment, in the manner in which they approached the defenders. This was in a great measure to be ascribed to the steady and skilful manner in which they were conducted by their youthful leader, who showed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in annoying the enemy.

He repeatedly exhorted his marksmen to direct their aim chiefly upon the red-coats, and to save the others engaged in the defence of the Castle; and, above all, to spare the life of the old Major, whose anxiety made him more than once expose himself in a manner, that, without such generosity on the part of the enemy, might have proved fatal. A dropping fire of musketry now poured from every part of the precipitous mountain on which the Castle was founded. From bush to bush—from crag to crag—from tree to tree, the marksmen continued to advance, availing themselves of branches and roots to assist their ascent, and contending at once with the disadvantages of the ground and the fire of the enemy. At length they got so high on the ascent, that several of them possessed an oppor-

ready of being into the barricade against the defenders, who then lay exposed to their aim, and Barley, profiting by the confusion of the moment, moved forward to the attack in front. His onset was made with the same desperation and fury as before, and met with less resistance, the defenders being alarmed at the progress which the sharpshooters had made in turning the flank of their position. Determined to improve his advantage, Barley with his axe in his hand, pursued the party whom he had dislodged over to the third and last barricade, and entered it along with them.

"Kill! kill! down with the enemies of God and his people!—No quarter!—the Castle is ours!" were the cries by which he animated his friends; the most undaunted of whom followed him close, whilst the others, with axes, spades, and other implements, threw up earth, cut down trees, hastily labouring to establish such a defective cover in the rear of the second barricade as might enable them to retain possession of it, in case the Castle was not carried by this coup-de-main.

Lord Brandish could no longer restrain his impetuosity. He charged with a few soldiers who had been kept in reserve in the courtyard of the Castle; and although his arm was in a sling, encouraged them, by voice and gesture, to assist their companions who were engaged with Barley. The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded with the followers of Barley, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord Brandish, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pikes and halberds, as well as with the batts of the carbines and their broadswords. Those within the Castle endeavoured to assist their companions, whenever they could so level their guns as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. The sharpshooters, dispersed around, were lying incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the battlements. The Castle was enveloped with smoke, and the noise rose to the cries of the combatants. In the midst of this scene of confusion, a singular accident had nearly given the besiegers possession of the fortress.

Cadille Hendrick, who had advanced among the marstoners, being well acquainted with every rock and bush in the vicinity

of the Castle, where he had so often gathered seats with Jenny Densham, was enabled, by such local knowledge, to advance farther and with less danger, than most of his companions, excepting some three or four who had followed him close. Now Cuddie, though a brave enough fellow upon the whole, was by no means fond of danger, either for its own sake, or for that of the glory which attends it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as the phalanx goes, taken the bull by the horns, or advanced in front of the enemy's fire. On the contrary, he had edged gradually away from the scene of action, and turning his line of ascent rather to the left, had pursued it until it brought him under a front of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defenders had given no attention, trusting to the steepness of the precipice. There was, however, on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain party, and communicating with a certain yew-tree, which grew out of a steep cleft of the rock, being the very pass through which Grace Gibbie was smuggled out of the Castle in order to carry Edith's express to Glenwood, and which had probably, in its day, been used for other contraband purposes. Cuddie, resting upon the butt of his gun, and looking up at this window, observed to one of his companions,—“There's a place I ken weel; many a time I ha'e helped Jenny Densham out o' the winnock, forky crawling in wiles mysel to get some daffin at e'en after the plough was loosd.”

“And what's to hinder us to creep in just now?” said the other, who was a smart enterprising young fellow.

“There's na muckle to hinder us, as that were a’,” answered Cuddie; “but what were we to do next?”

“We'll take the Castle,” said the other; “here are two or six o' us, and a' the soldiers are engaged at the gate.”

“Come awa wif you, then,” said Cuddie; “but mind, daff a finger ye mair lay on Lady Margaret, or Miss Edith, or the said Major, or, should a', on Jenny Densham, or anybody but the soldiers—out and quarter among them as ye like, I care na.”

“Ay, ay,” said the other; “let us once in, and we will make our six terms with them a’.”

Discreetly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known pass, not very willingly; for, besides that he was somewhat apprehensive of the reception he might meet with in the castle, his conscience indicated that he was making

but a shabby requital for Lady Margaret's former favour and protection. He got up, however, into the pear-tree, followed by his companions, one after another. The window was small, and had been secured by stanchions of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domestics to possess a free passage for their own occasional consciences. Retraunce was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry—a point which Caddie endeavoured to discover before he made the final and perilous step. While his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into the apartment, his head became visible to Jenny Davidson, who had ensconced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysterical scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of half-boiled which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tom Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burdened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still containing, "Murder! murder!—we are a' harried and ravished!—the Caddie's turn!—oh! it's among ye!" she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a diabolical yell, upon the person of the unfortunate Caddie. However welcome the morsel might have been, if Caddie and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured him of soldiering for ever, had he been looking upwards when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon Jenny's first scream, and was in the act of looking down, expectorating with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cap and half-eat which formerly belonged to Sergeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brew. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, overcasting his fallowens, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without heeding to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army whereunto he belonged, and would neither by threats nor persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands had so lately been in the act of preparing for the stomach of another, she continued her song of alarm, raising a screaming din, upon all those notes, which the lawyers call the four pleas of the crown—namely, murder, fire, rape, and robbery. These hideous exclamations gave so much alarm, and created such confusion within the Castle, that Major Bellenoe and Lord Bunsdale judged it best to draw off from the conflict without the gates, and, abandoning to the enemy all the exterior defences of the avenue, confine themselves to the Castle itself, for fear of its being surprised on some unguarded point. Their retreat was unopposed; for the panic of Cuddie and his companions had created nearly as much confusion on the side of the besiegers as the screams of Jenny had caused to the defended.

There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day. The insurgents had suffered most severely; and, from the difficulty which they had experienced in carrying the horned position without the precincts of the Castle, they could have but little hope of storming the place itself. On the other hand, the situation of the hospital was dispiriting and gloomy. In the skirmishing they had lost two or three men, and had several wounded; and though their loss was in proportion greatly less than that of the enemy, who had left twenty men dead on the place, yet their small number would make worse spare it, while the desperate attacks of the opposite party plainly showed how serious the losses were in the purpose of retaking the place, and how well availed by the aid of their followers. But, especially, the garrison had to fear for hunger, in case blockade should be resorted to as the means of retaking them. The Major's directions had been implicitly obeyed in regard to laying in provisions; and the dragons, in spite of all wanting and authority, were likely to be wasteful in using them. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart, that Major Bellenoe gave directions for guarding the window through which the Castle had so nearly been surprised, as well as all others which offered the most remote facility for such an enterprise.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

— The King hath dears
The special heart of all the land together.

HECTOR IV. Part II.

THE leaders of the Presbyterians army had a serious consultation upon the evening of the day in which they had made the attack on Tillinstadham. They could not but observe that their followers were disheartened by the loss which they had sustained, and which, as usual in such cases, had fallen upon the bravest and most forward. It was to be feared, that if they were suffered to exhaust their soul and efforts in an object so secondary as the capture of this petty fort, their numbers would melt away by degrees, and they would lose all the advantages arising out of the present unprepared state of the Government. Moved by these arguments, it was agreed that the main body of the army should march against Glasgow, and discharge the soldiers who were lying in that town. The council nominated Henry Morton, with others, to this last service, and appointed Barclay to the command of a chosen body of five hundred men, who were to remain behind, for the purpose of blockading the Tower of Tillinstadham. Morton testified the greatest repugnance to this arrangement.

"He had the strongest personal motives," he said, "for desiring to remain near Tillinstadham; and if the management of the siege were committed to him, he had little doubt but that he would bring it to such an accommodation, as, without being rigorous to the besieged, would fully answer the purpose of the besiegers."

Barclay readily guessed the cause of his young colleague's reluctance to move with the army; he, interested as he was in appreciating the characters with whom he had to deal, he had contrived, through the simplicity of Gualdo, and the enthusiasm of old Mance, to get much information concerning Morton's relations with the family of Tillinstadham. He therefore took the advantage of Fountain's asking to speak to business, as he said, for some short space of time (which Barclay rightly interpreted to mean an hour at the very least), and advised that

moment to withdraw Morton from the hearing of their colleagues, and to hold the following argument with him:—

"Thou art unwise, Henry Morton, to desire to sacrifice this holy cause to thy friendship for an unscrupulous Infidelism, or thy lust for a Machiavich woman."

"I neither understand your meaning, Mr. Balfour, nor relish your allusions," replied Morton, indignantly; "and I know no reason you have to bring so gross a charge, or to use such unchristian language."

"Confess, however, the truth," said Balfour, "and even that there are those within you dark Tower, ever whom thou wouldst rather be watching like a mother over her little ones, than thou wouldst bear the banner of the Church of Scotland over the necks of her enemies."

"If you mean, that I would willingly terminate this war without any bloody victory, and that I am more anxious to do this than to acquire any personal fame or power, you may be," replied Morton, "perfectly right."

"And not wholly wrong," answered Balfour, "in deeming that thou wouldst not conclude from so general a justification thy friends in the garrison of Tullistollen."

"Certainly," replied Morton, "I am too much obliged to Major Bollenhead, not to wish to be of service to him, so far as the interest of the cause I have espoused will permit. I never made a secret of my regard for him."

"I am aware of that," said Balfour; "but, if thou hadst concealed it, I should, nevertheless, have found out thy riddle. Now, hearken to my words. This Miles Bollenhead hath means to subvert his garrison for a month."

"This is not the case," answered Morton; "we know his stores are hardly equal to a week's consumption."

"Ay, but," continued Balfour, "I have since had proof of the strongest nature, that such a report was spread in the garrison by that wily and grey-headed maligner, partly to prevail on the soldiers to submit to a diminution of their daily food, partly to detain us before the walls of his fortress until the sword should be whetted to smite and destroy us."

"And why was not the evidence of this laid before the council of war?" said Morton.

"To what purpose?" said Balfour. "Why need we misadvise Kithchenside, Macbride, Pseudocrest, and Laugale, upon

such a point! Theyself must own, that whatever is told to them escapes to the best out of the mouth of the preacher at their next holding-forth. They are already discouraged by the thoughts of lying before the fact a week—what would be the consequence were they ordered to prepare for the league of a month?"

"But why conceal it, then, from me? or why tell it me now? and, above all, what proofs have you got of the fact?" continued Morton.

"There are many proofs," replied Burley; and he put into his hands a number of requisitions sent forth by Major Bellenden, with receipts on the back, to various proprietors, for cattle, corn, meal, &c., to such an amount, that the sum-total seemed to exclude the possibility of the garrison being soon distressed for provisions. But Burley did not inform Morton of a fact which he himself knew full well—namely, that most of these provisions never reached the garrison, owing to the rapacity of the dragoons sent to collect them, who really said to one man what they took from another, and abused the Major's press for stores, pretty much as Sir John Falstaff did that of the King for men.

"And now," continued Bellair, observing that he had made the desired impression, "I have only to say, that I concealed this from thee no longer than it was concealed from myself, for I have only received these papers this morning; and I tell it unto thee now, that thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing, and work the great work willingly at Glasgow, being assured that no evil can befall thy friends in the malignant party, since their fort is abundantly victualled, and I possess not numbers sufficient to do more against them than to prevent their sailing forth."

"And why," continued Morton, who felt an insupportable reluctance to acquiesce in Bellair's reasoning—"why not permit me to remain in the command of this smaller party, and march forward yourself to Glasgow? It is the more honourable charge."

"And therefore, young man," answered Burley, "have I laboured that it should be committed to the son of Simon Morton. I am waxing old, and this grey head has had enough of honour when it could be gathered by danger. I speak not of the foolish bubble which men call earthly fame, but the

honour belonging to him that doth not the work negligently. But thy career is yet to run—thou hast to vindicate the high trust which has been bestowed on thee through my assurance that it was doubly well-merited. At London Hill thou wert a captive, and at the last assault it was thy part to fight under cover, whilst I led the more open and dangerous attack; and, shouldst thou now remain before those walls when there is active service elsewhere, trust me that men will say that the son of Elias Morton hath fallen away from the path of his father."

Struck by this last observation, to which, as a gentleman and soldier, he could offer no suitable reply, Morton hastily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement. Yet he was unable to drive himself of certain feelings of distrust which he involuntarily attached to the quarter from which he received this information.

"Mr. Telford," he said, "let us distinctly understand each other. You have thought it worth your while to bestow particular attention upon my private affairs and personal attachments;—be so good as to understand, that I am as constant to them as to my political principles. It is possible, that, during my absence, you may possess the power of soothing or of wounding these feelings. Be assured, that whatever may be the consequences to the issue of our present adventure, my eternal gratitude, or my persevering resentment, will attend the line of conduct you may adopt on such an occasion; and however young and inexperienced I am, I have no doubt of finding friends to assist me in expressing my sentiments in either case."

"If there be a threat implied in that declaration," replied Turkey, coldly and laughingly, "it had better have been spoken. I know how to value the regard of my friends, and despite from my side the threats of my enemies. But I will not take occasion of offence. Whatever happens here in your absence shall be managed with as much deference to your wishes, as the duty I owe to a higher power can possibly permit."

With this qualified promise Morton was obliged to rest satisfied.

"Our debate will relieve the garrison," said he, internally, "are they not to surrender at discretion; and, in case of victory, I already see, from the weakness of the moderate

party, that I shall have a voice as powerful as Burke's in determining the use which shall be made of it."

He therefore followed Balfour to the council, where they found Kettledrums adding to his list a few words of practical application. When these were expended, Morton testified his willingness to accompany the main body of the army, which was destined to drive the regular troops from Glasgow. His companions in command were named, and the whole received a strengthening exhortation from the preachers who were present. Next morning, at break of day, the insurgent army broke up from their encampment, and marched towards Glasgow.

It is not our intention to detail at length incidents which may be found in the History of the period. It is sufficient to say, that Chaverhouse and Lord Ross, learning the superior force which was directed against them, intrenched, or rather hemlockaded themselves, in the centre of the city, where the town-house and old jail were situated, with the determination to stand the assault of the insurgents rather than to abandon the capital of the West of Scotland. The Presbyterians made their attack in two bodies, one of which penetrated into the city in the face of the College and Cathedral Church, while the other marched up the Gallargate, or principal access from the south-west. Both divisions were led by men of resolution, and behaved with great spirit. But the advantages of military skill and situation were too great for their unaided valour.

Ross and Chaverhouse had carefully disposed parties of their soldiers in houses, at the heads of the streets, and in the entrances of closes, as they are called, or lanes, besides those who were intrenched behind breastworks which reached across the streets. The assaults found their ranks thinned by a fire from invisible opponents, which they had no means of returning with effect. It was in vain that Morton and other leaders exposed their persons with the utmost gallantry, and endeavoured to bring their antagonists to a close action; their followers shrunk from them in every direction. And yet, though Henry Morton was one of the very last to retire, and exerted himself in bringing up the rear, maintaining order in the retreat, and shaking every attempt which the enemy made to improve the advantage they had gained by the repulse, he had still the mortification to hear many of those in his ranks muttering to each other, "that this came of trusting to the latitudinarians

hope; and that, had honest faithful Barley led the attack, as he did that of the hardihood of Tillotsonism, the issue would have been as different as night is day."

It was with burning resentment that Morton heard these reflections thrown out by the very men who had recently exhibited signs of discouragement. The unjust reproach, however, had the effect of firing his emulation, and making him sensible that, engaged as he was in a perilous cause, it was absolutely necessary that he should conquer or die.

"I have no retreat," he said to himself. "All shall allow—even Major Debenham—even Elfrith—that in courage, at least, the rebel Morton was not inferior to his father."

The condition of the army after the repulse was so undisciplined, and in such disorganization, that the leaders thought it prudent to draw off some miles from the city to gain time for retraining them once more into such order as they were capable of adopting. Barrels, in the meanwhile, came fast in, were moved by the extreme hardships of their own condition, and encouraged by the advantage obtained at London Hill, then deterred by the last unfortunate enterprise. Many of these attached themselves particularly to Morton's division. He had, however, the mortification to see that his unpopularity among the more intolerant part of the Covenanters increased rapidly. The prodence beyond his years, which he exhibited in improving the discipline and arrangement of his followers, they turned a trusting in the arms of flesh; and his avowed tolerance for those of religious sentiments and observances different from his own, obtained him, most unjustly, the nickname of Gallic, who cared for none of these things. What was worse than these misconceptions, the mob of the insurgents, always heaviest in applause of those who push political or religious opinions to extremity, and disgusted with such an endeavour to reduce them to the yoke of discipline, preferred avowedly the more reckless leaders, in whose rank enthusiasm in the cause supplied the want of good order and military subjection, to the restraints which Morton endeavored to bring them under. In short, while bearing the principal burden of command—for his colleagues willingly relinquished in his favor everything that was troublesome and obnoxious in the office of general—Morton found himself without that authority which alone could render his regulations effectual.*

* Note L. Fruits among the insurgents.

Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, he had, during the course of a few days, laboured so hard to introduce some degree of discipline into the army, that he thought he might hazard a second attack upon Glasgow with every prospect of success.

It cannot be doubted that Morton's anxiety to measure himself with Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, at whose hands he had sustained such injury, had its share in giving motive to his numerous exertions. But Claverhouse disappointed his hopes; for, satisfied with having the advantage in repulsing the first attack upon Glasgow, he determined that he would not, with the handful of troops under his command, await a second assault from the insurgents, with more numerous and better disciplined forces than had supported their first enterprise. He therefore evacuated the place, and marched at the head of his troops towards Edinburgh. The insurgents of course entered Glasgow without resistance, and without Morton having the opportunity, which he so deeply coveted, of again encountering Claverhouse personally. But although he had not an opportunity of wiping away the disgrace which had befallen his division of the army of the Covenant, the retreat of Claverhouse, and the possession of Glasgow, tended greatly to animate the insurgent army, and to increase its numbers. The necessity of appointing new officers, of organising new regiments and squadrons, of raising them acquainted with at least the most necessary points of military discipline, were labours, which, by universal consent, seemed to be devolved upon Henry Morton, and which he the more readily undertook, because his father had made him acquainted with the theory of the military art, and because he plainly saw, that, unless he took this ungrateful but absolutely necessary labour, it was vain to expect any other to engage in it.

In the meanwhile, Fortune appeared to favour the enterprise of the insurgents more than the most sanguine must have expected. The Privy Council of Scotland, astonished at the extent of resistance which their arbitrary measures had provoked, seemed staggered with terror, and incapable of taking active steps to subdue the resentment which these measures had excited. There were but very few troops in Scotland, and these they drew towards Edinburgh, as if to form an army for protection of the metropolis. The field army of the crown-vessels in the various counties was ordered to take the field, and render to the king

the military service due for their sals. But the summons was very slackly obeyed. The quarrel was not generally popular among the gentry; and even those who were not unwilling themselves to have taken arms, were deterred by the repugnance of their wives, mothers, and sisters, to their engaging in such a cause.

Meanwhile, the inadequacy of the Scottish Government to provide for their own defence, or to put down a rebellion of which the commencement seemed so trifling, excited at the English court doubts as to the capacity, and of the prudence of the assertions they had created against the oppressed Presbyterians. It was therefore resolved to nominate to the command of the army of Scotland the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who had by marriage a great interest, large estate, and a numerous following, as it was called, in the northern parts of that kingdom. The military skill which he had displayed on different occasions abroad was supposed more than adequate to subdue the insurgents in the field; while it was expected that his mild temper, and the favourable disposition which he showed to Presbyterians in general, might soften men's minds, and tend to reconcile them to the Government. The Duke was therefore invested with a commission containing high powers for settling the distracted affairs of Scotland, and despatched from London with strong measures to take the principal military command in that country.

DEATH OF MONMOUTH'S CHAMBERLAIN.

Referred to in the Case of Lord Melville.—See Acts of the Scots Parliament, vol. viii. pp. 57, 58.

These are to certify that, in the first I had command of His Majesty's Forces in Scotland against the Rebels that were then in arms, I did direct and authorize the Lord Melville to send propositions to the Rebels, and receive answers from, in order to laying down their arms and submitting to the King's mercy. In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal at London, this 18th day of June 1685.

Witnessed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

— I am bound to Redoubt Hill,
Where I mean either to die.

OLD BALLAD.

There was now a pause in the military movements on both sides. The Government seemed contented to prevent the rebels advancing towards the capital, while the insurgents were intent upon organizing and strengthening their forces. For this purpose they established a sort of encampment in the park belonging to the dual residence at Hamilton, a central situation for receiving their recruits, and where they were secured from any sudden attack by having the Clyde, a deep and rapid river, in front of their position, which is only passable by a long and narrow bridge near the castle and village of Bellweil.

Morton remained here for about a fortnight after the attack on Glasgow, actively engaged in his military duties. He had received more than one communication from Hurley, but they only stated, in general, that the Castle of Tillinstation continued to hold out. Impatient of suspense upon this most interesting subject, he at length intimated to his colleagues in command his desire, or rather his intention—for he saw no reason why he should not assume a license which was taken by every one else in this disorderly army—to go to Milnwood for a day or two to arrange some private affairs of consequence. The proposal was by no means approved of; for the military council of the insurgents were sufficiently sensible of the value of his services to fear to lose them, and felt somewhat conscious of their own inability to supply his place. They could not, however, pretend to dictate to him here more right than they submitted to themselves, and he was suffered to depart on his journey without any direct objection being stated. The Reverend Mr. President took the same opportunity to pay a visit to his own residence in the neighbourhood of Milnwood, and favoured Morton with his company on the journey. As the country was chiefly friendly to their cause, and in possession of their detached parties, excepting here and there the stronghold of some old cavaliering Baron, they travelled without any other attendant than the faithful Gaidin.

It was near sunset when they reached Milwood, where President bid adieu to his companions, and travelled forward alone to his own mansion, which was situated half-a-mile's march beyond Tillamook. When Morton was left alone to his own reflections, with what a complication of feelings did he review the woods, banks, and fields, that had been familiar to him! His character, as well as his habits, thoughts, and occupations, had been entirely changed within the space of little more than a fortnight, and twenty days seemed to have done upon him the work of so many years. A mild, romantic, gentle-tempered youth, bred up in dependence, and stooping patiently to the control of a cold and tyrannical relation, had suddenly, by the rod of oppression and the spur of injured feeling, been compelled to stand forth a leader of armed men, was earnestly engaged in affairs of a public nature, had friends to animate and enemies to contend with, and felt his individual fate bound up to that of a national insurrection and revolution. It seemed as if he had at once experienced a transition from the romantic dreams of youth to the labours and cares of active manhood. All that had formerly interested him was obliterated from his memory, excepting only his attachment to Edith; and even his love seemed to have assumed a character more manly and disinterested as it had become mingled and contrasted with other duties and feelings. As he revolved the particulars of this sudden change, the circumstances in which it originated, and the possible consequences of his present career, the thrill of natural anxiety which passed along his mind was immediately banished by a glow of generous and high-spirited confidence.

"I shall fall young," he said, "if fall I must, my motives misconstrued, and my actions condemned, by those whose approbation is dearest to me. But the sword of liberty and patriotism is in my hand, and I will neither fall nor be over-
 —but other days will come, when the sentence of infamy will read against those who may persecute it; and that Heaven, whose name is so often profaned during this unwarred war, will bear witness to the purity of the motives by which I have been guided."

Upon approaching Milwood, Henry's knock upon the gate no longer attracted the conscious timidity of a stripling who has been out of bounds, but the confidence of a man in full

possession of his own rights, and master of his own actions,—bold, free, and decided. The door was suddenly opened by his old acquaintance, Mrs. Abner Wilson, who started back when she saw the steel cap and moulding phase of the martial visitor. —“Where is my uncle, Abner?” said Morton, smiling at her alarm.

“Londoner, Mr. Harry! is this you?” returned the old lady. “In truth ye gar’d my heart leap to my very mouth—But it cannot be your self, for ye look taller and more manly-like than ye used to do.”

“It is, however, my own self,” said Henry, sighing and smiling at the same time. “I believe this dress may make me look taller, and these trowsers, A/la, make men out of boys.”

“Bad trowsers indeed!” echoed the old woman;—“and oh that you could be endangered w/ them! But who can help it!—ye were ill enough garbed, and, as I tell your uncle, if you tread on a worm it will turn.”

“You were always my advocate, A/la,” said he, and the housekeeper no longer resented the familiar epithet, “and would let no one blame me but yourself, I am aware of that,—Where is my uncle?”

“In Edinburgh,” replied Abner;—“the honest man thought it was best to gang and sit by the chimney when the reek rose. A reuk man, he’s been, and a faired—But ye ken the Laird as well as I do.”

“I hope he has suffered nothing in health?” said Henry.

“Nothing to speak of,” answered the housekeeper, “nor in gude neither. We fared as well as we could; and, though the trowsers of Tibbottians took the red cow and sold Huckle (ye’ll mind them well), yet they said us a gude bargain o’ fear they were driving to the Castle.”

“Sold you a bargain?” said Morton, “how do you mean?”

“Oh, they came out to gather marts for the garrison,” answered the housekeeper; “but they just fell to their wild trade, and rode through the country coupling and selling o’ that they got. The one wore west-country dresses. My uncle, Major Tibbottian was hild o’ the best share o’ what they lifted, though it was then in his name.”

“Then,” said Morton hastily, “the garrison must be starved for provisions?”

"Stressed enough," replied Ailie, "there's little doubt o' that."

A light instantly glowed on Morton's mind.

"Barley must have deceived me—craft as well as cruelty is permitted by his creed," such was his inward thought: he said aloud, "I cannot stay, Mrs. Wilson—I must go forward directly."

"But, oh! bide to eat a morsel," entreated the affectionate housekeeper, "and I'll make it ready for ye as I used to do afore these sad days."

"It is impossible," answered Morton.—"Cuddie, get our horses ready."

"They're just eating their corn," answered the attendant.

"Cuddie!" exclaimed Ailie; "what gar'd ye bring that ill-far'd wadgie here along wif ye?—It was him and his muckle mother began a' the mischief in this house."

"Tut, tut," replied Cuddie, "ye should forget and forgive, mistress. Mither's in Glasgow wif her little, and will plague ye awa' mair; and I'm the Captain's walloo now, and I keep him tighter in check and mair than ever ye did;—aw ye him ever aw weel yet as he is aw?"

"Is truth and that's true," said the old housekeeper, looking with great complacency at her young master, whose mien she thought much improved by his dress. "I'm sure ye awer had a hard warra' like that when ye wae at Milnwood;—that's mair o' my awing."

"Na, na, mistress," replied Cuddie, "that's a cost o' my hand—that's aw o' Lord Brandaile's house."

"Lord Brandaile!" answered the old lady; "that's him that the whigs are gae to hang the mair, as I hear ay."

"The whigs about to hang Lord Brandaile?" said Morton, in the greatest surprise.

"Ay, truth aw they," said the housekeeper.—"Yesterday night he made a rally, as they ca' it—(my mother's name was Sally—I wonder they ga Christian folk's names to do such-ther-dooings)—but he made an outbrack to get provisions, and his men were driven back and he was taken, an' the whig Captain Balfour gar'd set up a gallows, and swore (or said upon his conscience, for they wae swear) that if the garbice was not gien ower the mair by daylight, he would hang up the young lord, poor thing, as high as Haman.—There aw sad times!—

but folk cannot help them—use de ye sit down and tak bread and cheese until better meat's made ready. Ye squire has ken'd a word about it, an I had thought it was to spoil your dinner, kins."

"Fad or wad," exclaimed Morton, "until the horses instantly, Ockles. We must not rest until we get before the Castle."

And, relating all Alice's extraction, they instantly resumed their journey.

Morton failed not to halt at the dwelling of Penderbent, and summon him to attend him to the camp. That honest divine had just returned for an instant his peccable habits, and was perusing an ancient theological treatise, with a pipe in his mouth, and a small jug of ale beside him, to assist his digestion of the argument. It was with bitter ill-will that he relinquished these comforts (which he called his studies) in order to recommence a hard ride upon a high-trotting horse. However, when he knew the matter in hand, he gave up, with a deep groan, the prospect of spending a quiet evening in his own little parlor; for he entirely agreed with Morton, that whatever interest Barley might have in rendering the breach between the Presbyterians and the Government irreconcilable, by putting the young soldierman to death, it was by no means that of the moderate party to permit such an act of atrocity. And it is but doing justice to Mr. Penderbent to add, that, like most of his own persuasion, he was decidedly adverse to any such acts of unnecessary violence; besides, that his own present feelings induced him to listen with much complaisance to the probability held out by Morton, of Lord Brunsdale's becoming a mediator for the establishment of peace upon fair and moderate terms. With this similarity of views, they hastened their journey, and arrived about eleven o'clock at night at a small hamlet adjacent to the Castle of Tilletstown, where Barley had established his headquarters.

They were challenged by the sentinel who made his solemn walk at the entrance of the hamlet, and admitted upon declaring their names and authority in the army. Another soldier kept watch before a house, which they conjectured to be the place of Lord Brunsdale's confinement, for a gibbet, of such great height as to be visible from the battlements of the Castle, was erected before it, in resplendent confirmation of the truth

of Mrs. Wilson's report." Morton instantly demanded to speak with Barclay, and was directed to his quarters. They found him reading the Scriptures, with his arms lying beside him, as if ready for any sudden alarm. He started upon the entrance of his colleague in office.

"What has brought ye hither?" said Barclay, hastily. "Is there bad news from the army?"

"No," replied Morton; "but we understand that there are measures adopted here in which the safety of the army is deeply concerned—Lord Evenside is your prisoner?"

"The Lord," replied Barclay, "hath delivered him into our hands."

"And you will avail yourself of that advantage granted you by Heaven, to dishonour our cause in the eyes of all the world, by putting a prisoner to an ignominious death?"

"If the house of Tiberias had not surrendered by day-break," replied Barclay, "God do us no more also, if he shall not die that death to which his leader and patron, John Grahame of Claverhouse, hath put so many of God's saints."

"We are in arms," replied Morton, "to put down such crackles, and not to institute them, far less to avenge upon the innocent the acts of the guilty. By what law can you justify the atrocity you would commit?"

"If thou art ignorant of it," replied Barclay, "thy companion is well aware of the law which gave the men of Jericho to the sword of Joshua the son of Nun."

"But we," answered the divine, "live under a better dispensation, which instructeth us to return good for evil, and to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us."

"That is to say," said Barclay, "that thou wilt join thy grey hairs to his green youth to corroborate me in this matter!"

"We are," rejoined Pausanias, "two of those to whom, jointly with thyself, authority is delegated over this host, and we will not permit thee to hurt a hair of the prisoner's head. It may please God to make him a means of leading these unhappy brutes to our Lord."

* The Churchmen had suffered persecution, but it was without bearing many. We are informed by Captain Calhoun, that they had set up in their camp a huge gibbet or gallows, having many hooks upon it, with a coil of raw ropes lying beside it, for the execution of such criminals as they might make prisoners. Gull, in his *Journal of the Expedition*, describes this machine particularly.

"I judged it would come to this," answered Darley, "when such as thou wert called into the council of the elders."

"Such as I?" answered Pountney—"And who am I, that you should name me with such scorn?—Have I not kept the flock of this sheepfold from the wolves for thirty years? Ay, even while thou, John Ballour, wert fighting in the ranks of uncircumcision, a Philistine of hardened brow and bloody hand—Who am I, say'st thou?"

"I will tell thee what thou art, when thou wouldst so fain know," said Darley. "Thou art one of those who would reap where thou hast not sowed, and divide the spoil while others fight the battle; thou art one of those that follow the gospel for the leaves and for the flesh—that love their own name better than the Church of God, and that would rather draw their stipends under popes and patriarchs, than be a partaker with those noble spirits who have cast all behind them for the sake of the Covenant."

"And I will tell thee, John Ballour," returned Pountney, "deservestly increased—"I will tell thee what thou art. Thou art one of those, for whose bloody and merciless disposition a reproach is flung upon the whole church of this suffering kingdom, and for whose violence and blood-guiltiness, it is to be feared, this fair attempt to recover our civil and religious rights will never be honoured by Providence with the desired success."

"Gentlemen," said Morton, "cease this insulting and unavailing recrimination; and do you, Mr. Ballour, inform us, whether it is your purpose to oppose the liberation of Lord Eyndale, which appears to me a profitable measure in the present position of our affairs?"

"You see here," answered Darley, "as two voices against me; but you will not refuse to tarry until the united council shall decide upon this matter!"

"This," said Morton, "we would not decline, if we could trust the hands in whom we are to leave the prisoner. But you know well," he added, looking sternly at Darley, "that you have already deceived me in this matter."

"Go to," said Darley, disdainfully,—"thou art an idle insouciant boy, who, for the black speculations of a silly girl, would barter thy own faith and honour, and the name of God and of thy country."

"Mr. Bailor," said Morton, laying his hand on his sword, "this language requires satisfaction."

"And thou shalt have it, striping, when and where thou darest," said Barley;—"I plight thee my good word on it."

Powderfoot, in his turn, interposed to remind them of the madness of quarrelling, and effected with difficulty a sort of silent reconciliation.

"Concerning the prisoner," said Barley, "deal with him as ye think fit. I wash my hands free from all consequences. He is my prisoner, made by my sword and spear, while you, Mr. Morton, were playing the adjutant at drolls and games, and you, Mr. Powderfoot, were saying the Scriptures into Kestelman. Take him unto you, nevertheless, and dispose of him as ye think meet.—Dingwall," he continued, calling a sort of old-do-camp, who slept in the back apartment, "let the guards posted on the malignant Broadside give up their post to those whom Captain Morton shall appoint to relieve them.—The prisoner," he said, again addressing Powderfoot and Morton, "is now at your disposal, gentlemen. But remember, that for all these things there will one day come a time of heavy accounting."

So saying, he turned abruptly into an inner apartment, without bidding them good-morning.—His two visitors, after a moment's consideration, agreed it would be prudent to ensure the prisoner's personal safety; by placing over him an additional guard, chosen from their own parishmen. A band of them happened to be stationed in the basket, having been attached, for the time, to Barley's command, in order that the men might be gratified by remaining as long as possible near to their own homes. They were, in general, smart, active young fellows, and were usually called by their companions the Marstoners of Millwood. By Morton's desire, four of these lads readily undertook the task of sentinels, and he left with them Flood rigg, on whose fidelity he could depend, with instructions to call him if anything remarkable happened.

This arrangement being made, Morton and his colleagues took possession, for the night, of such quarters as the over-crowded and miserable basket could afford them. They did not, however, separate for repose till they had drawn up a memorial of the grievances of the moderate Presbyterians, which was signed up with a request of free toleration for their religion in future,

and that they should be permitted to attend gospel ordinances as dispensed by their own clergymen, without opposition or mediation. Their petition proceeded to require that a free parliament should be called for settling the affairs of church and state, and for redressing the injuries sustained by the subject; and that all those who either now were, or had been, in arms, for obtaining these ends, should be indemnified. Morton could not but strongly hope that these terms, which comprehended all that was wanted, or wished for, by the moderate party among the insurgents, might, when thus cleared of the violence of fanatics, find advocates, even among the royalists, as debating only the ordinary rights of Scottish freedom.

He had the more confidence of a favourable reception, that the Duke of Marmouth, to whom Charles had entrusted the charge of subduing this rebellion, was a man of gentle, moderate, and amiable disposition, well known to be favourable to the Presbyterians, and invested by the king with full powers to take measures for quieting the disturbances in Scotland. It seemed to Morton, that all that was necessary for influencing him in their favour was to find a fit and sufficiently respectable channel of communication, and such seemed to be opened through the medium of Lord Erskine. He resolved, therefore, to visit the prisoner early in the morning, in order to sound his dispositions to undertake the task of mediator; but an accident happened which led him to anticipate his purpose.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Oh ever your house, lady, he said,—

Oh ever your house to me.

ROBEY OF GUNNOR.

Morton had finished the review and the making out of a fair copy of the paper on which he and Pausanias had agreed to set as a full statement of the grievances of their party, and the conditions on which the greater part of the insurgents would be contented to lay down their arms; and he was about to betake himself to repose, when there was a knocking at the door of his apartment.

"Enter," said Morton; and the round bullet-head of Cuddie Headrigg was thrust into the room. "Come in," said Morton, "and tell me what you want. Is there any alarm?"

"Na, sir; but I hae brought aye to speak w' you."

"Who is that, Cuddie?" inquired Morton.

"Aye o' your auld acquaintance," said Cuddie; and, opening the door more fully, he half led, half dragged in a woman, whose face was sufficed in her plaid—"Come, come, ye needna be so bashful before auld acquaintance, Jemmy," said Cuddie, pulling down the veil, and discovering to his master the well-remembered countenance of Jenny Davidson. "Tell his honour, now—there's a love him—tell him what ye were wanting to say to Lord Emswale, mistress."

"What was I wanting to say," answered Jenny, "to his honour himself the other morning, when I visited him in captivity, ye made him say:—[Ye think that folk daurna want to see their friends in adversity, ye doon crossly enter!"]"

This reply was made with Jenny's usual volubility; but her voice quivered, her cheek was white and pale, the tears stood in her eyes, her hand trembled, her manner was flustered, and her whole presence bore marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as nervous and hysterical agitation.

"What is the matter, Jenny?" said Morton, kindly. "You know how much I owe you in many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power."

"Many thanks, M'lord," said the weeping dame; "but ye were aye a kind gentleman, though folk say ye hae become aye changed aye."

"What do they say of me?" answered Morton.

"A'body says," replied Jenny, "that you and the whigs hae made a vye to ding King Charles off the throne, and that neither he nor his posterity shan' grace him to generation, shall sit upon it any mair; and John Gudyff thence ye're to gie o' the church-organs to the pipers, and burn the Book o' Common-prayer by the hands of the common hangman, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the King our kinsman."

"My friends at Tiffieldshire judge too hastily and too ill of me," answered Morton. "I wish to have free exercise of my own religion, without insulting any other; and as to your family, I only desire an opportunity to show them I have the same friendship and kindness as ever."

"Bless your kind heart for saying so!" said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears; "and they never needed kindness or friendly words, for they are furnished for lack o' food."

"Good God!" replied Morton—"I have heard of severity, but not of famine! Is it possible! Have the ladies and the Major"—

"They have suffered like the low o' us," replied Jenny; "for they shared every bit and sup w' the whole folk in the Castle—I'm sure my poor een see fifty colours w' sickness, and my head's as dizzy w' the misgives that I cannot stand my lane."

The thinness of the poor girl's cheek, and the sharpness of her features, bore witness to the truth of what she said. Morton was greatly shocked.

"Sit down," he said, "for God's sake!" forcing her into the only chair the apartment afforded, while he himself strode up and down the room in horror and impatience. "I know not of this," he exclaimed in broken ejaculations,—"I could not know of it.—Cold-blooded, iron-hearted fanatic—deceitful villain!—Caddy, fetch refreshments—food—wine, if possible—whatever you can find."

"Whisky is gude enough for her," muttered Caddy; "and wadna her thought that gude meal was awa' aye among them, when the queen threw awa' meikle gude halfpence making her about my legs."

Faint and miserable as Jenny seemed to be, she could not lose the allusion to her exploit during the storm of the Castle, without bursting into a laugh which weakness soon converted into a hysterical giggle. Confounded at her state, and reflecting with horror on the distress which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his commands to Hendrick in a peremptory manner; and when he had departed, endeavoured to soothe his visitor.

"You came, I suppose, by the orders of your mistress, to visit Lord Eversdale!—Tell me what she desires; her orders shall be my law."

Jenny appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, "Your honour is awa' a friend, I must needs trust to you, and tell the truth."

"Be assured, Jenny," said Morton, observing that she hesitated, "that you will best serve your mistress by dealing sincerely with me."

"Well, then, ye mean I'm we're starving, as I said before, and have been made days than men; and the Major has sworn that he expects relief daily, and that he will not gie over the house to the enemy till we have eaten up his salt horse,—and they are wae thick in the wiles, as ye may well mind, forty being tough in the upper-leather. The dragoons, again, they think they will be forced to gie up at last, and they come bide langer wae, after the lilt they led at free quarters for this while typos; and since Lord Evandale men, there's no guiding them; and Ingle says he'll gie up the garrison to the whigs, and the Major and the ladies into the bargain, if they will but let the troopers gang free themselves."

"Scoundrels!" said Morton; "why do they not make terms for all in the Castle?"

"They are fear'd for denial o' quarter to themselves, having done me waele mischief through the country; and Basky has hanged one or two o' them already—see they want to draw their six necks out o' the collar at hazard o' honest folk's."

"And you were sent," continued Morton, "to carry to Lord Evandale the unpleasant news of the men's meeting?"

"Just s'en sae," said Jenny; "Tom Halkley took the row, and told me o' about it, and got me out o' the Castle to tell Lord Evandale, if possibly I could win at him."

"But how can he help you?" said Morton; "he is a prisoner."

"Well-a-day, ay," answered the afflicted damsel; "but maybe he could rack fair terms for us—or, maybe he could gie us some good advice—or, maybe he might send his orders to the dragoons to be civil—or"—

"Or, maybe," said Morton, "you were to try if it were possible to set him at liberty?"

"If it were so," answered Jenny, with spirit, "it wou'd be the first time I have done my best to serve a friend in captivity."

"True, Jenny," replied Morton—"I was most grateful to forget it. But here comes Cuddie with reinforcements. I will go and do your errand to Lord Evandale, while you take some food and wine."

"It wou'd be wiser ye should see," said Cuddie to his master, "that this Jenny—this Mrs. Denison, was trying to outlie favour wi' Tom Hand, the miller's man, to win into

Lord Everdale's name without anybody knowing. She wasna thinking, the gipsy, that I was at her elbow."

"And an ousie fight ye gae me when ye cam thirt and took a grip o' me," said Jenny, giving him a sly twitch with her finger and her thumb—"if ye hadna been an ousie acquaintance, ye daft general!"——

Cuddie, somewhat reluctant, glanced a smile on his arched eyebrows, while Morton wrapped himself up in his cloak, took his sword under his arm, and went straight to the place of the young soldier's confinement. He asked the sentries if anything extraordinary had occurred—"Nothing worth notice," they said, "excepting the loss that Cuddie took up, and two couriers that Captain Balfour had despatched, one to the River-road Ephraim Machine, another to Kettlebroomie," both of whom were beating the drum enthusiastic in different tones between the position of Barley and the head-quarters of the main army near Hamilton.

"The purpose, I presume," said Morton, with an affection of indifference, "was to call them hither."

"So I understand," answered the sentinel, who had spoke with the couriers.

"He is summoning a triumphant majority of the council," thought Morton to himself, "for the purpose of sanctioning whatever action of atrocity he may determine upon, and thwarting opposition by authority. I must be speedy, or I shall lose my opportunity."

When he entered the place of Lord Everdale's confinement, he found him armed, and reclining on a flock-bed in the wretched garret of a miserable cottage. He was either in a slumber, or in a deep meditation, when Morton entered, and turned on him, when aroused, a countenance so much reduced by loss of blood, want of sleep, and scarcity of food, that no one could have recognised in it the gallant soldier who had behaved with as much spirit at the skirmish of London Hill. He displayed some surprise at the sudden entrance of Morton.

"I am sorry to see you thus, my lord," said that youthful leader.

"I have heard you are an admirer of poetry," answered the prisoner; "in that case, Mr. Morton, you may remember these lines,—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Or iron bars a cage;
 A free and quiet mind can take
 Those for a bondage.

But, were my imprisonment less endurable, I am given to expect to encounter a total disfranchisement."

"By death!" said Morton.

"Surely," answered Lord Brandalo; "I have no other prospect. Your comrade, Berkeley, has already dipped his hand in the blood of men whose necessities of rank and obscurity of extraction might have saved them. I cannot least such a shield from his vengeance, and I expect to meet its extremity."

"But Major Bellenden," said Morton, "may surrender, in order to preserve your life."

"Never, while there is one man to defend the battlement, and that man has one crust to eat. I know his gallant resolution, and grieved should I be if he changed it for my sake."

Morton listened to against him with the mutiny among the dragons, and their resolution to surrender the Castle, and put the ladies of the family, as well as the Major, into the hands of the enemy. Lord Brandalo seemed at first surprised, and something incalculable, but immediately afterwards deeply affected.

"What is to be done?" he said—"How is this misfortune to be averted?"

"Hear me, my lord," said Morton. "I believe you may not be unwilling to leave the alive branch between our master the King, and that part of his subjects which is now in arms, not from choice, but necessity."

"You construe me but justly," said Lord Brandalo; "but to what does this tend?"

"Permit me, my lord," continued Morton. "I will set you at liberty upon parole; nay, you may return to the Castle, and shall have a safe-conduct for the ladies, the Major, and all who love it, on condition of its instant surrender. In contributing to bring this about, you will only submit to circumstances; for, with a mutiny in the garrison, and without provisions, it will be found impossible to defend the place twenty-four hours longer. Those, therefore, who refuse to accompany your lordship, must take their fate. You and your followers shall have a free pass

to Edinburgh, or wherever the Duke of Monmouth may be. In return for your liberty, we hope that you will recommend to the notice of his Grace, as Lieutenant-General of Scotland, this humble petition and remonstrance, containing the grievances which have occasioned this insurrection, a redress of which being granted, I will answer with my head, that the great body of the insurgents will lay down their arms."

Lord Eversdale read over the paper with attention.

"Mr. Morton," he said, "in my simple judgment, I see little objection that can be made to the measures here recommended; nay, further, I believe, in many respects, they may meet the private sentiments of the Duke of Monmouth: and yet, to deal frankly with you, I have no hopes of their being granted, unless, in the first place, you were to lay down your arms."

"The doing so," answered Morton, "would be virtually conceding that we had no right to take them up; and that, for one, I will never agree to."

"Perhaps it is hardly to be expected you should," said Lord Eversdale; "and yet, on that point I am certain the negotiations will be wrecked. I am willing, however, having frankly told you my opinion, to do all in my power to bring about a reconciliation."

"It is all we can wish or expect," replied Morton; "the issue is in God's hands, who dispose the hearts of princes.—You except them, the safe-conduct?"

"Certainly," answered Lord Eversdale; "and if I do not enlarge upon the obligation incurred by your having saved my life a second time, believe that I do not feel it the less."

"And the garrison of Tiltinstown?" said Morton.

"Shall be withdrawn as you propose," answered the young nobleman. "I am sensible the Major will be unable to bring the trainbands to reason; and I trouble to think of the consequences, should the ladies and the brave old man be delivered up to this bloodthirsty ruffian, Barley."

"You are in that case too," said Morton. "Prepare to mount on horseback; a few men whom I can trust shall attend you till you are in safety from our parties."

Leaving Lord Eversdale in great surprise and joy at this unexpected deliverance, Morton hastened to get a few chosen men under arms and on horseback, each rider holding the rein of a spare horse. Jerry, who, while she partook of her refreshment,

had contrived to make up her breach with Cobble, rode on the left hand of that valiant cavalier. The troop of their horses was soon lined under the window of Lord Bransdale's prison. Two men, whom he did not know, entered the apartment, dismounted him of his sisters, and, conducting him down stairs, mounted him in the centre of the detachment. They set out at a round trot towards Filistadum.

The moonlight was giving way to the dawn when they approached that ancient fortress, and its dark massive tower had just received the first pale colouring of the morning. The party halted at the Tower barrier, not venturing to approach nearer for fear of the fire of the place. Lord Bransdale alone rode up to the gate, followed at a distance by Jenny Dondson. As they approached the gate, there was heard to arise in the courtyard a tumult, which accorded ill with the quiet serenity of a summer dawn. Crises and crises were heard, a pistol-shot or two were discharged, and everything announced that the meeting had broken out. At this word Lord Bransdale arrived at the gate where Halliday was confined. On hearing Lord Bransdale's voice, he instantly and gladly admitted him, and that nobleman arrived among the restless troopers like a man dropped from the clouds. They were in the act of putting their designs into execution, of seizing the place into their own hands, and were about to disarm and overpower Major Dondson and Harrison, and others of the Castle, who were offering the best resistance in their power.

The appearance of Lord Bransdale changed the scene. He seized Ingle by the collar, and, upbraiding him with his villainy, ordered two of his comrades to seize and bind him, assuring the others, that their only chance of impunity consisted in instant submission. He then ordered the men into their ranks. They obeyed. He commanded them to ground their arms. They hesitated; but the instinct of discipline, joined to their persuasion that the authority of their officer, so boldly asserted, must be supported by some force without the gate, induced them to submit.

"Take away those arms," said Lord Bransdale to the people of the Castle; "they shall not be restored until those men know better the use for which they are intrusted with them.—And now," he continued, addressing the restlessness, "beginners!—Make the best use of your time, and of a trace of three hours,

which the enemy are contented to allow you. Take the road to Edinburgh, and meet me at the House of Blair. I need not bid you beware of committing violence by the way; you will not, in your present condition, provide resentment for your own sake. Let your punctuality show that you mean to close for this morning's business.

The disarmed soldiers shrunk in silence from the presence of their officer, and, leaving the Castle, took the road to the place of rendezvous, making such haste as was inspired by the fear of meeting with some detached party of the insurgents, whom their present defenceless condition, and their former violence, might inspire with thoughts of revenge. Ingle, whom Hamilton destined for punishment, remained in custody. Halliday was praised for his conduct, and assured of succeeding in the task of the culprit. These arrangements being hastily made, Lord Brandaile accosted the Major, before whose eyes the scene had seemed to pass like the things of a dream.

"My dear Major, we must give up the place."

"Is it even so?" said Major Hollenden. "I was in hopes you had brought reinforcements and supplies."

"Not a man—not a pound of meat," answered Lord Brandaile.

"Yet I am blithe to see you," returned the honest Major; "we were informed yesterday that those pain-slinging rascals had a plot on your life, and I had rendered the scoundrelly dragons ten minutes ago in order to hunt up Berkeley's quarters and get you out of Kinko, when the dog Ingle, instead of obeying me, broke out into open mutiny.—But what is to be done now?"

"I have, myself, no choice," said Lord Brandaile; "I am a prisoner, released on parole, and bound for Edinburgh. You and the ladies must take the same route. I have, by the favour of a friend, a safe-conduct and horses for you and your retinue; for God's sake make haste. You cannot propose to hold out with seven or eight men, and without provisions. Enough has been done for honour, and enough to render the defence of the highest consequence to Government;—more were useless, as well as desperate. The English troops are arrived at Edinburgh, and will speedily move upon Hamilton—the possession of Tiffenham by the rebels will be but temporary."

"If you think so, my lord," said the veteran, with a reluctant sigh,—"I know you only advise what is honorable. If, then, you really think the case inevitable, I must submit; for the meeting of these scoundrels would render it impossible to save the walls.—Gudrid, let the women call up their mistresses, and all be ready to march.—But if I could believe that my remaining in these old walls till I was starved to a mummy, could do the king's cause the least service, old Miles Beldenden would not leave them while there was a spark of life in his body!"

The ladies, already alarmed by the meeting, now heard the determination of the Major, in which they readily acquiesced, though not without some groans and sighs on the part of Lady Margaret, which referred, as usual, to the *dépense* of his most sacred Majesty in the halls which were now to be abandoned to rebels. Hasty preparations were made for evacuating the Castle; and long ere the dawn was distinct enough for discovering objects with precision, the ladies, with Major Beldenden, Harriette, Gudrid, and the other domestics, were mounted on the bel horses, and others which had been provided in the neighbourhood, and proceeded towards the north, still escorted by four of the insurgent horsemen. The rest of the party who had accompanied Lord Erskine from the launch, took possession of the deserted Castle, carefully holloeing all outrigs or acts of plunder. And when the sun rose, the sunset and blue colours of the Scottish Covenant floated from the Keep of Tillystodden.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

*And in my breast, a bullet in her head
Were worth a thousand daggers.*

MARION.

THE cavalcade which left the Castle of Tillystodden halted for a few minutes at the small town of Bothwell, after passing the outposts of the insurgents, to take some slight refreshments which their attendants had provided, and which were really necessary to persons who had suffered considerably by want of proper nourishment. They then pressed forward upon the road

towards Edinburgh, until the lights of dawn which were now rising on the horizon. It might have been expected, during the course of the journey, that Lord Everside would have been frequently by the side of Miss Edith Hollenden. Yet, after his first substitution had been exchanged, and every precaution solicited which could serve for her accommodation, he rode in the van of the party with Major Hollenden, who seemed to abandon the charge of immediate attendance upon his lovely niece to one of the youngest cavaliers, whose dark military cloak, with the large flapped hat and feather, which drooped over his face, concealed at once his figure and his features. They rode side by side in silence for more than two miles, when the stranger addressed Miss Hollenden in a tremulous and suppressed voice.

"Miss Hollenden," he said, "must have friends wherever she is known; even among those whose conduct she now disapproves. Is there anything that each can do to show their respect for her, and their regret for her sufferings?"

"Let them learn, for their own sakes," replied Edith, "to revere the laws, and to spare innocent blood. Let them return to their allegiance, and I can forgive them all that I have suffered, were it ten times more."

"You think it impossible, then," rejoined the cavalier, "for any one to serve in our ranks, having the woe of his country sincerely at heart, and conceiving himself in the discharge of a patriotic duty?"

"It might be imprudent, while so absolutely in your power," replied Miss Hollenden, "to answer that question."

"Not in the present instance, I plight you the word of a soldier," replied the horseman.

"I have been taught candour from my birth," said Edith; "and, if I am to speak at all, I must utter my real sentiments. God only can judge the heart—men must estimate intentions by actions. Treason—murder by the sword and by gibbet—the oppression of a private family such as ours, who were only in arms for the defence of the established government, and of our own property—are actions which must needs sully all that have recourse to them, by whatever specious terms they may be gilded over."

"The guilt of civil war," rejoined the horseman—"the miseries which it brings in its train, lie at the door of those

who provoked it by illegal oppression, rather than of such as are driven to arms in order to assert their natural rights as freemen."

"That is assuming the question," replied Edith, "which ought to be proved. Each party contends that they are right in point of principle, and therefore the guilt must lie with them who first draw the sword;—as, in an affray, law holds those to be the criminals who are the first to have recourse to violence."

"Alas!" said the horseman, "were our violation to rest there, how easy would it be to show that we have suffered with a patience which almost seemed beyond the power of humanity, ere we were driven by oppression into open resistance!—But I perceive," he continued, sighing deeply, "that it is vain to plead before Miss Bellenden a cause which she has already prejudged, perhaps as much from her dislike of the persons as of the principles of those engaged in it."

"Pardon me," answered Edith. "I have stated with freedom my opinion of the principles of the insurgents; of their persons I know nothing—excepting in one solitary instance."

"And that instance," said the horseman, "has influenced your opinion of the whole body?"

"Far from it," said Edith; "he is—at least I once thought him—one in whose scale few were fit to be weighed. He is—or he seemed—one of early talent, high faith, pure morality, and warm affections. Can I approve of a rebellion which has made such a man, formed to ornament, to enlighten, and to defend his country, the companion of gloomy and ignorant fanatics, or cutting hypocrites,—the leader of brutal clerics,—the brother in arms to banditti and highway murderers! Should you meet such an one in your camp, tell him that Edith Bellenden has wept more over his fallen character, blighted prospects, and dishonoured name, than over the distresses of her own home,—and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheek and dimmed her eye, than the pang of heart which attended the rebellion by and through whom those calamities were inflicted."

As she thus spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance whose faded cheek attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animation which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal; he raised his hand to his brow with the sudden

motion of one who feels a pang shoot along his brain, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement, and the feelings which it excited, did not escape Edith, nor did she remark them without emotion.

"And yet," she said, "should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected by the hard opinions of—an early friend, say to him, that sincere repentance is next to innocence;—that, though fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, because guided by his example, he may still atone in some measure for the evil he has done."

"And in what manner?" asked the cavalier, in the same suppressed, and almost choked voice.

"By lending his efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deluded rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their blood, he may atone for that which has been already spilt;—and he that shall be most active in accomplishing this great end will best deserve the thanks of this age, and an honored remembrance in the next."

"And in such a power," said her companion, with a firm voice, "Miss Belvidere would not wish, I think, that the interests of the people were sacrificed unreservedly to those of the crown?"

"I am but a girl," was the young lady's reply; "and I scarce can think on the subject without presumption. But, since I have gone so far, I will fairly add, I would wish to see a peace which should give rest to all parties, and secure the subjects from military rapine, which I detect as much as I do the means now adopted to resist it."

"Miss Belvidere," answered Henry Morton, raising his face, and speaking in his natural tone, "the person who has lost such a highly-valued place in your esteem, has yet too much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal; and, conscious that he can no longer claim a friend's interest in your bosom, he would be silent under your hard censure, were it not that he can refer to the honored testimony of Lord Rosdale, that his earnest wishes and most active exertions are, even now, directed to the accomplishment of such a peace as the most loyal cannot consent."

He bowed with dignity to Miss Belvidere, who, though her

language indicated that she well knew to whom she had been speaking, probably had not expected that he would justify himself with so much animation. She returned his salute, confused and in silence. Martin then rode forward to the head of the party.

"Henry Morton!" exclaimed Major Belvidere, surprised at the sudden apparition.

"The same," answered Morton; "who is sorry that he knows under the harsh construction of Major Belvidere and his family. He consents to my Lord Brandish," he continued, turning towards the young nobleman, and bowing to him, "the charge of welcoming his friends, both regarding the particulars of his conduct and the purity of his motives. Farewell, Major Belvidere—All happiness attend you and yours;—may we meet again in happier and better times!"

"Believe me," said Lord Brandish, "your confidence, Mr. Morton, is not misplaced; I will endeavour to repay the great services I have received from you by doing my best to place your character on its proper footing with Major Belvidere, and all whose esteem you value.

"I expected no less from your generosity, my lord," said Morton.

He then called his followers, and rode off along the bank in the direction of Hamilton, their feathers waving, and their steel caps glancing in the beams of the rising sun. Cudde Hendryg alone remained an instant behind his companions to take an affectionate farewell of Jenny Danaher, who had contrived, during this short morning's ride, to re-establish her influence over his susceptible bosom. A struggling two or two obscured, rather than unclouded, their cheeks, as they bailed their horses to bid adieu.

"Fare ye weel, Jenny," said Cudde, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended perhaps to be a sigh, but rather resembling the intonation of a groan—"Ye'll think o' your Cudde sometimes—an honest lad that lo'es ye, Jenny; ye'll think o' him now and then!"

"Whiles—at loose-times," answered the malicious dame, unable either to suppress the repartee, or the arch smile which attended it.

Cudde took his revenge as rustic lovers are wont, and as Jenny probably expected,—sought his mistress round the neck,

kissed her cheeks and lips heartily, and then turned his horse and trotted after his master.

"Dell's in the fellow!" said Jenny, wiping her lips and adjusting her head-dress; "he has twice the spark of Tom Halliday, after a'—Coming, my laddy, coming—Lord have a care o' us, I trust the auld laddy didn't see us!"

"Jenny," said Lady Margaret, as the demand came up, "was not that young man who recommended the party the same that was captain of the peasantry, and who was afterwards prisoner at Tilghmorton on the morning Claverhouse came there?"

Jenny, happy that the query had no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress, to discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Not being able to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and lied.

"I dinna believe it was him, my laddy," said Jenny, as confidently as if she had been saying her catechism; "he was a little black man, that."

"You must have been blind, Jenny," said the Major; "Henry Morton is tall and fair, and that youth is the very man."

"I had thair thing afe than he looking at him," said Jenny, tossing her head; "he may be as fair as a farthing candle for us."

"Is it not," said Lady Margaret, "a blessed omen which we have made, out of the heads of so desperate and bloodthirsty a band?"

"You are deceived, Madam," said Lord Brankley; "Mr. Morton merits such a title from no one, but least from us. That I am now alive, and that you are now on your safe retreat to your friends, instead of being prisoners to a real financial homicide, is solely and entirely owing to the prompt, active, and energetic kindness of this young gentleman."

He then went into a particular narrative of the events with which the reader is acquainted, dwelling upon the merits of Morton, and expatiating on the risk at which he had rendered them those important services, as if he had been a brother instead of a rival.

"I were worse than grateful," he said, "were I silent on the merits of the man who has twice saved my life."

"I would willingly think well of Henry Morton, my lord,"

replied Major Bellenden; "and I own he has behaved handsomely to your Lordship and to us; but I cannot have the same allowances which it pleases your lordship to entertain for his present conduct."

"You are to consider," replied Lord Brancloch, "that he has been partly forced upon them by necessity; and I must add, that his principles, though differing in some degree from my own, are such as to command respect. Charlesworth, whose knowledge of men is not to be disputed, speaks justly of him as to his extraordinary qualities—but with prejudice, and harshly, concerning his principles and motives."

"You have not been long in learning all his extraordinary qualities, my lord," answered Major Bellenden. "I, who have known him from boyhood, could, before this affair, have said much of his good principles and good-nature; but as to his high talents"—

"They were probably hidden, Major," replied the generous Lord Brancloch, "even from himself, until circumstances called them forth; and, if I have detected them, it was only because our intercourse and conversation turned on momentous and important subjects. He is now labouring to bring this rebellion to an end, and the terms he has proposed are so moderate, that they shall not want my hearty recommendation."

"And have you hopes," said Lady Margaret, "to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive?"

"I should have, mothers, were every wing as moderate as Morton, and every loyalist as disinterested as Major Bellenden. But such is the fanaticism and violent irritation of both parties, that I fear nothing will end this civil war save the edge of the sword."

It may be readily supposed that Edith listened with the deepest interest to this conversation. While she regretted that she had expressed herself harshly and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction that his character was, even in the judgment of his noble-estated rival, such as her own affection had ever spoke it.

"Civil feuds and domestic jealousies," she said, "may render it necessary for me to tear his remembrance from my heart; but it is no small relief to know generally, that it is worthy of the place it has so long retained there."

While Edith was thus retaining her unjust resentment, her

never arrived at the camp of the insurgents near Hamilton, which he found in considerable confusion. Certain advisors had arrived that the royal army, having been recruited from England by a large detachment of the King's Guards, were about to take the field. These magnified their numbers and their high state of equipment and discipline, and spread abroad other circumstances which dimmed the courage of the insurgents. What favour they might have expected from Monmouth, was likely to be intercepted by the influence of those associated with him in command. His Lieutenant-General was the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, who, having practised the art of war in the then barbarous country of Russia, was as much feared for his cruelty and indifference to human life and human sufferings, as respected for his steady loyalty and undaunted valor. This man was second in command to Monmouth, and the horse were commanded by Claverhouse, burning with desire to revenge the death of his nephew, and his defeat at Drumclog. To these accounts was added the most terrible and terrible description of the tools of artillery and the cavalry force with which the royal army took the field.*

Large bodies, composed of the Highland clans, having in language, religion, and manners, no connection with the insurgents, had been summoned to join the royal army under their various chieftains; and these American, or Philistines, as the insurgents termed them, came like eagles to the slaughter. In fact, every person who could ride or run at the King's command, was summoned to arms, apparently with the purpose of fulfilling and being such men of property whose their principles might deter from joining the royal standard, though prudence prevented them from joining that of the insurgent Presbyterians. In short, every rumour tended to increase the apprehension among the insurgents, that the King's vengeance had only been delayed in order that it might fall more certain and more heavy.

Morton endeavoured to fortify the minds of the common people by pointing out the probable exaggeration of these reports, and by reminding them of the strength of their own situation, with an unfathomable river in front, only passable by a long and narrow bridge. He called to their remembrance their victory over Claverhouse when their numbers were few, and their men were disciplined and appointed for battle than now; showed them that

* See M. Royal Army at Redbank Edg.

the ground on which they lay afforded, by its undulation, and the thickets which intercepted it, considerable protection against artillery, and even against cavalry, if stoutly defended; and that their safety, in fact, depended on their own spirit and resolution.

But while Morton thus endeavoured to keep up the courage of the army at large, he availed himself of those discouraging rumours to endeavour to impress on the minds of the leaders the necessity of proposing to the Government moderate terms of accommodation, while they were still formidable as commanding an undisciplined and numerous army. He pointed out to them, that, in the present humour of their followers, it could hardly be expected that they would engage with advantage the well-appointed and regular forces of the Duke of Monmouth; and that if they chanced, as was most likely, to be defeated and dispersed, the insurrection in which they had engaged, so far from being useful to the country, would be rendered the apology for opposing it more severely.

Persuaded by these arguments, and feeling it equally dangerous to remain together, or to discuss their terms, most of the leaders readily agreed, that if such terms could be obtained as had been transmitted to the Duke of Monmouth by the hands of Lord Eyresdale, the purpose for which they had taken up arms would be, in a great measure, accomplished. They then entered into similar resolutions, and agreed to guarantee the petition and remonstrances which had been drawn up by Morton. On the contrary, there were still several leaders, and those men whose influence with the people exceeded that of persons of more apparent consequence, who regarded every proposal of truce which did not proceed on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643, as utterly null and void, impious, and unchristian. These men diffused their feelings among the multitude, who had little foresight, and nothing to lose, and persuaded many that the timid counsellors who recommended peace upon terms short of the detachment of the royal family, and the declared independence of the Church with respect to the State, were cowardly hypocrites, who were about to withdraw their hands from the plough, and despicable winners, who sought only a spurious pretence for deserting their brethren in arms. These contradictory opinions were fiercely argued in each tent of the insurgent army, or rather in the huts or cabins which served in the place of

tests. Violence in language often led to open quarrels and blows, and the divisions into which the army of soldiers was now served as too plain a prelude of their future state.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

The cause of growing factions and divisions
Still met your councils.

YACOB FARRINGTON.

THE presence of Morton found sufficient compensation in attending the business current of these contending parties, when, two days after his return to Hamilton, he was visited by his friend and colleague, the Reverend Mr. President, flying, as he presently found, from the face of John Ballou of Barley, whom he left not a little incensed at the share he had taken in the liberation of Lord Brunsdale. When the worthy divine had somewhat recruited his spirits, after the hurry and fatigue of his journey, he proceeded to give Morton an account of what had passed in the vicinity of Tillabrook after the memorable morning of his departure.

The night march of Morton had been accomplished with such dexterity, and the men were so faithful to their trust, that Barley received no intelligence of what had happened until the morning was far advanced. His first inquiry was, whether Macklar and Kottledramule had arrived, agreeably to the summons which he had despatched at midnight. Macklar had come, and Kottledramule, though a heavy traveller, might, he was informed, be instantly expected. Barley then despatched a messenger to Morton's quarters to summon him to an immediate council. The messenger returned with news that he had left the place. President was next summoned; but he, thinking, as he said himself, that it was ill dealing with fractious folk, had withdrawn to his own quiet manse, preferring a dark side, though he had been on horseback the whole preceding day, to a renewal in the morning of a controversy with Barley, whose family occupied him when unassisted by the finances of Morton. Barley's next inquiries were directed after Lord Brunsdale; and great was his rage when he learned that he had

been conveyed away ever night by a party of the earlsmen of Hildwood, under the immediate command of Henry Morton himself.

"The villains!" exclaimed Bury, addressing himself to Macbride;—"The base, mean-spirited traitor, is every favour for himself with the Government, hath set at liberty the prisoner taken by my own right hand, through means of whom, I have little doubt, the possession of the place of strength which hath wrought us such trouble, might now have been in our hands!"

"But is it not in our hands?" said Macbride, looking up towards the Keep of the Castle; "and are not these the colours of the Covenant that float over its walls?"

"A stratagem—a mere trick," said Bury—"an insult over our disappointment, intended to aggravate and embitter our spirits."

He was interrupted by the arrival of one of Morton's followers, sent to report to him the evacuation of the place, and its occupation by the insurgent forces. Bury was rather slow to flay thus reconciled by the news of this success.

"I have watched," he said—"I have fought—I have plotted—I have stolen for the reduction of this place—I have forborne to seek to head enterprises of higher command and of higher honour—I have narrowed their outposts, and cut off the springs, and broken the staff of bread within their walls; and when the men were about to yield themselves to my hand, that their sons might be bondsmen, and their daughters a laughing-stock to our whole camp, smother this youth, without a beard on his skin, and take it on him to thrust his sickle into the harvest, and to reap the prey from the spoiler! Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the city, with its captives, should be given to him that wins it!"

"Nay," said Macbride, who was surprised at the degree of agitation which Bury displayed, "durst not thyself because of the ungodly. Heaven will use its own instruments; and who knows but this youth?"

"Hush! hush!" said Bury; "do not dissuade: thine own better judgment. It was thou that first hastened me because of this painted squallor—this lacerated piece of copper, that passed current with me for gold. It flows ill, even with the dead, when they neglect the guidance of such false pointers as

then. But our carnal affections will mislead us—this ungrateful boy's father was mine ancient friend. They must be as earnest in their struggles as thou, Epimachus Masbriar, that would shake themselves clear of the slugs and chains of humanity."

This compliment touched the preacher in the most sensible part; and Dorley deemed, therefore, he should find little difficulty in moulding his opinions to the support of his own views, more especially as they agreed exactly in their high-strained opinions of church government.

"Let us instantly," he said, "go up to the Tower; there is that among the records in ponder fustian, which, well used as I can use it, shall be worth to us a valiant leader and an hundred horsemen."

"But will such be the fitting aids of the children of the Covenant?" said the preacher. "We have already among us too many who hunger after lands, and silver, and gold, rather than after the Word;—it is not by such that our deliverance shall be wrought out."

"Thus speak," said Dorley; "we must work by means, and those worldly men shall be our instruments. At all events, the Heathish woman shall be despoiled of her inheritance, and neither the malignant Evesdale, nor the crafty Morton, shall possess yonder castle and lands, though they may seek to marry the daughter thereof."

In saying, he led the way to Tilletstown, where he seized upon the plate and other valuables for the use of the army, ransacked the charter-room, and other receptacles for family papers, and treated with contempt the remonstrances of those who remonstrated him, that the terms granted to the garrison had guaranteed respect to private property.

Dorley and Masbriar, having established themselves in their new acquisition, were joined by Kettlebrumale in the course of the day, and also by the Laird of Longvale, whom that active divine had contrived to seduce, as Foxcroft termed it, from the pure light in which he had been brought up. Thus united, they went to the said Foxcroft an invitation, or rather a summons, to attend a council at Tilletstown. He remembered, however, that the door had no iron grate, and the Keep a dungeon, and resolved not to trust himself with his increased colleagues. He therefore retreated, or rather fled, to Hamilton,

with the tidings, that Burley, Huchier, and Kottledewand, were coming to Hamilton as soon as they could collect a body of Cameronians sufficient to overawe the rest of the army.

"And ye see," concluded Poundst, with a deep sigh, "that they will thus possess a majority in the council; for Langdale, though he has always passed for one of the honest and rational party, cannot be suitably or properly termed either fish, or flesh, or gale red-hering;—whoever has the stronger party has Langdale."

Thus concluded the heavy narrative of honest Poundst, who sighed deeply, as he considered the danger in which he was placed between unreasonable assertions amongst themselves and the common enemy from without. Morton exhorted him to patience, temper, and composure; informed him of the good hope he had of negotiating for peace and indirectly through means of Lord Emsdale, and made out to him a very fair prospect that he should again return to his own parliament-house at Galva, his smoking pipe of tobacco, and his noggie of inspiring ale, providing always he would afford his efficient support and concurrence to the measure which he (Morton) had taken for a general pacification.* Thus backed and comforted, Poundst resolved magnanimously to await the coming of the Cameronians to the general rendezvous.

Burley and his confederates had drawn together a considerable body of these veterans, amounting to a hundred horse and about fifteen hundred foot, dour and stern in aspect, morose, and jealous in communication, haughty of heart, and confident as men who believed that the pale of salvation was open for them exclusively; while all other Christians, however slight were the shades of difference of doctrine from their own, were in fact little better than outcasts or reptiles. These men entered the Presbyterian camp, rather as dangers and suspicious allies, or possibly antagonists, than as men who were heartily enlisted in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers, with their more moderate brethren in arms. Burley made no private visits to his colleagues, and held no communication with them on the subject of the public affairs, otherwise than by sending a dry invitation to them to attend a meeting of the general council for that evening.

On the arrival of Morton and Poundst at the place of as-

* *Edin N. Scotsman Presbyterian.*

ently, they found their brethren already seated. Slight greeting passed between them, and it was easy to see that no amicable conference was intended by those who convoked the council. The first question was put by Minister, the sharp sagacity of whose real urged him to the van on all occasions. He desired to know by whose authority the malignant, called Lord Ervadale, had been freed from the doom of death, justly denounced against him.

"By my authority and Mr. Morton's," replied Pousfont, who, besides being anxious to give his companion a good opinion of his courage, confided heartily in his support, and, moreover, had much less fear of encountering one of his own profession, and who confined himself to the weapons of theological controversy, in which Pousfont feared no man, than of entering into debate with the stern homicide Talbot.

"And who, brother," said Katholismale,—"who gave you authority to interfere in such a high matter?"

"The tenor of our constitution," answered Pousfont, "gives us authority to bind and to loose. If Lord Ervadale was justly doomed to die by the voice of one of our number, he was of a worthy heavenly redeemed from death by the warrant of two of us."

"Go to, go to," said Talbot; "we know your motives; it was to send that effworm—that gilded trifle—that embroiled trifle of a lord, to hear terms of peace to the tyrant."

"It was so," replied Morton, who saw his companion begin to flash before the fierce eye of Talbot—"It was so; and what then?—Are we to plunge the nation in needless war in order to pursue schemes which are equally wild, wicked, and unattainable?"

"Hear him!" said Talbot; "he blasphemes."

"It is false," said Morton; "they blaspheme who pretend to expect miracles, and neglect the use of the human means with which Providence has blessed them. I repeat it—Our avowed object is the re-establishment of peace on fair and honourable terms of security to our religion and our liberty. We disclaim any desire to tyrannise over those of others."

The debate would now have run higher than ever, but they were interrupted by intelligence that the Duke of Monmouth had commenced his march towards the west, and was already advanced half-way from Edinburgh. This news altered their

divisions for the moment, and it was agreed that the next day should be held as a fast of general humiliation for the sin of the land; that the Reverend Mr. Pendergast should preach to the army in the morning, and Kestledramale in the afternoon; that neither should touch upon any topics of union or of division, but animate the soldiers to resist to the blood, like brethren in a good cause. This halting overture having been agreed to, the moderate party ventured upon another proposal, confiding that it would have the support of Longshanks, who looked extremely black at the news which they had just received, and might be supposed reconverted to moderate measures. It was to be proposed, they said, that since the King had not estimated the command of his forces upon the present occasion to any of their active oppressors, but, on the contrary, had employed a soldierman distinguished by gentleness of temper, and a disposition favourable to their cause, there must be some better intention entertained towards them than they had yet experienced. They contended, that it was not only prudent but necessary to ascertain, from a communication with the Duke of Monmouth, whether he was not charged with some secret instructions in their favour. This could only be learned by despatching an envoy to his army.

"And who will undertake the task?" said Barley, regarding a proposal too reasonable to be speedily resisted—"who will go up to their camp, knowing that John Gresham of Cheshamstead hath sworn to hang up whosoever we shall dispatch towards them, in revenge of the death of the young man his nephew?"

"Let that be no obstacle," said Morton—"I will with pleasure encounter any risk attached to the honour of your sword."

"Let him go," said Balfeer, apart to Mackellar; "our counsels will be well rid of his presence."

The nation, therefore, received no contradiction even from those who were expected to have been most active in opposing it; and it was agreed that Henry Morton should go to the camp of the Duke of Monmouth, in order to discover upon what terms the insurgents would be admitted to treat with him. As soon as his errand was made known, several of the more moderate party joined in requesting him to make terms upon the footing of the petition presented to Lord Brankdale's hands; for the approach of the King's army spread a general trepidation, by no means allayed by the high tone assumed by the Camero-

riums, which had as little to support it excepting their own landing ead. With these instructions, and with Caddle as his attendant, Morton set forth towards the royal camp, at all the risks which attend those who assume the office of mediator during the heat of civil discord.

Morton had not proceeded six or seven miles, before he perceived that he was on the point of falling in with the van of the royal force; and, as he ascended a height, saw all the roads in the neighbourhood occupied by armed men marching in great order towards Duffwell Muir, an open common, on which they proposed to encamp for that evening, at the distance of scarcely two miles from the Clyde, on the further side of which river the army of the insurgents was encamped. He gave himself up to the first advanced-guard of cavalry which he met, as bearer of a flag of truce, and communicated his desire to obtain access to the Duke of Monmouth. The non-commissioned officer who commanded the party made his report to his superior, and he again to another in still higher command, and both immediately rode to the spot where Morton was detained.

"You are but losing your time, my friend, and risking your life," said one of them, addressing Morton; "the Duke of Monmouth will receive no terms from traitors with arms in their hands, and your credence have been such as to authorize retaliation of every kind. Better trot your nag back, and save his neck to-day, than be may save your life to-morrow."

"I cannot think," said Morton, "that even if the Duke of Monmouth should consider us as criminals, he would condemn so large a body of his fellow-subjects without even hearing what they have to plead for themselves. On my part I fear nothing. I am conscious of having consented to, or authorized, no cruelty, and the fear of suffering innocently for the crimes of others shall not deter me from executing my commission."

The two officers looked at each other.

"I have an idea," said the younger, "that this is the young man of whom Lord Brunsdale speaks."

"Is my Lord Brunsdale in the army?" said Morton.

"He is not," replied the officer; "we left him at Edinburgh, too much indisposed to take the field. Your name, sir, I presume, is Henry Morton?"

"It is, sir," answered Morton.

"We will not oppose your seeing the Duke, sir," said the

officer, with more civility of manner; "but you may assure yourself it will be to no purpose; for, were his Grace disposed to favour your people, others are joined in combination with him who will hardly consent to his doing so."

"I shall be sorry to find it thus," said Morton; "but my duty requires that I should persevere in my desire to have an interview with him."

"Lauday," said the superior officer, "let the Duke know of Mr. Morton's arrival, and remind his Grace that this is the person of whom Lord Eversdale spoke so highly."

The officer returned with a message that the General could not see Mr. Morton that evening, but would see him to-morrow in the ensuing morning. He was detained in a neighbouring cottage all night, but treated with civility, and everything provided for his accommodation. Early on the next morning the officer he had first seen, came to conduct him to his audience.

The army was drawn up, and in the act of forming columns for march or attack. The Duke was in the centre, nearly a mile from the place where Morton had passed the night. In riding towards the General, he had an opportunity of estimating the force which had been assembled for the suppression of the hasty and ill-considered insurrection. There were three or four regiments of English, the flower of Charles's army—there were the Scottish Life-Guards, burning with desire to avenge their late defeat—other Scottish regiments of regulars were also assembled, and a large body of cavalry, consisting partly of gentlemen volunteers, partly of the tenants of the crown who did military duty for their kilt. Morton also observed several strong parties of Highlanders drawn from the points nearest to the Lowland frontiers,—a people, as already mentioned, particularly devoted to the western whigs, and who hated and despised them in the same proportion. These were assembled under their chiefs, and made part of this formidable array. A complete train of field-artillery accompanied these troops; and the whole had an air so imposing, that it seemed nothing short of an actual miracle could prevent the ill-equipped, ill-armed, and transitory army of the insurgents, from being wholly destroyed. The officer who accompanied Morton endeavoured to gather from his looks the feelings with which this splendid and aerial parade of military force had impressed him. But,

true to the cause he had espoused, he laboured successfully to prevent the anxiety which he felt from appearing in his countenance, and looked around him on the warlike display as on a sight which he expected, and to which he was indifferent.

"You see the entertainment prepared for you," said the officers.

"If I had an appetite for it," replied Morton, "I should not have been accompanying you at this moment. But I shall be better pleased with a more peaceful repale, for the sake of all parties."

As they spoke thus, they approached the commander-in-chief, who, surrounded by several officers, was seated upon a knoll commanding an extensive prospect of the distant country, and from which could be easily discovered the windings of the majestic Clyde, and the distant camp of the insurgents on the opposite bank. The officers of the royal army appeared to be surveying the ground, with the purpose of directing an immediate attack. When Captain Lumsley, the officer who accompanied Morton, had whispered in Monmouth's ear his name and errand, the Duke made a signal for all around him to retire, excepting only two general officers of distinction. While they spoke together in whispers for a few minutes before Morton was permitted to advance, he had time to study the appearance of the persons with whom he was to treat.

It was impossible for any one to look upon the Duke of Monmouth without being captivated by his personal grace and accomplishments, of which the great High Priest of all the Nine afterwards recorded—

What'er he did, was done with as much ease,
In his show 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Freedom was opined to his face.*

Yet to a strict observer, the nearly beauty of Monmouth's face was considerably rendered less striking by an air of vacillation and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary.

Beside him stood Clarendon, whom we have already fully described, and another general officer whose appearance was strikingly striking. His dress was of the antique fashion of Charles the Fifth time, and composed of damask leather,

* (Dryden's *Amour and Jealousy*.)

curiously shaven, and covered with antique lace and parures. His boots and spurs might be referred to the same distant period. He wore a breastplate, over which descended a gray beard of venerable length, which he cherished as a mark of mourning for Charles the First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was uncovered, and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, gleaming gray eyes, and marked features, evinced age unalloyed by infirmity, and stern resolution unsoftened by benevolence. Such is the outline, however feebly expressed, of the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell,* a man more feared and hated by the whigs than even Claverhouse himself, and who executed the same violence against them out of a detestation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Graham only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the followers of Presbytery, and of destroying that sect entirely.

The presence of these two generals, one of whom he knew by person, and the other by description, seemed to Morton decisive of the fate of his embassy. But, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, and the unfavourable reception which his proposals seemed likely to meet with, he advanced boldly towards them upon receiving a signal to that purpose, determined that the cause of his country, and of those with whom he had taken up arms, should suffer nothing from being interested to him. Monmouth received him with the graceful courtesy which attended even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a stern, gloomy, and impatient frown; and Claverhouse, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance.

"You come, sir, from these unfortunate people, now assembled in arms," said the Duke of Monmouth, "and your name, I believe, is Morton: will you favour us with the purport of your errand?"

"It is entailed, my Lord," answered Morton, "in a paper, termed a Remonstrance and Supplication, which my Lord Escdale has placed, I presume, in your Grace's hands?"

"He has done so, sir," answered the Duke; "and I understand, from Lord Escdale, that Mr. Morton has behaved in

* Note G. General Dalzell.

these unhappy matters with much temperance and generosity, for which I have to request his acceptance of my thanks."

Here Morton observed Duclak shake his head indignantly, and whisper something into Claverhouse's ear, who smiled in return, and elevated his eyebrows, but in a degree so slight as scarce to be perceptible. The Duke, taking the petition from his pocket, proceeded, obviously struggling between the native gentleness of his own disposition, and perhaps his conviction that the petitioners demanded no more than their rights, and the desire, on the other hand, of enforcing the King's authority, and complying with the sterner opinions of the colleagues in office who had been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

"There are, Mr. Morton, in this paper, proposals, as to the abstract propriety of which I must now waive delivering any opinion. Some of them appear to me reasonable and just; and although I have no express instructions from the King upon the subject, yet I assure you, Mr. Morton, and I pledge my honour, that I will interpose in your behalf, and use my utmost influence to procure you satisfaction from his Majesty. But you must distinctly understand, that I can only treat with supplicants, not with rebels; and, as a preliminary to every act of favour on my side, I must insist upon your followers laying down their arms and despoising themselves."

"To do so, my Lord Duke," replied Morton, emphatically, "were to acknowledge ourselves the rebels that our enemies term us. Our swords are drawn for recovery of a birthright wrested from us; your Grace's moderation and good sense have admitted the general justice of our demand—a demand which would never have been listened to had it not been accompanied with the sound of the trumpet. We cannot, therefore, well dare not, lay down our arms, even on your Grace's assurance of indemnity, unless it were accompanied with some reasonable prospect of the redress of our wrongs which we complain of."

"Mr. Morton," replied the Duke, "you are young, but you must have seen enough of the world to perceive, that requests, by no means dangerous or unreasonable in themselves, may become so by the way in which they are pressed and supported."

"We may reply, my lord," answered Morton, "that this dangerous mode has not been resorted to until all others have failed."

"Mr. Morton," said the Duke, "I must break this conference short. We are in readiness to commence the attack; yet I will suspend it for an hour, until you can communicate my answer to the insurgents. If they please to disperse their followers, lay down their arms, and send a peaceful deputation to me, I will consider myself bound in honour to do all I can to procure redress of their grievances; if not, let them stand on their guard and expect the consequences.—I think, gentlemen," he added, turning to his two colleagues, "this is the utmost length to which I can stretch my instructions in favour of these misguided persons!"

"By my faith," answered Dalzell, suddenly, "and it is a length to which my poor judgment daunt not have stretched, considering I had both the King and my conscience to answer to! But, doubtless, your Grace knows more of the King's private mind than we, who have only the letter of our instructions to look to."

Monmouth blushed deeply. "You hear," he said, addressing Morton, "General Dalzell blames me for the length which I am disposed to go in your favour."

"General Dalzell's sentiments, my lord," replied Morton, "are such as we expected from him; your Grace such as we were prepared to hope you might please to entertain. Indeed, I cannot help adding, that, in the case of the absolute submission upon which you are pleased to insist, it might still remain something less than doubtful how far, with such assurances accorded the King, even your Grace's intercession might procure an effected relief. But I will communicate to our leaders your Grace's answer to our application; and, since we cannot obtain peace, we must bid our welcome as well as we may."

"Good morning, sir," said the Duke. "I suspend the movements of attack for one hour, and for one hour only. If you have an answer to return within that space of time, I will receive it here, and earnestly entreat it may be such as to save the effusion of blood."

At this moment another smile of deep meaning passed between Dalzell and Charlemon. The Duke observed it, and repeated his words with great dignity—"Yes, gentlemen, I said I treated the answer might be such as would avert the effusion of blood. I hope the sentiment neither needs your scorn, nor invites your displeasure."

Dalzell returned the Duke's frown with a stern glance, but made no answer. Claverhouse, his lip just curled with an ironical smile, bowed, and said, "It was not for him to judge the propriety of his Grace's sentiments."

The Duke made a signal to Morton to withdraw. He obeyed; and, accompanied by his former escort, rode slowly through the army to return to the camp of the non-conformists. As he passed the fine corps of Life-Guards, he found Claverhouse was already at their head. That officer no sooner saw Morton, than he advanced and addressed him with perfect politeness of manner.

"I think this is not the first time I have seen Mr. Morton of Milwood?"

"It is not Colonel Graham's fault," said Morton, smiling sternly, "that he or any one else should be now inconvenienced by my presence."

"Allow me at least to say," replied Claverhouse, "that Mr. Morton's present situation vouches the opinion I have entertained of him, and that my proceedings at our last meeting only squared to my duty."

"To reconcile your actions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your business, Colonel Graham, not mine," said Morton, justly offended at being thus, in a manner, required to approve of the sentence under which he had so nearly suffered.

"Nay, but stay an instant," said Claverhouse. "Erandale insists that I have some wrongs to acquit myself of in your instance. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman, who, though misguided, acts upon generous principles, and the cruel fiendish downy ponder, with the bloodthirsty assassin who head them. Therefore, if they do not desist upon your return, let me pray you instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself, for, be assured, they cannot stand our assault for half-an-hour. If you will be ruled and do this, be sure to inquire for me. Meanwhile, strange as it may seem, cannot protect you—Dalzell will not;—I both can and will; and I have promised to Erandale to do so if you will give me an opportunity."

"I should owe Lord Erandale my thanks," answered Morton, coldly, "did not his scheme imply an opinion that I might be prevailed on to desert those with whom I am engaged. For

you, Colonel Graham, if you will honour me with a different species of satisfaction, it is probable that, in an hour's time, you will find me at the west end of Ruthwell Bridge with my sword in my hand."

"I shall be happy to meet you there," said Claverhouse, "but still more so should you think better on my first proposal."

They then saluted and parted.

"That is a pretty lad, Lamley," said Claverhouse, addressing himself to the other officer; "but he is a hot man—his blood be upon his head."

So saying, he addressed himself to the task of preparation for instant battle.

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

But hark ! the horn has changed its voice,
There's peace and rest now longer.

SCOTCH.

The London Mailmen say
Come with their coats of blue;
Five hundred men from London come,
Child is a valiant man.

SCOTCH-LOOSE.

WYNN MARTIN had left the well-ordered outposts of the regular army, and arrived at those which were maintained by his own party, he could not but be peculiarly sensible of the difference of discipline, and entertain a proportional degree of fear for the consequences. The same discords which agitated the councils of the insurgents, reigned even among their nearest followers; and their plottings and patrols were more interested and occupied in disputing the true causes and causes of wrath, and delving the limits of frontier bearing, than in looking out for and observing the motions of their enemies, though within hearing of the royal drums and trumpets.

There was a guard, however, of the insurgent army, posted at the long and narrow bridge of Ruthwell, over which the enemy must necessarily advance to the attack; but, like the others, they were divided and disheartened; and, entertaining

the idea that they were posted on a desperate service, they even meditated withdrawing themselves to the main body. This would have been after ruin; for on the defence or loss of this pass the fortune of the day was most likely to depend. All beyond the bridge was a plain open field, excepting a few thickets of no great depth, and, consequently, was ground on which the undisciplined forces of the insurgents, deficient as they were in cavalry, and totally unsupplied with artillery, were altogether unlikely to withstand the shock of regular troops.

Morton therefore viewed the pass carefully, and formed the hope, that by occupying two or three houses on the left bank of the river, with the copse and thickets of alders and hazels that lined its side, and by blockading the passage itself, and shutting the gates of a portal, which, according to the old fashion, was built on the central arch of the bridge of Bothwell, it might be easily defended against a very superior force. He issued directions accordingly, and commanded the persopets of the bridge, on the farther side of the portal, to be thrown down, that they might afford no protection to the enemy when they should attempt the passage. Morton then conjured the party at this important post to be watchful and upon their guard, and promised them a speedy and strong reinforcement. He caused them to advance vigilantes beyond the river to watch the progress of the enemy, which outposts he directed should be withdrawn to the left bank as soon as they approached; finally, he charged them to send regular information to the main body of all that they should observe. Men under arms, and in a situation of danger, are usually sufficiently alert in apprehending the machs of their officers. Morton's intelligence and activity gained the confidence of these men, and with better hope and heart than before, they began to fortify their position in the manner he recommended, and saw him depart with three head shees.

Morton now galloped hastily towards the main body of the insurgents, but was surprised and shocked at the scene of confusion and clamour which it exhibited, at the moment when good order and concert were of such essential consequence. Instead of being drawn up in line of battle, and listening to the commands of their officers, they were crowding together in a confused mass, that rolled and agitated itself like the waves

of the sea, while a thousand tongues spoke, or rather whispered, and not a single ear was found to listen. Stupefied at a scene so extraordinary, Morton endeavoured to make his way through the press, to learn, and if possible to remove, the cause of this so untimely disorder. While he is thus engaged, we shall make the reader acquainted with that which he was some time in discovering.

The insurgents had proceeded to hold their day of humiliation, which, agreeably to the practice of the puritans during the earlier civil war, they considered as the most effectual mode of solving all difficulties, and waiving all discussions. It was usual to name an ordinary week-day for this purpose, but on this occasion the Sabbath itself was adopted, owing to the pressure of the time and the vicinity of the enemy. A temporary pulpit, or *tribune*, was erected in the middle of the mansement; which, according to the fixed arrangement, was first to be occupied by the Reverend Peter Poundstone, to whom the post of honour was assigned, as the eldest clergyman present. But as the worthy divine, with slow and stately steps, was advancing towards the rostrum which had been prepared for him, he was prevented by the unexpected appearance of Habbakuk Mackleworth, the famous preacher whose appearance had so much startled Morton at the first council of the insurgents after their victory at Louisa Hill. It is not known whether he was acting under the influence and instigation of the *Chambrains*, or whether he was merely impelled by his own agitated imagination, and the temptation of a vacant pulpit before him, to seize the opportunity of exhorting so respectable a congregation. It is only certain that he took occasion by the firelock, spring into the pulpit, cast his eyes wildly around him, and, undismayed by the murmurs of many of the auditors, opened the Bible, read forth as his text from the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, "Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which ye have not known;" and then rushed at once into the midst of his subject.

The language of Mackleworth was so wild and extravagant as his intrusion was unauthorized and untimely; but it was provokingly relevant, in as far as it turned entirely upon the very subjects of discord, of which it had been agreed to adjourn

the consideration until some more suitable opportunity. Not a single topic did he omit which had offence in it; and, after charging the moderate party with luxury, with crowding to tyranny, with assailing to be at peace with God's enemies, he applied to Morton, by name, the charge that he had been one of those men of Belial, who, in the words of his text, had gone out from amongst them, to withdraw the inhabitants of his city, and to go away after false gods. To him, and all who followed him or approved of his conduct, Mankiworth denounced fury and vengeance, and exhorted those who would hold themselves pure and undefiled to come up from the midst of them.

"Fear not," he said, "because of the neighing of horses, or the glittering of breastplates. Seek not aid of the Egyptians because of the camp, though they may be warriors as locusts, and fierce as dragons. Their trust is not as our trust, nor their rock as our rock; how else shall a thousand fly before one, and two put ten thousand to the flight! I dreamed it in the visions of the night, and the voice said, 'Ephodrek, take thy fan and purge the wheat from the chaff, that they be not both consumed with the fire of indignation and the lightning of fury.' Wherefore, I say, take this Henry Morton—this wretched Adam, who hath brought the accursed thing among ye, and made himself brother in the camp of the camp—take him and stone him with stones, and thereafter burn him with fire, that the wrath may depart from the children of the Covenant. He hath not taken a Babylonish garment, but he hath sold the garment of righteousness to the women of Babylon—he hath not taken two hundred shekels of fine silver, but he hath bartered the truth, which is more precious than shekels of silver or wedges of gold."

At this furious charge, brought so unexpectedly against one of their most active commanders, the audience broke out into open tumult, some demanding that there should instantly be a new election of officers, into which office none should hereafter be admitted who had, in their phrases, touched of that which was accursed, or temporised more or less with the heresies and corruptions of the times. While such was the demand of the Conventionists, they vociferated loudly, that those who were not with them were against them,—that it was no time to relinquish the substantial part of the covenantal testimony of the

Church, if they expected a blessing on their arms and their cause,—and that, in their eyes, a labouring Presbytery was little better than a Presbiter, an anti-Covenanter, and a Nullifier.

The parties seemed repelled the charge of criminal complacency and defection from the truth with scorn and indignation, and charged their answers with boasts of faith, as well as with wrong-headed and extravagant zeal in interlarding each division into an army the joint strength of which could not, by the most sanguine, be judged more than sufficient to face their enemies. Fountains, and one or two others, made some faint efforts to stem the increasing fury of the factions, concluding to those of the other party, in the words of the Patriarch,—“Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between thy hardness and my hardness, for we be brethren.” No pacific creature could possibly obtain audience. It was in vain that even Burley himself, when he saw the discussion proceed to such violent lengths, exerted his stern and deep voice, commanding silence and obedience to discipline. The spirit of insubordination had gone forth, and it seemed as if the exhortation of Habelkirk Middleworth had communicated a part of his frenzy to all who heard him. The wiser, or more timid part of the assembly, were already withdrawing themselves from the field, and giving up their cause as lost. Others were moderating a hasty call, as they somewhat improperly termed it, to new officers, and dismissing those formerly chosen, and that with a tumult and clamour worthy of the deficiency of good sense and good order implied in the whole transaction. It was at this moment when Morton arrived in the field and joined the army, in total confusion, and on the point of dissolving itself. His arrival occasioned loud exclamations of applause on the one side, and of imprecation on the other.

“What means this violent disorder at such a moment!” he exclaimed to Burley, who, exhausted with his vain exertions to restore order, was now leaning on his sword, and regarding the confusion with an eye of morbid despair.

“It means,” he replied, “that God has delivered us into the hands of our enemies.”

“Not so,” answered Morton, with a voice and gesture which compelled many to listen; “it is not God who deserts us—it is we who desert him, and dishonour ourselves by disgracing and betraying the cause of freedom and religion.—Hear me!” he

exclaimed, springing to the pulpit which Blackbarth had been compelled to evacuate by actual exhaustion—"I bring from the enemy an offer to treat, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can assure you the means of making an honourable defence, if you are of more manly temper. The time flies fast on. Let us resolve either for peace or war; and let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the coward's wisdom to retreat in good time and with safety. What signifies quarrelling on points of church-discipline, when the whole edifice is threatened with total destruction? O remember, my brethren, that the last and worst evil which God brought upon the people whom he had once chosen—the last and worst punishment of their blindness and hardness of heart, was the bloody discussions which rent asunder their city, even when the enemy were clanking at its gates!"

Some of the audience testified their feeling of this exhortation, by loud exclamations of applause—others by hooting, and exclaiming—"To your tents, O Israel!"

Morton, who beheld the columns of the enemy already beginning to appear on the right bank, and directing their march upon the bridge, raised his voice to its utmost pitch, and pointing at the same time with his hand, exclaimed,—"*Sláine* your ancestral dragons! Yonder is the enemy! On maintaining the bridge against him, depend our lives, as well as our hope to retain our love and Eborac. There shall at least one Scottish man die in their defence. Let any one who loves his country follow me!"

The multitude had turned their heads in the direction to which he pointed. The sight of the glittering files of the English Foot-Guards, supported by several squadrons of horse, at the entrance which the artillerymen were busily engaged in planting against the bridge, of the plumed clans who seemed to search for a field, and of the long succession of troops which were destined to support the attack, alarmed at once their dangerous appear, and struck them with as much consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very thing which they ought to have been looking out for. They gazed on each other, and on their leaders, with looks resembling those that indicate the weakness of a patient when attacked by a fit of fury. Yet

when Morton, springing from the retrous, directed his steps towards the bridge, he was followed by about an hundred of the young men who were particularly attached to his command.

Barley turned to Macbride—"Ephraim," he said, "it is Providence points us the way, through the wondrous wisdom of this belliciferous youth.—He that knows the light, let him follow Barley!"

"Tarry," replied Macbride; "it is not by Henry Morton, or such as he, that our going-out and our coming-in are to be noted; therefore tarry with us. I fear treachery to the host from this callidious Achan.—Thou shalt not go with him—thou art our chariot and our horsemen."

"Hinder me not," replied Barley; "he hath well said that all is lost, if the enemy win the bridge—therefore let me not. Shall the children of this generation be called wiser or braver than the children of the sanctuary!—Arise yourselves under your leaders—let us not lack supplies of men and ammunition; and assured be he who tareth back from the work on this great day!"

Having thus spoken, he hastily marched towards the bridge, and was followed by about two hundred of the most gallant and zealous of his party. There was a deep and disconcerted pause when Morton and Barley departed. The commanders availed themselves of it to display their lines in more order, and exhorted those who were most exposed to throw themselves upon their faces to avoid the onslaught which they might presently expect. The insurgents ceased to resist or to retaliate; but the men which had alienated their discord had destroyed their courage. They suffered themselves to be turned into ranks with the docility of a flock of sheep, but without possessing, for the time, more resolution or energy; for they experienced a sinking of the heart, imposed by the sudden and imminent approach of the danger which they had neglected to provide against while it was yet distant. They were, however, drawn out with some regularity; and as they still possessed the appearance of an army, their leaders had only to hope that some favourable circumstance would restore their spirits and courage.

Kettlebrennall, Poundert, Macbride, and other presences, braced themselves in their ranks, and prevailed on them to raise a psalm. But the expostitions among them observed, as

as if these, that their song of praise and triumph sank into "a quaver of consternation," and resembled rather a posthumous stave sung on the scaffold of a condemned criminal, than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild beach of London Hill, in anticipation of that day's victory. The melancholy melody soon received a rough accompaniment; the royal soldiers shouted, the Highlanders yelled, the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musketry on both, and the bridge of Botherwell, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

As o'er ye row the rife down he,
Or put the arrow from the bow,
The sun's shafts hie fall even down,
And they lay slain on every known.

OLD BALLAD.

ESK MORTON or BURLY had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot-Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one company, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a discharge of musketry upon the farther end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene; and his madness, commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed as it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burlby had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Monmouth, mounted on a superb white charger, might be discerned on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, exhorting, and animating the warriors of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the Presbyterians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these treacherous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by the overwood along the bank of the river, or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while the royalists, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so protracted and obstinate, that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot-Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Deloof, who, putting himself at the head of a body of Linnen Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous warcry of *Lachdubh*.^{*} The ammunition of the defenders of the bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messengers, commanding and imploring succours and supplies, were in vain despatched, one after the other, to the main body of the Presbyterian army, which remained inactive drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation, and misdeeds, had gone abroad among them, and while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken, that of the assailants increased, and in its turn became more fatal. Animated by the example and exhortations of their generals, they obtained a footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blockaded. The portul-gate was broken open, the houses, trunks of trees, and other materials of the landscape, pulled down and thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Burley fought in the very front of their followers, and encouraged them with their pikes, halberds, and partisans, to

^{*} This was the slogan or warcry of the Macfarlanes, taken from a hill near the head of Loch Lomond, in the centre of their ancient possessions on the western banks of that beautiful inland sea.

mounter the bayonets of the Guards, and the broadsword of the Highlanders. But those behind the leaders began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, until the remainder were, by the mere weight of the hostile column as much as by their weapons, fairly forced from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the manoeuvre slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to force the horse, from the windows of which the Covenanters continued to fire. Barley and Morton were near each other at this critical moment.

"There is yet time," said the former, "to bring down horses to attack them, ere they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, we may thus regain the bridge. Morton then to bring them down, while I make the defence good with this old and waried body."

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Cudde held in readiness for him behind the thickest, galloped towards a body of cavalry which chanced to be composed entirely of Cameronians. Ere he could speak his errand, or utter his orders, he was seized by the armations of the whole body.

"He flies!" they exclaimed—"the cowardly traitor flies like a hart from the hunters, and hath left valiant Barley in the midst of the slaughter!"

"I do not fly," said Morton. "I come to lead you to the attack. Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well."

"Follow him, not!—Follow him, not!"—such were the simultaneous exclamations which resounded from the ranks;—"he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy!"

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been useful; and the outlet from the bridge, with all its defences, being in complete possession of the enemy, Barley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, to whom the spectacle of their hurried and harassed retreat was far from restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the meanwhile, the forces of the King crossed the bridge at their leisure, and securing the pass, formed in line of battle; while Clarendon, who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and

spring the line to pounce on its prey, had watched the onset of the column from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and leading them in squadrons, through the intervals and round the flanks of the royal infantry, formed them in line on the moor, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one large body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound,—the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the gleaming of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the warriors. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers—"Kill! kill! no-quarter! think on Richard Graham!" The dragons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of London Hill, replied no exhortations to vengeance so easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the unrelenting fugitives. Scarcely the quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight, and pursuit.

About twelve hundred of the insurgents who remained in a body a little apart from the rest, and out of the line of the charge of cavalry, threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, upon the approach of the Duke of Monmouth at the head of the infantry. That mild-tempered soldier instantly allowed them the quarter which they prayed for; and, galloping about through the field, excited himself as much to stop the slaughter, as he had done to obtain the victory. While busied in this humane task, he met with General Duffell, who was encouraging the fierce Highlanders and royal volunteers to slay their foes for King and country, by quoting the words of the rebellion with the blood of the rebels.

"Sheath your sword, I command you, General!" exclaimed

the Duke, "and award the retreat. Enough of blood has been shed; give quarter to the King's misguided subjects."

"I obey your Grace," said the old man, wiping his bloody sword and returning it to the scabbard; "but I warn you at the same time, that enough has not been done to intimidate these desperate rebels. Has not your Grace heard that Basil Offart has collected several gentlemen and men of substance in the West, and is in the act of marching to join them?"

"Basil Offart?" said the Duke; "who, or what is he?"

"The next male heir to the last Earl of Torwood. He is disinherited to Government from his claim to the estate being set aside in favour of Lady Margaret Hollenden; and I suppose the hope of getting the inheritance has set him on motion."

"Be his motives what they will," replied Monmouth, "he must soon disperse his followers, for this way is too much broken to rally again;—therefore, once more, I command that the pursuit be stopped."

"It is your Grace's pleasure to command, and to be responsible for your commands," answered Talbot, as he gave reluctant orders by checking the pursuit.

But the fiery and vindictive Gresham was already far out of hearing of the signal of retreat, and continued with his swordy an unceasing and bloody pursuit, breaking, dispersing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

Burley and Martin were both hurried off the field by the confused tide of fugitives. They made some attempt to defend the streets of the town of Hamilton; but while labouring to induce the flies to face about and stand to their weapons, Burley received a bullet which broke his sword-arm.

"May the hand be withered that shot the shot!" he exclaimed, as the sword which he was waving over his head fell powerless to his side. "I can fight no longer."

Thus turning his horse's head, he retreated out of the confusion. Martin also now saw that the continuing his unavailing efforts to rally the flies could only end in his own death or captivity; and, followed by the faithful Cuddie, he extricated himself from the press, and, being well mounted, leaped his horse over one or two embankments, and got into the open country.

From the fast kill which they gained in their flight, they looked back, and beheld the whole country covered with their

* This incident, and Burley's exhaustion, are taken from the records.

fugitive companions, and with the pursuing dragons, whose wild shouts and halloo, as they did execution on the groups whom they overtook, mingled with the groans and screams of their victims, rose shrilly up the hill.

"It is impossible they can ever make head again," said Morton.

"The head's torn off them, as clean as I wad hie it off a spin!" rejoined Obediah. "Eh, Lord! see how the broadsworders are flailing! War's a fearsome thing. They'll be coming that catches me at this work again.—But, for Gha's sake, ah, let us seek for some strength!"

Morton saw the necessity of following the advice of his trusty spinster. They resumed a rapid pace, and continued it without intermission, directing their course towards the wild and mountainous country, where they thought it likely some part of the fugitives might draw together, for the sake either of making defence, or of obtaining terms.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXOOST.

They require
Of Heaven the hearts of them, lords of tigers,
You and the fierceness too.

FARQUHAR.

Evangelina had fallen; and, for the last two hours, they had seen none of their ill-fated companions, when Morton and his faithful attendant gained the moorland, and approached a large and solitary farm-house, situated in the entrance of a wild glen, far remote from any other habitation.

"Our horses," said Morton, "will carry us no farther without rest or feed, and we must try to obtain them here, if possible."

In speaking, he led the way to the house. The place had every appearance of being inhabited. There was smoke issuing from the chimney in a considerable volume, and the marks of recent work were visible around the door. They could even hear the murmuring of human voices within the house. But all the lower windows were closely secured; and when they

knocked at the door, no answer was returned. After vainly calling and entreating admittance, they withdrew to the stable or shed, in order to accommodate their horses, ere they used further means of gaining admission. In this place they found ten or twelve horses, whose state of fatigue, as well as the military yet disordered appearance of their saddles and accoutrements, plainly indicated that their owners were fugitive insurgents in their own circumstances.

"This meeting looks bad," said Oddie; "and they has wath a' loof, that's as thing certain, for here's a rare hide that has been about the hurdles o' a shot not half-an-hour syne—it's wurn yet."

Encouraged by these appearances, they returned again to the house, and announcing themselves as men in the same predicament with the hunter, demanded loudly for admittance.

"Whae'er ye be," answered a stern voice from the window, after a long and obdurate silence, "disturb not those who mourn for the desolation and captivity of the land, and search out the causes of wrath and of deflection, that the standing-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled."

"They are wild western whigs," said Oddie, in a whisper to his master; "I ken by their language. Flead has use if I like to venture on them!"

Morton, however, again called to the party within, and insisted on admittance; but finding his entreaties still disregarded, he opened one of the lower windows, and pushing aside the shutters, which were but slightly secured, stepped into the large kitchen from which the voice had issued. Oddie followed him, muttering between his teeth, as he put his head within the window, "That he hoped there was an scolding brose on the fire;" and master and servant both found themselves in the company of ten or twelve armed men, seated around the fire on which refreshments were preparing, and looked apparently in their derision.

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the fire-light, Morton had no difficulty in recognizing several of those malcontents who had most distinguished themselves by their intemperate opposition to all moderate measures, together with their noted pastor, the Reverend Ephraim Macbride, and the man, Habbakuk Muddlesworth. The Cameronians neither stirred tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued

to listen to the low murmured exercises of Macbride, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up his hand from his people, and not make an end in the day of his anger. That they were conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the smiles and indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what seriously society he had unwittingly intruded, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, observed with some alarm, that two strong men had silently placed themselves beside the window through which they had entered. One of these ominous sentinels whispered to Cudde, "Son of that precious woman, Mance Headrigg, do not cast thy lot further with this child of treachery and perdition—Toss on thy way, and hurry not, for the avenger of blood is behind thee."

With this he pointed to the window, out of which Cudde jumped without hesitation; for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

"Winecke are no lucky wif me," was his first reflection when he was in the open air; his next was upon the probable fate of his master. "They'll kill him, the murdering loons, and think they're doing a good turn! but I've tak the back road for Hamilton, and see if I canna get some o' our ain folk to bring help in time of needfulness."

In saying, Cudde hastened to the stable, and taking the best horse he could find instead of his own tired animal, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the devotion of the function. As it died in the distance, Macbride brought his exercises to a conclusion, and his auditors raised themselves from the stooping posture, and lowering downward look, with which they had listened to it, and all fixed their eyes steadily on Henry Morton.

"You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen," said he, addressing them. "I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved them."

"Out upon thee! out upon thee!" exclaimed Macleworth, starting up; "the word that thou hast spured shall become a rock to crush and to bruise thee; the spear which thou wouldst have broken shall pierce thy side; we have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned, for an offering to atone the sins of the congre-

gation, and in the very hour of the offering is delivered into our hand. His bath-burst is like a thief through the window; he is a man caught in the thicket, whose blood shall be a drink-offering to redeem vengeance from the church, and the place shall from henceforth be called Jahonah-Jireh, for the sacrifice is provided. Up then, and bind the victim with cords to the horns of the altar!"

There was a movement among the party; and deeply did Morton regret at that moment the imprudence hasty with which he had ventured into their company. He was armed only with his sword, for he had left his pistols at the bow of his saddle; and, as the whigs were all provided with firearms, there was little or no chance of escaping from them by resistance. The interposition, however, of Blackstar protected him for the moment.

"Tarry yet a while, brethren!—let us not use the sword rashly, but the load of innocent blood be heavy on us.—Come," he said, addressing himself to Morton, "we will reason with thee ere we avenge the cause thou hast betrayed.—Hast thou not," he continued, "made thy face as hard as that against the truth in all the assemblies of the host?"

"He has—he has," murmured the deep voices of the assistants.

"He hath ever urged peace with the malignant," said one.

"And pleaded for the dark and dismal guilt of the Indulgence," said another.

"And would have surrendered the host into the hands of Hammond," echoed a third; "and was the first to desert the banner and manly Burley, while he yet resisted at the post. I saw him on the mor, with his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the firing had ceased at the bridge."

"Gentlemen," said Morton, "if you mean to bear me down by clamour, and take my life without hearing me, it is perhaps a thing in your power; but you will sit before God and rue by the commission of such a murder."

"I say, hear the youth," said Blackstar; "for Heaven knows our hearts have yearned for him, that he might be brought to see the truth, and cast his gifts in its defence. But he is blinded by his carnal knowledge, and has spurned the light when it shined before him."

Silence being obtained, Morton proceeded to assert the good

skill which he had displayed in the treaty with Monmouth, and the active part he had borne in the subsequent action.

"I may not, gentlemen," he said, "be fully able to go the lengths you desire, in assigning to those of my own religion the means of transmitting over others; but none shall go further in asserting our own lawful freedom. And I most needs awe, that had others been of my mind in council, or disposed to stand by my side in battle, we should this evening, instead of being a defeated and discordant remnant, have achieved our weapons in an useful and honorable peace, or braved them triumphantly after a decisive victory."

"He hath spoken the word," said one of the assembly—"he hath avowed his cruel self-seeking and Reactionism;—let him die the death!"

"Peace yet again," said Macleaze, "for I will try him further.—Was it not by thy means that the malignant Brumdale twice escaped from death and captivity? Was it not through thee that Miles Beldenden and his garrison of cut-throats were saved from the edge of the sword?"

"I am proud to say, that you have spoken the truth in both instances," replied Morton.

"Let you say!" said Macleaze—"again, hath his mouth spoken it.—And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Millenarian woman, one of the spawn of perjury, a toy with which the arch-angel's trap is baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Beldenden?"

"You are incapable," answered Morton, boldly, "of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that I have done I would have done had she never existed."

"Thou art a hardy rebel to the truth," said another dark-beard'd man. "And didst thou not so act, that, by conveying away the aged woman, Margaret Beldenden, and her grand-daughter, thou mightest thwart the wise and golly project of John Bullock of Burley for bringing forth to battle Basil Othent, who had agreed to take the field if he was insured possession of those women's worldly endowments?"

"I never heard of such a scheme," said Morton, "and therefore I could not thwart it.—But does your religion permit you to take such disadvantageous and immoral means of recruiting?"

"Peace!" said Macleaze, somewhat disconcerted; "it is not for thee to instruct tender professors, or to construe Covenant

obligations. For the rest, you have acknowledged enough of sin and sorrowful debility, to draw down defeat on a host, were it as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. And it is our judgment, that we are not free to let you pass from us safe and in life, since Providence hath given you into our hands at the moment that we prayed with godly Judah, saying, "What shall we say when heard towards their backs before their enemies?—Then earnest thou, delivered to us as it were by lot, that thou mightest sustain the punishment of one that hath wrought folly in Israel. Therefore, mark my words. This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but, when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run! Wherefore improve thy space, for it fliteth fast away.—Behold us the prisoner, brethren, and take his weapon."

The command was so unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was overpowered, disarmed, and a horse-girth passed round his arms, before he could offer any efficient resistance. When this was accomplished, a door and stairs almost lost place. The females ranged themselves around a large oaken table, placing Morton amongst them bound and helpless, in such a manner as to be opposite to the clock which was to strike his hour. Food was placed before them, of which they offered their intended victim a share; but, it will readily be believed, he had little appetite. When this was removed, the party resumed their devotion. Macdier, whose face could not perhaps exclude some feelings of doubt and compunction, began to expostulate in prayer, as if to wring from the Deity a signal that the bloody sacrifice they proposed was an acceptable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously strained as if to gain some sight or sound which might be converted or wrested into a type of approbation, and ever and anon dark looks were turned on the dial-plate of the time-piece, to watch its progress towards the moment of execution.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the sad reflection, that there appeared no possibility of his life being extended beyond the narrow space which the instant had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour.—Faith in his religion, with a constant unyielding principle of honour,

and the sense of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself would have expected, had the situation been prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of that eager and animating sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Charlesless. Then he was conscious, that, amid the spectators, were many who were lamenting his condition, and some who applauded his conduct. But now, among those pale-eyed and featureless seafarers, whose hardened hearts were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference, but with triumph, upon his execution—without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement—awaiting till the sword destined to slay him swept out of the scaffold gradually, and, as it were, by straw-breadths, and continued to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop,—it is no wonder that his feelings were less composed than they had been on any former occasion of danger. His destined executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like spectres in a feverish dream; their figures became larger, and their faces more distorted; and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes revealed, he could have thought himself surrounded rather by a band of demons than of human beings; the walls seemed to drip with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ.

It was with pain that he bit his mind wavering while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a strong effort to compose himself to devotional exercises, and, occupied, during that fearful stroke of nature, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable expressions, he had, instinctively, recourse to the position for deliverance and for comfort of spirit which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England.—Noblester, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognised the words, which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud.

"There lacked but this," he said, his pale cheek kindling with resentment, "to root out my carnal reluctance to see his blood spilt. He is a pretender, who has sought the camp under the disguise of an Erasmus, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him must needs be verity. His blood be on his

head, the decelerator!—let him go down to Tophet, with the ill-mumbled mass which he calls a prayer-book in his right hand!"

"I take up my song against him!" exclaimed the musician. "As the sun went back on the dial ten degrees for infirmating the recovery of holy Blasphemus, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Government established in its purity."

He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to anticipate the fatal moment by putting the ladies forward; and several of the party began to make ready their slaughter-weapons for immediate execution, when Muschewsky's head was arrested by one of his companions.

"Hush!" he said—"I hear a distant noise."

"It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles," said one.

"It is the sigh of the wind among the bushes," said another.

"It is the galloping of horses," said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood—"Oud grant they may come as my deliverers!"

The noise approached rapidly, and became more and more distinct.

"It is horse!" cried Muschewsky. "Look out and decry who they are."

"The enemy are upon us!" cried one, who had opened the window in obedience to his order.

A thick tramping and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some ran to resist, and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in the apartment.

"Hail to the bloody ruler!—Remember Cornet Grubhaus!" was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the delicious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several pistolshots were fired; the whip who stood next to Morton received a shot so he was flung, startled against the plaster, when he bore down with his weight, and lay stretched across him a dying man. This accident probably saved Morton from the damage he might otherwise have received in so close a struggle, where firearms were discharged and sword-blows given at intervals of five minutes.

"Is the prisoner safe?" exclaimed the well-known voice of

Claverhouse; "look about for him, and despatch the whig dog who is gnawing there."

Both orders were executed. The groans of the wounded man were silenced by a thrust with a rapier, and Morton, disencumbered of his weight, was speedily raised and in the arms of the faithful Cadide, who chuckled for joy when he found that the blood with which his master was covered had not flowed from his own veins. A whisper in Morton's ear, while his trusty follower relieved him from his bonds, explained the secret of the very timely appearance of the soldiers.

"I fell into Claverhouse's party when I was seeking for some o' our ain folk to help ye out o' the hands of the whigs, an' being aforesaid the deil and the deep sea, I s'en thought it best to bring him on wif me, for he'll be wanted wif siking folk the night, and the morn's a new day, and Lord Bonville awes ye a day in ha'art; and Monmouth gies quarter, the dragoons tell me, for the siking. See hand up your heart, an' the warrant we'll do a' weel enough yet."

* Vol. V. Note to Chapter Thirty-second.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

Round, round the chariot, sit the King
To all the mortal world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN the desperate affray had ceased, Claverhouse commanded his soldiers to remove the dead bodies, to refresh themselves and their horses, and prepare for passing the night at the farm-house, and for marching early in the morning morning. He then turned his attention to Morton, and there was politeness, and even kindness, in the manner in which he addressed him.

"You would have saved yourself risk from both sides, Mr. Morton, if you had heeded my counsel yesterday morning with some attention—But I respect your motives. You are a prisoner-of-war at the disposal of the King and Council, but

you shall be treated with no civility; and I will be satisfied with your parole that you will not attempt an escape."

When Morton had passed his word to that effect, Claverhouse bowed civilly, and, turning away from him, called for his sergeant-major.—"How many prisoners, Haliday, and how many killed?"

"Three killed in the house, sir, two cut down in the court, and one in the garden—six in all; four prisoners."

"Armed or unarmed?" said Claverhouse.

"Three of them armed to the teeth," answered Haliday; "one without arms—he seems to be a preacher."

"Ay—the trumpeter to the long-eared rook, I suppose," replied Claverhouse, placing slightly round upon his visages; "I will talk with him to-morrow. Take the other three down to the yard, draw out two files, and fire upon them; and, if ye hear, make a memorandum in the orderly book of three rebels taken in arms and shot, with the date and name of the place.—Dismalised, I think, they call it.—Look after the preacher till to-morrow: as he was not armed, he must undergo a short examination. Or better, perhaps, take him before the Privy Council; I think they should relieve me of a share of this disgusting drudgery.—Let Mr. Morton be civilly used, and see that the men look well after their horses; and let my groom wash Willkin's shoulder with some vinegar—the saddle has touched him a little."

All these various orders,—for life and death, the securing of his prisoners, and the washing of his charger's shoulder,—were given in the same unmoved and equable voice, of which no accent or tone intimated that the speaker considered one direction as of more importance than another.

The Commissioners, so lately about to be the willing agents of a bloody execution, were now themselves to undergo it. They stood prepared alike for either extremity, nor did any of them show the least sign of fear, when ordered to leave the room for the purpose of meeting instant death. Their severe enthusiasm sustained them in that dreadful moment, and they departed with a firm look and in silence, imagining that one of them, as he left the apartment, looked Claverhouse full in the face, and pronounced, with a stern and steady voice,—"*Mischief shall hunt the villain man!*" to which Graham only answered by a smile of contempt.

They had no sooner left the room than Claverhouse applied himself to some food, which one or two of his party had hastily provided, and invited Morton to follow his example, observing, it had been a long day for them both. Morton declined eating; for the sudden change of circumstances—the transition from the verge of the grave to a prospect of life, had occasioned a fiery revolution in his whole system. But the same unhealed sensation was accompanied by a burning thirst, and he expressed his wish to drink.

"I will pledge you, with all my heart," said Claverhouse; "for here is a black jack full of ale, and good it must be, if there be good in the country, for the whigs never miss to find it out.—My service to you, Mr. Morton," he said, filling one horn of ale for himself, and handing another to his prisoner.

Morton raised it to his head, and was just about to drink, when the discharge of muskets beneath the window, followed by a deep and hollow groan, repeated twice or thrice, and more distant at each interval, announced the fate of the three men who had just left them. Morton shuddered, and set down the untasted cup.

"You are but young in these matters, Mr. Morton," said Claverhouse, after he had very composedly finished his draught; "and I do not think the worse of you as a young soldier for appearing to feel them acutely. But hold, duty, and necessity, reconcile men to everything."

"I trust," said Morton, "they will never reconcile me to such scenes as these."

"You would hardly believe," said Claverhouse in reply, "that, in the beginning of my military career, I had as much aversion to seeing blood spilt as ever man felt—it seemed to me to be wrong from my own heart; and yet, if you trust one of those whig fellows, he will tell you I drink a warm cup of it every morning before I breakfast." But in truth, Mr. Morton, why should we care so much for death, light upon us or around us whenever it may? Men die daily—not a bell tells the hour but it is the death-note of some one or other; and why hesitate to shorten the span of others, or take over-anxious care to prolong our own? It is all a lottery.—When the hour of midnight

* The soldier is uncertain whether this was ever said of Claverhouse. But it was recently reported of Sir Robert Ormsby of Long, master of the parliament, that a cup of wine placed in his hand turned to distilled blood.

come, you were to die—it has struck, you are alive and safe, and the lot has fallen on those fellows who were to murder you. It is not the surprising pang that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befall us on any given moment—it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him, like the long train of light that follows the warlike sea—that is all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, Mr. Morton, as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of passing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear—that would be worth dying for, and more, it would be worth having lived for!"

At the moment when Grahams delivered these sentiments, his eye glancing with the martial enthusiasm which formed such a prominent feature in his character, a grey figure, which seemed to rise out of the floor of the apartment, stood upright before him, and presented the wild person and hideous features of the monster so often mentioned. His face, where it was not covered with blood-streaks, was ghastly pale, for the hand of death was on him. He bent upon Charnhouse eyes, in which the grey light of humanity still twinkled, though just about to die for ever, and exclaimed, with his usual wildness of ejaculation, "Wilt thou trust in thy bow and in thy spear, in thy steel and in thy banner? And shall not God visit thee for innocent blood?—Wilt thou glory in thy wisdom, and in thy courage, and in thy might? And shall not the Lord judge thee?—Behold, the princes, for whom thou hast sold thy soul to the destroyer, shall be removed from their place, and hushed to other lands, and their names shall be a desolation, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse. And thou, who hast partaken of the wine-cup of fury, and hast been drunken and mad because thereof, the wild of thy heart shall be granted to thy loss, and the hope of thine own pride shall destroy thee. I summon thee, John Grahams, to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for this innocent blood, and the war banner which thou hast shed."

He drew his right hand across his bleeding face, and held it up to heaven as he uttered these words, which he spoke very low, and then added more faintly, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints?"

As he uttered the last word, he fell backwards without an

attempt to save himself, and was a dead man ere his head touched the floor.

Morton was much shocked at this extraordinary scene, and the prophecy of the dying man, which tallied so strangely with the wish which Claverhouse had just expressed; and he often thought of it afterwards when that wish seemed to be accomplished. Two of the dragoons who were in the apartment, hardened as they were, and accustomed to such scenes, showed great consternation at the sudden apparition, the event, and the words which preceded it. Claverhouse alone was unmoved. At the first instant of Blackbriar's appearance, he had put his hand to his pistol, but on seeing the situation of the wounded wretch, he immediately withdrew it, and listened with great composure to his dying exclamation.

When he dropped, Claverhouse asked, in an unconcerned tone of voice—"How came the fellow here!—Speak, you starting fool!" he added, addressing the nearest dragoon, "unless you would have me think you such a pillbox as to lose a dying man."

The dragoon crossed himself, and replied with a faltering voice, "That the dead fellow had escaped their notice when they removed the other bodies, as he seemed to have fallen where a dock or two had been hung aside, and covered him."

"Take him away now, then, you gaping idiot, and see that he does not bite you, to put an old proverb to shame.—This is a new incident, Mr. Morton, that dead man should rise and push us from our stools. I must see that my blackguards grind their swords sharper; they need not to do their work so slowly.—But we have had a busy day; they are tired, and their blades blunted with their bloody work; and I suppose you, Mr. Morton, as well as I, are well disposed for a few hours' repose."

So saying, he passed, and taking a candle which a soldier had placed ready, entered Morton's chamber, and walked to the apartment which had been prepared for him.

Morton was also accommodated, for the evening, with a separate room. Being left alone, his first occupation was the returning thanks to Heaven for relieving him from danger, even through the instrumentality of those who seemed his most dangerous enemies; he also prayed devoutly for the Divine assistance in guiding his course through those which held out

so many dangers and so many errors. And having thus poured out his spirit in prayer before the Great Being who gave it, he betook himself to the repose which he so much required.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

*The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judge all ready—a terrible show!*

Emilia's Drama.

So deep was the slumber which succeeded the agitation and embarrassment of the preceding day, that Morton hardly knew where he was when it was broken by the tramp of horses, the hoarse voice of men, and the wild sound of the trumpets blowing the *viacolla*. The sergeant-major immediately afterwards came to summon him, which he did in a very respectful manner, saying the General (for Claverhouse now held that rank) hoped for the pleasure of his company upon the road. In some situations an intimation is a command, and Morton considered that the present occasion was one of these. He waited upon Claverhouse as speedily as he could, found his own horse saddled for his use, and Coddie in attendance. Both were deprived of their firearms, though they seemed, otherwise, rather to make part of the troop than of the prisoners; and Morton was permitted to retain his sword, the wearing which was, in those days, the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Claverhouse seemed also to take pleasure in riding beside him, in conversing with him, and in confounding his ideas when he attempted to appreciate his real character. The gentleness and urbanity of that officer's guard manners, the high and chivalrous sentiments of military devotion which he occasionally expressed, his deep and accurate insight into the human bosom, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him; while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable qualities which he displayed. Morton could not help, in his heart, contrasting him with Balfour of Burley; and so deeply did the idea impress him, that he dropped a hint of it as they rode together at some distance from the troop.

"You are right," said Claverhouse, with a smile—"you are very right. We are both fanatics; but there is some distinction between the fanaticism of honour and that of dark and selfish ambition."

"Yet you both shed blood without mercy or remorse," said Morton, who could not suppress his feelings.

"Surely," said Claverhouse, with the same composure; "but of what kind?—There is a difference, I trust, between the blood of learned and reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stains the robes of pale-draging rascals, crack-brained demagogues, and silly bores;—some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine, and dashing down a can full of base muddy ale!"

"Your distinction is too nice for my comprehension," replied Morton. "God gives every spark of life—that of the peasant as well as of the prince; and those who destroy his work recklessly or carelessly, must answer in either case. What right, for example, have I to General Graham's protection now, more than when I first met him?"

"And narrowly escaped the consequences, you would say?" answered Claverhouse. "Why, I will answer you frankly. Then I thought I had to do with the son of an old world-famous rebel, and the nephew of a scoldish Presbyterian laird; now I know your points better, and there is that about you which I respect as an enemy as much as I like in a friend. I have learned a good deal concerning you since our first meeting, and I trust that you have found that my construction of the information has not been unfavourable to you."

"But yet," said Morton—

"But yet," interrupted Claverhouse, taking up the word, "you would say, you were the same when I first met you that you are now! True; but then, how could I know that! though, by the by, even my reluctance to suspend your execution may show you how high your abilities stood in my estimation."

"Do you expect, General," said Morton, "that I ought to be particularly grateful for such a mark of your esteem?"

"Poh! poh! you are critical," returned Claverhouse. "I tell you I thought you a different sort of a person. Did you ever read Frodoart?"

"No," was Morton's answer.

"I have half a mind," said Claverhouse, "to confine you should have six months' imprisonment in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble scenes, with what true divine-like feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardness towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love!—Ah, benedictio! how he will mourn over the fall of such a peer of knight-hood, be it on the side he happens to favour, or on the other. But, truly, far sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churls, who are here but to plough it, the high-born and impetuous historian has marvellous little sympathy—as little, or less, perhaps, than John Gusham of Claverhouse."

"There is one ploughman in your possession, General, for whom," said Morton, "in despite of the contempt in which you hold a profession which some philosophers have considered as useful as that of a soldier, I would hardly request your favour."

"You mean," said Claverhouse, looking at a memorandum-book, "one Hetherick—Hetherick—or—or—Heddrigg. Ay, Cuthbert, or Cuthle Heddrigg—here I have him. O, never fear him, if he will be but tractable. The ladies of Tillinstown made interest with me on his account some time ago. He is to marry their waiting-maid, I think. He will be allowed to slip off easy, unless his destiny spells his good fortune."

"He has no ambition to be a martyr, I believe," said Morton.

"'Tis the better for him," said Claverhouse. "But, besides, although the fellow had more to answer for, I should stand his friend, for the sake of the blustering gallantry which threw him into the midst of our ranks last night, when seeking assistance for you. I never desert any man who trusts me with such implicit confidence. But, to deal sincerely with you, he has long been in our eye. Now, Heddrigg, bring me up the black book."

The sargent, having committed to his commander this unknown record of the disaffected, which was arranged in alphabetical order, Claverhouse, turning over the leaves as he rode on, began to read names as they occurred.

"Gummingption, a minister, aged 53, indulged, close, dry, and so forth—Push! push!—He—He—I have him here—Boothman; outlived—a preacher—a zealous Cameronian—keeps a conventicle among the Campsie Hills—Push!—Oh, here is Haulding—Outlived; his mother a bitter puritan—himself a simple fellow—like to be forward in action, but of no genius for plots—more for the hand than the head, and might be drawn to the right side, but for his attachment to"—(Here Chaverhouse looked at Morton, and then shut the book and changed his tone.) "Falsheid and true are words never thrown away upon me, Mr. Morton. You may depend on the young man's safety."

"Does it not excite a mind like yours," said Morton, "to follow a system which is to be supported by such extreme inquiries after obscure individuals?"

"You do not suppose we take the trouble!" said the General, laughingly. "The curates, for their own sakes, willingly collect all these materials for their own regulation in each parish;—they know best the black sheep of the flock. I have had your picture for three years."

"Indeed!" replied Morton. "Will you favour me by inspecting it?"

"Willagly," said Chaverhouse; "it can signify little, for you cannot arrange yourself on the curate, as you will probably leave Scotland for some time."

This was spoken in an indifferent tone. Morton felt an involuntary shudder at hearing words which implied a banishment from his native land;—but ere he answered, Chaverhouse proceeded to read, "Henry Morton, son of Elean Morton, Colonel of horse for the Scottish Parliament, nephew and apparent heir of Morton of Milnwood—imperfectly educated, but with spirits beyond his years—excellent at all exercises—indifferent to forms of religion, but seems to incline to the Presbyterians—his high-spirited and dangerous notions about liberty of thought and speech, and between a Unitarian and an orthodox. Much admired and followed by the youth of his own age—modest, quiet, and unassuming in manner, but in his heart perfectly bold and intemperate. He is—Here follow three red crosses, Mr. Morton, which signify triply dangerous. You see how important a person you are.—But what does this fellow want?"

A horseman rode up as he spoke, and gave a letter. Charvonne glanced it over, laughed scornfully, bade him tell his master to send his prisoners to Bilsborough, for there was no answer; and, as the man turned back, said contemptuously to Morton—"Here is an ally of yours deserted from you, or rather, I should say, an ally of your good friend Barley—hear how he sets forth—'Dear Sir' (I wonder when we were such intimates), 'may it please your Excellency to accept my humble congratulations on the victory'—huz—huz—'blessed his Majesty's army. I pray you to understand I have my people under arms to take and intercept all fugitives, and have already several prisoners,' and so forth. Signed Basil O'Hart—You know the fellow by name, I suppose?"

"A relative of Lady Margaret Tilletson," replied Morton, "is he not?"

"Ay," replied Graham, "and heir-male of her father's family, through a distant one, and moreover a waiter to the fair Edith, though discarded as an unworthy one; but, above all, a devoted adherent of the estate of Tilletson, and all therewith belonging."

"He takes an ill mode of recommending himself," said Morton, suppressing his feelings, "to the family at Tilletson, by corresponding with our unhappy party."

"Oh, this precious Basil will turn out to you with any man!" replied Charvonne. "He was displeased with the Government, because they would not overturn in his favour a settlement of the late Earl of Towood, by which his lordship gave his own estate to his own daughter; he was displeased with Lady Margaret, because she avowed no desire for his alliance, and with the pretty Edith, because she did not like his tall ungainly person. So he held a close correspondence with Barley, and raised his followers with the purpose of helping him, provided always he needed no help,—that is, if you had been so yesterday. And now the moral pretence he was all the while proposing the King's service, and, for aught I know, the Council will receive his pretext for current coin, for he knows how to make friends among them—and a score of poor wretched fanatics will be shot, or hanged, while this stinking scoundrel lies hid under the double cloak of loyalty, well paid with the fœdus of hypocrisy."

With conversation on this and other matters they beguiled

the way, Claverhouse all the while speaking with great frankness to Morton, and treating him rather as a friend and companion than as a prisoner; so that, however uncertain of his fate, the hours he passed in the company of this remarkable man were so much lightened by the varied play of his imagination, and the depth of his knowledge of human nature, that since the period of his becoming a prisoner of war, which relieved him at once from the cares of his doubtful and dangerous station among the insurgents, and from the consequences of their suspicious resentment, his hours flowed on less anxiously than at any time since his having commenced actor in public life. He was now, with respect to his fortune, like a rider who has flung his reins on the horse's neck, and, while he abandoned himself to circumstances, was at least relieved from the task of attempting to direct them. In this mood he journeyed on, the number of his companions being continually augmented by detached parties of horse who came in from every quarter of the country, bringing with them, for the most part, the unfortunate persons who had fallen into their power. At length they approached Edinburgh.

"Our Council," said Claverhouse, "being resolved, I suppose, to testify by their present exultation the extent of their former terror, have decreed a kind of triumphal entry to us victors and our captives; but as I do not quite approve the taste of it, I am willing to avoid my own part in the show, and, at the same time, to save you from yours."

So saying, he gave up the command of the force to Allan, (now a Lieutenant-Colonel), and, turning his horse into a by-lane, rode into the city privately, accompanied by Morton and two or three servants. When Claverhouse entered at the quarters which he usually occupied in the Canongate, he assigned to his prisoner a small apartment, with an intimation that his parole confined him to it for the present.

After about a quarter of an hour spent in solitary musing on the strange vicissitudes of his late life, the attention of Morton was attracted to the window by a great noise in the street beneath. Trumpets, drums, and bottledrums, contended in noise with the shouts of a numerous rabble, and apprised him that the royal cavalry were passing in the triumphal attitude which Claverhouse had mentioned. The magnificence of the city, attended by their guard of halberds, had met the victors

with their victims at the gate of the city, and now preceded them as a part of the procession. The next object was two heads borne upon pikes; and before each bloody head were carried the hands of the dismembered sufferers, which were, by the brutal mockery of those who bore them, often approached towards each other as if in the attitude of entreaty or prayer. These bloody trophies belonged to two preachers who had fallen at Bothwell Bridge. After them came a cart led by the executioner's assistant, in which were placed Mackriss and other two prisoners, who assumed of the same profession. They were beheaded, and strongly bound, yet looked around them with an air rather of triumph than dismay, and appeared in no respect moved either by the fate of their companions, of which the bloody evidences were carried before them, or by dread of their own approaching execution, which these preliminaries so plainly indicated.

Behind these prisoners, then held up to public infamy and derision, came a body of horse, brandishing their broadswords, and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous cries and shouts of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too happy in being permitted to learn for anything whatever which calls them together. In the rear of these troopers came the main body of the prisoners, at the head of whom were some of their leaders, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the animal's tail; others were chained to long bars of iron, which they were obliged to support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling to the port where they are to be put on shipboard. The heads of others who had fallen were borne in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberds, some in carts, bearing the names of the slaughtered persons labelled on the outside. Such were the objects who headed the ghastly procession, who assumed an effectually doomed to death as if they were the non-resistant of the unarméd heroine in an anti-day.*

* David Haddison of Northfleet, who was wounded and made prisoner in the skirmish of Air's-Moss, in which the celebrated Cameron fell, was, on entering Edinburgh, "by order of the Council, received by the Magistrates at the Warrington, and put on a horse's bare back with his face to the tail, and the other three led on a goal of iron, and carried up the street, Mr. Cameron's head being on a halberd before them."

Behind them came on the nameless crowd to the number of several hundreds, some retaining under their misfortunes a sense of confidence in the cause for which they suffered captivity, and were about to give a still more bloody testimony; others seemed pale, dispirited, dejected, questioning in their own minds their prudence in espousing a cause which Providence seemed to have disowned, and, looking about for some avenue through which they might escape from the consequences of their rashness. Others there were who seemed incapable of forming an opinion on the subject, or of entertaining either hope, confidence, or fear, but who, floundering with thirst and fatigue, trampled along like over-driven oxen, lost to everything but their present sense of wretchedness, and without having any distinct idea whether they were led to the shambles or to the pasture. These unfortunate men were guarded on each hand by troops, and behind them came the main body of the cavalry, whose military music resounded back from the high houses on each side of the street, and mingled with their own songs of jubilee and triumph, and the wild shouts of the rabble.

Morison felt himself heart-sick while he gazed on the diurnal spectacle, and recognised in the bloody heads, and still more miserable and agonised features of the living sufferers, those which had been familiar to him during the brief insurrection. He sank down in a chair in a bewildered and stupefied state, from which he was awakened by the voice of Cuddie.

"Lord forgive us, sir!" said the poor fellow,—his teeth chattering like a pair of nut-crackers, his hair erect like hoar's bristles, and his face as pale as that of a corpse—"Lord forgive us, sir! we mean instantly gang before the Council!—O Lord! what made them send for a pair bodie like us, we never hear lords and gentlemen!—and there's my father come on the lang tramp frae Glasgow to see to get me testify, as she calls it, that is to say, confess and be hanged; but don't tak us if they mak sic a game o' Cuddie, if I can do better. But haur's Claverhouse himself—the Lord preserve and forgive us, I say amen, amen!"

"You must immediately attend the Council, Mr. Morison," said Claverhouse, who entered while Cuddie spoke. "And your servant must go with you. You need be under no apprehension for the consequences to yourself personally. But I warn you that you will see something that will give you much pain,

and from which I would willingly have saved you, if I had possessed the power. My carriage waits us—shall we go?"

It will be readily supposed that Morton did not venture to dispute this invitation, however unpleasant. He rose and accompanied Claverhouse.

"I must apprise you," said the latter, as he led the way down stairs, "that you will get off cheap; and so will your servant, provided he can keep his tongue quiet."

Cuddie caught these last words, to his exceeding joy.

"Owl a fear o' me," said he, "as my mother dince pit her finger in the pie."

At that moment his shoulder was seized by old Mance, who had contrived to thrust himself forward into the lobby of the apartment.

"O, hinky, hinky!" said she to Cuddie, banging upon his neck, "glad and proud, and sorry and humbled am I, o' is one and the same instant, to see my bairn ganging to testify for the truth gloriously with his mouth in Council, as he did with his weapon in the field!"

"Whisht, whisht, neither!" cried Cuddie, impatiently. "Oo, ye daft wif, is this a time to speak o' these things? I tell ye I'll testify nothing either as gale or another. I has spoken to Mr. Ponderbox, and I'll tak the declaration, or whate'er they wif it, and we're o' to win free off if we do that—he's gotten lik for himself and o' his fife, and that's a minister for my siller; I like none o' your sermons that end in a psalm at the Grassmarket!"

"O Cuddie, man, hark wad I be they said hurt ye," said old Mance, divided grievously between the safety of her soul's soul and that of his body: "but mind, my bonny bairn, ye has battled for the faith, and dince let the dread o' losing creature-comforts withdraw ye free the gale fight."

"Hout tant, neither," replied Cuddie, "I has fought o'm ower muckle already, and, to speak plain, I'm wearied o' the trade. I has engaged wif a' these arms, and muskets, and pistols, halberds, and bandoliers, lang enough, and I like the plough-guile a heathie better. I has macking and gar a man fight (that's to say, when he's no angry), by and out-taken the dread o' being hang'd or killed if he turns back."

"But, my dear Cuddie," continued the persevering Mance,

"Then the place of public execution.

"your bridal garment—Oh, Henry, dress only the marriage garment!"

"Awa, awa, neither," replied Oudle; "dinn ye see the kilt waiting for me!—Never fear me—I ken how to turn this far better than ye do—for ye're blessing awa about marriage, and the job is how we are to win by hanging."

No saying, he extricated himself out of his mother's embrace, and requested the soldiers who took him in charge to conduct him to the place of examination without delay. He had been already preceded by Claverhouse and Morton.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

My native land, good night!

LEWIS BRUCE.

THE Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice since the union of the crowns vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient dark Gothic room adjoining to the house of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Oudle entered and took his place amongst the members at the council-table.

"You have brought us a bunch of game to-day, General," said a soldierman of high place amongst them. "Here is a curlew to confound—a cock of the game to stand at bay—and what shall I call the third, General?"

"Without further metaphor, I will entreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested," replied Claverhouse.

"And a whig into the bargain?" said the soldierman, holding out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accumulating his coarse features to a snarl, to which they seemed to be familiar.

"Yes, please your Grace, a whig; as your Grace was in 1641," replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

"He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke," said one of the Privy Councillors.

"Ay, ay," returned the Duke, laughing; "there's no speaking to this stout Drumming—But come, bring in the prisoners; and do you, Mr. Clerk, read the record."

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Graham of Claverhouse and Lord Newdale entered themselves securities, that Henry Morton, younger of Milverwood, should go abroad and remain in foreign parts, until his Majesty's pleasure was further known, in respect of the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion, and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand marks to each of his securities.

"Do you accept of the King's mercy upon these terms, Mr. Morton?" said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the Council.

"I have no other choice, my lord," replied Morton.

"Then subscribe your name in the record."

Morton did so without reply, conscious that, in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macleer, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council-table, bowed upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostasy.

"He hath summed his debility by ceding the cursed power of the tyrant!" he exclaimed, with a deep groan—"A fallen star!—a fallen star!"

"Hold your peace, sir," said the Duke, "and keep your sin breath to cool your sin porridge—ye'll find them scalding hot, I promise you.—Call in the other fellow, who has some common sense. One sleep will keep the ditch when another goes flat."

Cudde was introduced unheeded, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macleer at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over himself. He made his devout obsequies with a double portion of reverence, and then avoided the opening of the awful scene.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was the first question which was thrust upon him.

Cudde meditated a denial, but had sense enough, upon reflection, to discover that the truth would be too strong for

him; as he replied, with true Calcedonian indifference of response, "I'll say no but it may be possible that I might have been there."

"Answer directly, you know—you, or no?"—You know you were there."

"It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's honour," said Caddie.

"Once more, sir, were you there?—you, or no?" said the Duke impatiently.

"Dese atz," again replied Caddie, "have an one mind presently where they has been at the days o' their life!"

"Speak out, you scoundrel," said General Dabell, "or I'll dash your teeth out with my dagger-haft!—Do you think we can stand here all day to be turning and dodging with you like greyhounds after a hare?"

"Awed, then," said Caddie, "dare nothing else will please ye, write down that I means daisy but I was there."

"Well, sir," said the Duke, "and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?"

"I'm no just free to give my opinion, sir," said the cautious captive, "on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better."

"Better than what?"

"Just then rebellion, as your honour sez it," replied Caddie.

"Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose," replied his Grace. "And are you content to accept of the King's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the church, and pray for the King?"

"Eldidly, sir," answered the unrepentant Caddie; "and drink his health into the burgins, when the at's gale."

"Equal!" said the Duke, "this is a hearty cook.—What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?"

"Just ill example, sir," replied the prisoner, "and a duff and jade of a wither, wif reverence to your Grace's honour."

"Why, God-a-mercy, my friend," replied the Duke, "take care

* The General is said to have struck one of the captive rebels, when under examination, with the hilt of his sword, so that the blood gushed out. The provocation for this wantonly violence was, that the prisoner had called the Duke whom "a bloody heart, who used to roast men." Dabell had been long in the Russian service, which in those days was no school of humanity.

of lead alive another time ; I think you are not likely to see me treason on your own eyes.—Make out his five paces, and bring forward the ropes in the chair."

Madeline was then moved forward to the post of execution.

"Was you at the battle of Redwell Bridge?" was, in like manner, demanded of him.

"I was," answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

"Was you armed?"

"I was not—I went in my calling as a preacher of God's word, to encourage them that drew the sword in His name."

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the Duke.

"Then hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well, then," continued the interrogator, "let us know if you saw John Ballour of Berkeley among the party—and presume you know him?"

"I know God that I do know him," replied Madeline; "he is a pious and a sincere Christian."

"And when and where did you last see this pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I can here to answer the query," said Madeline, in the same cautious manner, "and not to endanger others."

"We shall know," said Darnley, "how to make you find your tongue."

"If you can make him fancy himself in a conventicle," answered Lansdowne, "he will find it without you.—Come, inside, speak while the play is good—you're too young to bear the burden will be laid on you also."

"I defy you," retorted Madeline. "This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and, young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to do when I am called upon."

"Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate," said Lansdowne, and rang a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche, or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner, a tall, grim, and hideous man, bearing an ax on his back, and a small table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron man, called the Scottish hock, used in those tyrannical days

in tortures accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtains arose, but Macleod's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if a touch of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his liver with greater energy.

"Do you know who that man is?" said Lauderdale, in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

"He is, I suppose," replied Macleod, "the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and, I thank God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and your fell nature may shed tears, or send forth cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the rock of ages."

"Is your duty," said the Duke to the executioner.

The fellow advanced, and stood, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine.

"Let him choose for himself" said the Duke; "I should like to oblige him in anything that is reasonable."

"Since you leave it to me," said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, "take the foot—I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer."

The executioner, with the help of his assistants, raised the leg and knee within the tight iron band, or cage, and then placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for further orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bore the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse, in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the President of the Council repeated with the same stern voice the question—"When and where did you last see John Balliol of Bute?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to heaven as if imploring Divine strength, and muttered a few

* This was the reply actually made by James Macleod (d. 1850) when subjected to the torture of the bed, for a charge of a conspiracy to assassinate Archbishop Sharp. [See *Scott's Scotch Worthies*, by W. Gairdner, vol. II. p. 176.]

works, of which the last were distinctly visible, "There hast and thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power!"

The Duke of Landerdale glanced his eye around the Council as if to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their mute signs, gave on his part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and, forcing it between the knee and the iron bust, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flash which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then again raised his weapon, and stood prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Landerdale, "where and when you last parted from Father of Bertry?"

"You have my answer," said the sufferer vociferously,—and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded; but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Marton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer, and, although unarmed and himself in great danger, was springing forward, when Grevillehouse, who observed his motion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think where you are!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councillors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

"He is gone," said the executioner—"he has fainted, my Lords, and human nature can endure no more."

"Execute him," said the Duke; and added, turning to DeLasey, "He will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him?"

"Ay, despatch his sentence, and have done with him; we have plenty of drudgery behind."

Strong water and osseous were busily employed to recall the senses of the unfortunate captive; and, when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the Duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be striken off after death, and disposed

of according to the pleasure of the Council," and all and sundry his miserable goods and great estate and inheritance to his Majesty's use.

"Dumfriess," he continued, "repeat the sentence to the prisoner."

The office of Dumfriess was in those days, and still a much later period, held by the executioner in accordance with his ordinary functions.* The duty consisted in reading to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which required an additional and harsh emphasis from the recollection, that the hapless passenger by whom it was uttered was to be the agent of the execution he denounced. Macbride had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the Lord President of the Council; but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and often voice of the executioner who was to execute it, and at the last awful words, "And this I pronounce for done," he answered boldly—"My Lords, I thank you for the only favour I looked for, or would accept, at your hands, namely, that you have sent the crooked and maimed wretch, which has this day sustained your cruelty, to this happy end. It were indeed little to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house; but if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my Lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained—And why should I not?—Ye send me to a happy exchange—to the company of angels and the spirits of the just, for that of foul dust and ashes—Ye send me from darkness into day—from mortality to immortality—and, in a word, from earth to heaven!—If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!"

* The pleasure of the Council respecting the office of their victim was often as strange as the rest of their conduct. The hands of the executioner were frequently exposed in public before these two lords, the palms displayed as the attitude of prayer. When the celebrated Richard Cameron's head was exposed in this manner, a spectator bore testimony to it as that of one who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting.

† See a note on the subject of this office in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*.

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and crested with his buff-and-tan, dying with the same enthusiastic fervour which his whole life had evinced.

The Council broke up, and Morton found himself again in the carriage with General Oshawa.

"Marvellous fervour and gallantry," said Morton, as he reflected upon Bladwin's conduct: "what a pity it is that with such self-devotion and heroism should have been mingled the baser features of his sect!"

"You mean," said Oshawa, "his resolution to condemn you to death?—To that he would have resorted himself by a single text; for example, 'And Pilate rose and executed judgment,' or something to the same purpose.—But wot ye where you are now bound, Mr. Morton?"

"We are on the road to Leith, I observe," answered Morton. "Can I not be permitted to see my friends as I leave my native land?"

"Your uncle," replied Oshawa, "has been spoken to, and declines visiting you. The good gentleman is terrified, and not without some reason, that the crime of your treason may extend itself over his lands and tenements;—he sends you, however, his blessing, and a small sum of money. Lord Branksdale continues extremely indisposed. Major Bellenden is at Tillenburgh, putting matters in order. The monks have made great havoc there with Lady Margaret's monuments of antiquity, and have decorated and destroyed what the good lady called the Throne of his most Sacred Majesty. Is there any one else whom you would wish to see?"

Morton sighed deeply as he answered, "No—it would avail nothing.—But my preparations,—small as they are, some must be necessary."

"They are all ready for you," said the General. "Lord Branksdale has anticipated all you wish. Here is a packet from him, with letters of recommendation for the court of the Stadtholder Prince of Orange, to which I have added one or two. I made my first campaign under him, and lost our fire at the battle of Banaff." There are also bills of exchange

"August 1824. Oshawa greatly distinguished himself in this action, and was made Captain.

for your immediate wants, and more will be sent when you require it."

Morton heard all this and received the parcel with an astonished and confused look, so sudden was the execution of the sentence of banishment.

"And my servant?" he said.

"He shall be taken care of, and replaced, if it be practicable, in the service of Lady Margaret Bellenden; I think he will hardly regret the periods of the feudal retinue, or go awolging a second time.—But here we are upon the quay, and the boat waits you."

It was even as Claverhouse said. A boat waited for Captain Morton, with the trunks and baggage belonging to his rank. Claverhouse shook him by the hand, and wished him good fortune, and a happy return to Scotland in quieter times.

"I shall never forget," he said, "the gallantry of your behaviour to my friend Wrenchie, in circumstances when many men would have sought to rid him out of their way."

Another friendly pressure, and they parted. As Morton descended the pier to get into the boat, a hand placed in his a letter folded up in a very small space. He looked round. The person who gave it seemed much muffled up; he pressed his finger upon his lip, and then disappeared among the crowd. The incident awakened Morton's curiosity; and when he found himself on board of a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and saw all his companions of the voyage busy making their own arrangements, he took an opportunity to open the billet thus mysteriously thrust upon him. It ran thus:—"Thy courage on the fatal day when Israel fell before his enemies, hath, in some measure, atoned for thy unhappy swelling of the Russian interest. There are not days for Ephraim to strive with Israel.—I know thy heart is with the daughter of the stranger.—But turn from that folly; for in exile, and in flight, and even in death itself, shall my hand be heavy against that bloody and malignant house, and Providence hath given me the means of mating unto them, with their own measure of ruin and confusion. The resistance of their stronghold was the main cause of our being scattered at Bethwell Bridge, and I have brand it upon my soul to visit it upon them. Wherefore, think of her no more, but join with our brethren in banishment, whose hearts are still towards this miserable land to save and to relieve her. There

is an honest peasant in Holland whose eyes are looking out for deliverance. Join thyself unto them, like the true son of the stout and worthy Miles Morton, and thou wilt have good acceptance among them for his sake and for thine own working. Shouldst thou be found worthy again to labour in the vineyard, thou wilt at all times hear of my in-comings and out-goings, by inquiring after Quetta Mackall of Bruggen, at the house of that singular Christian woman, Paula Madson, near to the place called the Hoeft, where Hal Elms entertaineth guests. So much from him who hopes to hear again from thee in brotherhood, relating unto blood, and striving against sin.—Meanwhile, possess thyself in patience. Keep thy sword girded, and thy lamp burning, as one that waits in the night; for He who shall judge the Mount of Sion, and shall make like professors as straw, and adulterers as stubble, will come in the fourth watch with garments dyed in blood, and the house of Jacob shall be for spoil, and the house of Joseph for sin. I am he that hath written it, whose hand hath been on the night in the waste field."

This extraordinary letter was subscribed J. R. of R.; but the signature of these initials was not necessary for pointing out to Morton that it could come from no other than Durley. It gave him new occasion to admire the indomitable spirit of this man, who, with art equal to his courage and disguise, was even now endeavoring to re-establish the web of conspiracy which had been so lately torn in pieces. But he felt no sort of choice, in the present moment, to sustain a correspondence which must be painful, or to renew an association which in so many ways had been nearly fatal to him. The threats which Durley held out against the family of Belvidere, he considered as a mere expression of his spleen on account of their defiance of Tiberius; and nothing seemed less likely than that, at the very moment of their party being victorious, their fugitive and distressed adversary could exercise the least influence over their fortunes.

Morton, however, hesitated for an instant, whether he should not send the Major or Lord Rosedale intimation of Durley's threats. Upon consideration, he thought he could not do so without betraying his confidential correspondence; for to warn them of his presence would have served little purpose, unless he had given them a clue to prevent them, by apprehending

his person; while, by doing so, he deemed he should commit an enormous breach of trust to remedy an evil which seemed almost imaginary. Upon mature consideration, therefore, he tore the letter, having first made a memorandum of the time and place where the writer was to be heard of, and threw the fragments into the sea.

While Morton was thus employed, the vessel was uncovered, and the wide sails swelled out before a favourable north-east wind. The ship heaved her side to the gale, and went roaring through the waves, leaving a long and ripping furrow to track her course. The city and port from which he had sailed became undistinguishable in the distance; the hills by which they were surrounded melted slowly into the blue sky, and Morton was separated for several years from the land of his nativity.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

When does Time pilloy vilial?

As THY NAME IS.

It is fortunate for tale-tellers that they are not tied down like theoretical writers to the notions of time and place, but may conduct their personages to Athens and Thebes at their pleasure, and bring them back at their convenience. Thus, to me Rosalind's death, has hitherto passed with the hero of our tale; the heroist Morton's first appearance as a competitor for the poplary, and his final departure for Holland, hardly two months elapsed. Years, however, glided away ere we find it possible to resume the thread of our narrative, and Time must be held to have pilloyed over the interval. Caring, therefore, the privilege of my suite, I attract the reader's attention to the continuation of the narrative, as it starts from a new era, being the year immediately subsequent to the British Revolution.

Scotland had just begun to rouse from the convulsion occasioned by a change of dynasty, and, through the prudent tolerance of King William, had narrowly escaped the horrors of a protracted civil war. Agriculture began to revive; and men, whose minds had been disturbed by the violent political excursions, and the general change of government in church

and state, had begun to recover their ordinary temper, and to give the usual attention to their own private affairs in lieu of discussing those of the public. The Highlanders alone related the newly-established order of things, and were in arms in a considerable body under the Viscount of Dundee, whom our readers have hitherto known by the name of Graham of Claverhouse. But the usual state of the Highlands was so unruly, that their being more or less disturbed was not supposed greatly to affect the general tranquillity of the country, so long as their disorders were confined within their own frontiers. In the Lowlands, the Jacobites, now the undermost party, had ceased to expect any immediate advantage by open resistance, and were, in their turn, driven to hold private meetings, and form associations for mutual defence, which the Government termed treason, while they cited out persecution.

The triumphant whigs, while they re-established Presbytery as the national religion, and assigned to the General Assembly of the Kirk their natural influence, were very far from going the lengths which the Cameronians and the more extravagant portion of the non-conformists under Charles and James had demanded. They would listen to no proposal for re-establishing the Solemn League and Covenant; and those who had expected to find in King William a zealous Covenanted Monarch were grievously disappointed when he intimated, with the phlegm peculiar to his country, his intention to tolerate all forms of religion which were consistent with the safety of the state. The principles of indulgence thus espoused and gloried in by the Government gave great offence to the more violent party, who considered them as diametrically contrary to Scripture; for which narrow-spirited doctrine they cited various texts, all, as it may well be supposed, detached from their context, and most of them derived from the changes given to the Jews in the Old Testament dispensation, to extirpate wickedness out of the promised land. They also murmured highly against the influence assumed by secular persons in exercising the rights of patronage, which they termed a rape upon the chastity of the Church. They remonstrated and condemned as Knaves many of the measures by which Government after the Revolution showed an inclination to interfere with the management of the Church, and they positively refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary until they should,

on their part, have sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant,—the *Magis Charta*, as they termed it, of the Presbyterian Church.

This party, therefore, remained grumbling and dissatisfied, and made repeated denunciations against defections and causes of wrath, which, had they been prosecuted as in the two former reigns, would have led to the same consequences of open rebellion. But as the mariners were allowed to hold their meetings uninterrupted, and to testify as much as they pleased against *Sectarianism*, *Reactionism*, and all the compliances and defections of the time, their zeal, unfanned by persecution, died gradually away, their numbers became diminished, and they sunk into the wretched current of serious, scrupulous, and luxurious enthusiasm, of whom *Old Mortality*, whose legends have afforded the groundwork of my tale, may be taken as no bad representative. But in the year which immediately succeeded the Revolution, the *Quakerism* continued a sect strong in numbers and vehement in their political opinions, whom Government wished to discourage, while they profectly temporized with them. These men formed one violent party in the state; and the *Episcopalian* and *Jacobite* interest, notwithstanding their secret and mutual animosity, yet repeatedly collaborated to intrigue among them, and avail themselves of their discontent, to obtain their assistance in reviving the Stuart family. The Revolutionary Government, in the meanwhile, was supported by the great bulk of the Lowland interest, who were chiefly disposed to a moderate Presbyterian, and formed in a great measure the party, who, in the former oppressive reigns, were stigmatised by the *Commissioners* for having availed that form of worship under the declaration of *Intolerance* issued by Charles II. Such was the state of parties in Scotland immediately subsequent to the Revolution.

It was on a delightful summer evening, that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which terminated in view of the romantic ruins of *Bothwell Castle* and the river *Clyde*, which winds so beautifully between rocks and woods to sweep around the towers formerly built by *Aymar de Valence*. *Bothwell Bridge* was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay as placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and

bushes, which grew around in romantic variety of shade, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very manner of the river seemed to soften itself into union with the stillness of the scene around.

The path through which the traveller descended was considerably shaded by detached trees of great size, and elsewhere by the hedges and boughs of flourishing orchards, now laden with summer fruits.—The nearest object of consequence was a farm-house, or, it might be, the shade of a small prebendary, situated on the side of a stony bank, which was covered by apple and pear trees. At the foot of the path which led up to this modest mansion, was a small cottage, pretty much in the situation of a parson's lodge, though obviously not designed for such a purpose. The hut seemed comfortable, and more neatly arranged than is usual in Scotland. It had its little garden, where some fruit-trees and bushes were mingled with kitchen herbs; a cow and six sheep fed in a paddock hard by; the cock strutted and crowed, and announced his family around him before the door; a heap of brushwood and turf, neatly made up, indicated that the winter fuel was provided; and the thin blue smoke which ascended from the straw-bowed chimney, and windled slowly out from among the green trees, showed that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready. To complete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl of about five years old was fetching water in a picher from a beautiful fountain of the purest transparency, which bubbled up at the root of a decayed old oak-tree, about twenty yards from the end of the cottage.

The stranger reined up his horse, and called to the little nymph, desiring to know the way to Fairy-Knave. The child set down her water-picher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair brown hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering, "What's your will?" which is usually a parent's first answer, if it can be called one, to all questions whatever.

"I wish to know the way to Fairy-Knave."

"Mamma's, mamma's," exclaimed the little rustic, running towards the door of the hut, "come out and speak to the parson."

Her mother appeared,—a handsome young countrywoman, to whose features, originally shy and coyly in expression,

matrimony had given that decent matronly air which speedily marks the peasant's wife of Scotland. She had an infant in one arm, and with the other she smoothed down her apron, to which hung a chubby child of two years old. The elder girl, whom the traveller had first seen, fell back behind her mother as soon as she appeared, and kept that station, occasionally peeping out to look at the stranger.

"What was your pleasure, sir?" said the woman, with an air of respectful hesitating, not quite common in her rank of life, but without anything resembling forwardness.

The stranger looked at her with great earnestness for a moment, and then replied, "I am seeking a place called Fairy-Knave, and a man called Culbert Hadding. You can probably direct me to him?"

"It's my gentleman, sir," said the young woman, with a smile of welcome. "Will you alight, sir, and come into our parlour deciding?"—*Cuddie! Cuddie!*—*a white-headed rascal of four years appeared at the door of the hut!*—"*sin awa, my bonny lass, and tell your father a gentleman wants him—Or stay—Jenny, ye'll hae mair sense—rin ye awa and tell him; he's down at the Four-acre Park.*—*Wanna ye light down and bide a blink, sir?—Or would ye tak a mouthfu' o' bread and cheese, or a drink o' ale, till our gentleman comes? It's gude ale, though I shouldna say so that brews it; but phlegmaticks-like work hard, and mair has something to keep their hearts alone by cellars, so I ay'e pit a gude geyse o' mast to the brewer."*

As the stranger declined her courteous offer, Cuddie, the reader's old acquaintance, made his appearance in person. His countenance still presented the same mixture of apparent dulness with occasional sparkle, which indicated the craft so often found in the doctored sheep. He looked on the rider as on one whom he never had before seen; and, like his daughter and wife, opened the conversation with the regular query, "What's your will wif us, sir?"

"I have a curiosity to ask some questions about this country," said the traveller, "and I was directed to you as an intelligent man, who can answer them."

"Nae doubt, sir," said Cuddie, after a moment's hesitation—"But I would first like to hear what sort of questions they are. I hae had nae many questions asked, at me in my day, and in the queer ways, that if ye kin'd a', ye wadna wonder at my

knowing a'thing about them. My mother ga'd me learn the Single Carriock," which was a good rec; then I followed to learn about my gaffations and gaffations to please the auld lolly; and when I jumbled them together and pleased some o' them; and when I came to man's yefate, came another kind o' questioning in fashion, that I liked wear than Effectual Calling; and the 'did promise and now' of the time were yoked to the end o' the telfer. See ye see, sir, I aye like to have questions asked before I answer them."

"You have nothing to apprehend from mine, my good friend; they only relate to the state of the country."

"Country?" replied Caddie. "Oo, the country's wad enough, as it wemas that dear doeril, Claver's (they ca' him Dundee now), that's stirring about yet in the Highlands, they say, w' a' the Donalds, and Duncans, and Druggals, that ever were bottomless brooks, delving about w' him, to set things astoor again, now we hae gotten them a' reasonably wad settled. But Mackay will pit him down, there's little doubt o' that; he'll gie him his faking, I'll be swifter for it."

"What makes you so positive of that, my friend?" asked the baroness.

"I heard it w' my ain ears," answered Caddie, "foretold to him by a man that had been three hours stane dead, and came back to this earth again just to tell him his mind. It was at a place they ca' Dreamland."

"Indeed?" said the stranger. "I can hardly believe you, my friend."

"Ye might ask my mother, then, if she were in Ed," said Caddie; "it was her explained it a' to me, for I thought the man had only been wounded. At my rate, he spoke of the casting out of the Scots by their very names, and the vengeance that was brewing for Claver's and his dragons. They ca'd the man Hakklak Mackleworth; his head was a wee ajee, but he was a bonn powder for a' that."

"You mean," said the stranger, "to say is a rich and powerful country."

"It's no to compare o', sir, as we get the crop wad in," quoth Caddie; "but if ye had seen the blude rints' as fast as the top o' that bigg yonder as ever the water ran below it, ye wadna hae thought it was bonny a spectacle."

"[The "Single" or Short Carriock.]

"You mean the battle some years since? I was waiting upon Mowbray that morning, my good friend, and did see some part of the action," said the stranger.

"Then ye saw a bonny stout," said Cuddie, "that will serve me for fighting a' the days o' my life.—I judged ye wad be a trooper, by your red scarlet lace-coat and your lamped hat."

"And which side were ye upon, my friend?" continued the inquisitive stranger.

"Aha, lad!" retorted Cuddie, with a knowing look, or what he designed for such—"there's nae use in telling that, unless I ken'd wha was asking me."

"I command your silence, but it is unnecessary; I know ye acted on that occasion as servant to Henry Morton."

"Aye!" said Cuddie, in surprise, "how came ye by that secret? No, that I need nae a bodie about it, for the war's on our side o' the hedges now. I wish my master were living to get a blink o't."

"And what became of him?" said the rider.

"He was but in the vessel given to that werry Holland—down lost, and a'body perished, and my poor master among them. Neither man nor mouse was ever heard o' since." Then Cuddie uttered a groan.

"You had some regard for him, then?" continued the stranger.

"How could I help it?—His here was made of a fiddle, as they say, for a'body that looked on him liked him. And a braver soldier he was. O, an ye had but seen him down at the brigg there, fighting about like a flaming dragon to get folk tight that had nae bide will left. There was he and that awar whanginess they call Barley—if two men could hae won a field, we wadna hae gotten our skins paid that day."

"You mention Barley—Do you know if he yet lives?"

"I hear nae word about him. Foft say he was shrewd, and our officers wad hold nae communion w' him, because o' his having murdered the nobility. See he can haue ten times dourer than ever, and broke off w' many o' the Presbyterians; and, at this last meeting of the Prince of Orange, he could get nae conference nor communion for fear of his devilish temper, and he hanna been heard of since; only some folk say, that pride and anger has driven him clean mad."

"And—and," said the traveller, after considerable hesitation,—"do you know anything of Lord Branclose?"

"Div I ken anything o' Lord Branclose? Div I na? Is not my young lady up by yonder at the house, thair as gude as married to him?"

"And are they not married then?" said the rider, hastily.

"No; only what they ca' betrothed—one and my wife were witnesses—it's no more than a bypast. It was a long courtship—few folk hear'd the soun by Jenny and myself. But will ye no light down? I down hids to see ye sitting up there, and the clouds are casting up thick in the west over Glasgow-ward, and wadst dooly folk think that haken rain."

In fact, a deep black cloud had already surmounted the setting sun; a few large drops of rain fell, and the murmurs of distant thunder were heard.

"The deils in this man," said Caddie to himself; "I wish he wad either light aff or ride on, that he may quarter himself in Hamilton or the shower begin."

But the rider was motionless on his horse for two or three moments after his last question, like one exhausted by some enormous effort. At length, recovering himself, as if with a sudden and painful effort, he asked Caddie, "if Lady Margaret Bellenden will live?"

"She does," replied Caddie, "but in a very sma' way. They has been a sad changed family since those rough times began; they has suffered enough first and last—and to ken the old Tower, and a' the bonny barony, and the helms that I has ploughed an' often, and the Mains, and my hale-yard, that I said has gotten back again, and a' for naething, as a body may say, but just the want o' some bits o' sheep-skin that were lost in the confusion of the taking of Tillamulion."

"I have heard something of this," said the stranger, deepening his voice, and averting his head. "I have some interest in the family, and would willingly help them if I could. Can you give me a bed in your house to-night, my friend?"

"It's but a corner of a place, sir," said Caddie, "but we'll try, rather than ye wad ride on in the rain and thunner; for, to be true w' ye, sir, I think ye seem so that coar wad."

"I am liable to a distemper," said the stranger, "but it will soon wear off."

"I ken we can gie ye a decent supper, sir," said Caddie;

"and we'll see about a bed as well as we can. We wad be laith a stranger sidd laik what we have, though we are jimpy provided for in beds rather; for Jenny has see many bedra, (God bless them and her!) that truth I mean speak to Lord Bracken to gie us a bit o'k, or outdoo' o' some sort, in the street."

"I shall be easily accommodated," said the stranger, as he entered the house.

"And ye may rely on your being well sorted," said Cudde; "I ken weel what belongs to supporting a horse, and this is a very gude een."

Cudde took the horse to the little cow-house, and called to his wif to attend in the meanwhile to the stranger's accommodation. The officer entered, and threw himself on a settle at some distance from the fire, and carefully turning his back to the little lattice window. Jenny (or Mrs. Hendrick, if the reader please) requested him to lay aside the cloak, belt, and flapped hat, which he wore upon his journey, but he excused himself under pretence of feeling cold; and, to divert the time till Cudde's return, he entered into conversation with the children, carefully avoiding, during the interval, the inquisitive glances of his landlady.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

What anguish tears bedim the eye!
What doubts we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And love of youth that are no more.

LONGER.

Cornara soon returned, assuring the stranger, with a cheerful voice, "that the horse was properly saddled up, and that the grooms should make a bed up for him at the house, mair purpose-like and comfortable than the like o' them could gie him."

"Are the family at the house?" said the stranger, with an interrupted and broken voice.

"Na, sir, they're awa' wi' a' the servants;—they keep only twa men-a-days, and my grooms there has the boys and the

charge, though she's as a he'd servant. She has been here and bred in the family, and has a' trust and management. If they were there, we behoove'd to take air freedom without their order; but when they are awa, they will be well pleased we serve a stranger gentleman. Miss Delandus wad help a' the hail world, as her power were as gude as her will; and her grandmother, Lady Margaret, has an unco respect for the gentry, and she's as ill to the poor bodies neither.—And now, wife, what for are ye no getting haurt wi' the servants?"

"Never mind, lad," rejoined Jenny, "ye will see them in gude time; I ha' wad that ye like your house best."

Cudde'shipgott, and laughed with a peculiar expression of indifference at this report, which was followed by a dialogue of little consequence between his wife and him, in which the stranger took no share. At length he suddenly interrupted them by the question—"Can ye tell me when Lord Emsdale's marriage takes place?"

"Very soon, we expect," answered Jenny, before it was possible for her husband to reply; "it wad ha' been some time now, but for the death o' said Major Delandus."

"The excellent old man!" said the stranger; "I heard at Edinburgh he was no more. Was he long ill?"

"He couldna be said to head up his head after his brother's wife and his sons were turned out o' their ain house; and he had himself sair borrowing ailes to stand the law—but it was in the latter end o' King James's days—and Basil Collins, who claimed the estate, turned a paper to please the managers, and then naething was to be refused him; and the law gait again the ladies at last, after they had fought a weary war o' years about it; and, as I said before, the Major w'e' held up his head again. And then cam the gitting war o' the Stuart line; and, though he had but little reason to like them, he couldna break that, and it cam broke the heart o' him, and soldiers cam to Unsworth and cleared out o' that war there—he was never rich, the gude old man, for he dree'd as an captain's rent."

"He was indeed," said the stranger, with a faltering voice, "an admirable man—that is, I have heard that he was so.—So the ladies were left without fortune, as well as without a protector?"

"They will neither want the time nor the better while Lord

Brundale live," said Jenny. "He has been a true friend in their griefs—'till to the house they live in is his landing's; and never man, as my old grandmother used to say, since the days of the patriarch Jacob, served me long and ran well for a wife as good Lord Brundale has done."

"And why," said the stranger, with a voice that quivered with emotion, "why was he not sooner rewarded by the object of his attachment?"

"There was the lament to be ended," said Jenny readily, "thirty many other family arrangements."

"No, but," said Gubbs, "there was another reason fully for the young lady's——"

"Whistle—hand your tongue, and stop your arrows," said his wife. "I see the gentleman's for fine wool, and down out our coarse wools. I wad till him a shibboleth in an instant."

"There's no occasion," said the stranger; "I shall want only a glass of water, and to be left alone."

"You'll gie yourself the trouble then to follow us," said Jenny, lighting a small lantern, "and I'll show you the way."

Gubbs also proffered his assistance; but his wife reminded him, "That the ladies would be left to fight thaghter, and comp are neither into the fire," so that he resolved to take charge of the message.

His wife led the way up a little winding path, which, after threading some thickets of rosehedge and honeysuckle, conducted to the back-door of a small garden. Jenny unlocked the latch, and they passed through an old-fashioned flower-garden, with its clipped yew hedges and formal parterres, to a glass-paned door, which she opened with a master-key, and lighting a candle, which she placed upon a small work-table, asked pardon for leaving him there for a few minutes until she prepared his apartment. She did not exceed five minutes in these preparations; but when she returned, was startled to find that the stranger had sunk down with his head upon the table, in what she at first apprehended to be a swoon. As she advanced to him, however, she could discover by his short-drawn sighs that it was a paroxysm of mental agony. She presently drew back until he raised his head, and then showing herself without seeming to have observed his agitation, informed him that his bed was prepared. The stranger gazed at her a moment, as if to collect the sense of her words. She repeated

them, and only bending his head, as an indication that he understood her, he entered the apartment, the door of which she pointed out to him. It was a small bed-chamber, used, as she informed him, by Lord Bransdale when a guest at Fairy-Knave, connecting, on one side, with a little china-cabinet which opened to the garden, and on the other with a saloon, from which it was only separated by a thin wainscot partition. Having wished the stranger better health and good rest, Jenny descended as quickly as she could to her own mansion.

"O Cuddie!" she exclaimed to her helpmate as she entered, "I doubt we're ruined folks!"

"How can that be? What's the matter w' ye?" returned the unperturbed Cuddie, who was one of those persons who do not easily take alarm at anything.

"Wha d'ye think yon gentleman is?—Oh, that ever ye wud has sedd him to light here!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Why, wha the muckle dell d'ye say he is? There's nae law against harbouring and inter-communicating now," said Cuddie; "nae, whig or tory, what need we care wha he is?"

"Ay, but it's awa will ding Lord Bransdale's marriage awa yet, if it's na the better locked in," said Jenny; "it's Miss Edith's first jae, your aie wud reider, Cuddie."

"The dell, woman!" exclaimed Cuddie, starting up, "trow ye that I'm blind? I wad hae ken'd Mr. Harry Morton wating a hunder!"

"Ay, but, Cuddie lad," replied Jenny, "though ye are no blind, ye are no awa notice-taking as I am."

"Wad, what for needs ye cast that up to me just now? or what did ye see about the man that was like our reider Harry?"

"I will tell ye," said Jenny. "I jaloused his keeping his face frae us, and speaking w' a muckle-like voice, so I d'en tried him w' some tales o' lang syne, and when I spoke o' the brane, ye ken, he dillea just laugh—he's awa grave for that now-a-days—but he gae a glodge w' his ee that I ken'd he took up what I said. And a' his distress is about Miss Edith's marriage, and I wad see a man mak taeen down w' true love in my days—I might say man or woman—only I mind how ill Miss Edith was when she first got word that him and you (ye muckle garden here) were coming against Tilletadum w' the rebels. But wha's the matter w' the man now?"

"What's the matter wif me, indeed!" said Cuckle, who was again hastily putting on some of the garments he had stripped himself of, "am I no gear up this instant to see my master?"

"Atweel, Cuckle, ye are gear now as gear," said Jenny, coolly and resolutely.

"The deil's in the wif," said Cuckle; "d'ye think I am to be John Tamson's man,* and ministered by women o' the days o' my life?"

"And whose man wad ye be? And who wad ye hae to minister ye but me, Cuckle, lad?" answered Jenny. "I'll gar ye comprehend in the making o' a lay-bend. Somebody here that this young gentleman is bringin' but comely, and free that he keeps himself up as close, I am judging that he's purposing, if he had Miss Edith either married, or just gear to be married, he wad just stide awa easy, and gie them our cair trouble. But if Miss Edith ken'd that he was living, and if she were standing before the very minister wif Lord Bunsdale when it was told to her, I'm warrant she wad say Na when she wad say Yea."

"Weel," replied Cuckle, "and what's my business wif that? If Miss Edith likes her maid jae better than her new one, what for wad she no be free to change her mind like other folk?—Ye see, Jenny, Halliday ago tharups he had a powder frae yourself."

"Halliday's a liar, and ye're nothing but a general to hearken till him, Cuckle. And then for this laddy's choice,—to-day! ye may be sure o' the good Mr. Morton has in on the outside o' his coat, and how can he keep Lady Margaret and the young laddy?"

"I am there Midwood!" said Cuckle. "Nae doubt, the wad laddie left his housekeeper the life-rent, as he heard naught o' his nephew; but it's but speaking the wad wif tale, and they may a' live bravely together, Laddy Margaret and a'."

"How's that, lad," replied Jenny, "ye has them little to think laddies o' their rank wad set up house wif wad Ailie Wilson, when they're maist over proud to take favours frae Lord Bunsdale himself. Na, na, they mae follow the camp if she tak Morton."

"That wad suit ill wif the wad laddy, to be sure," said

* [Repeated.]

Cudde; "she wad hardly win over a lang day in the baggage-wain."

"Then din a fytting as there wad be between them, o' about whig and tory," continued Jenny.

"To be sure," said Cudde, "the auld laddy's once little in these points."

"And then, Cudde," continued his helpmate, who had reserved her strongest argument till the last, "if this marriage wif Lord Bunsdale is broken off, what comes o' our ain bit free house, and the kye-pair, and the cow's grass? I trow that hitherto and these bonny houses will be turned on the wide warld!"

Here Jenny began to wringer—Cudde writhed himself this way and that way, the very picture of indecision. At length he looks out, "Weel, woman, come ye tell us what we auld do, without o' this din about it?"

"Just do naething at a'," said Jenny. "Never seem to ken anything about this gentleman, and for your life say a weel that he auld has been here, or up at the house!—An I had ken'd, I wad hae gien him my ain bed, and sleepit in the byre, or he had gien up by; but it cannot be helpit now. The wisest thing's to get him coosely awa the morn, and I judge he'll be in the hurry to come back again."

"My gude master!" said Cudde; "and cannot I no speak to him, then?"

"For your life, no," said Jenny; "ye're no oblig'd to ken him; and I wadna hae taid ye, only I feared ye wad ken him in the morning."

"Aweel," said Cudde, sighing heartily. "The awa to plough the moffield then; for if I am no to speak to him I wad rather be out o' the gate."

"Very right, my dear hussy," replied Jenny, "nabody has better sense than you when ye crack a bit wif me over your affairs, but ye auld no'er do anything off hand out o' your ain head."

"Ane wad think it's true," quoth Cudde; "for I has aye had some carline or quene or another to get me gang their gait instead o' my ain. There was first my mither," he continued, as he undressed and tumbled himself into bed—"then there was Laddy Margaret dillea let me wif my auld my ain—then my mither and her quarrell'd, and put me twa ways at once,

as if it was bad as ead o' me, like Punch and the Devil ragging about the Bazar at the fair—and now I hae gotten a wife," he murmured in continuation, as he stowed the blankets around his person, "and she's like to tak the guiding o' me a'thaither."

"And wae's I the best guide ye ever had in a' your life!" said Jenny, as she closed the conversation by assuming her place beside her husband, and extinguishing the candle.

Leaving this couple to their repose, we have next to inform the reader that, early on the next morning, two ladies on horse-back, attended by their servants, arrived at the house of Fairy-Knave, whom, to Jenny's utter confusion, she instantly recognised as Miss Bellenden and Lady Emily Hamilton, a sister of Lord Eversdale.

"Had I no better gang to the house to put things to rights!" said Jenny, confounded with this unexpected apparition.

"We want nothing but the pass-key," said Miss Bellenden; "Gustyll will open the windows of the little parlour."

"The little parlour's locked, and the lock's spoiled," answered Jenny, who mediated the local sympathy between that apartment and the bedchamber of her guest.

"In the red parlour, then," said Miss Bellenden, and rode up to the front of the house, but by an approach different from that through which Martin had been conducted.

"All will be out," thought Jenny, "unless I can get him smuggled out of the house the back way."

So saying, she sped up the back in great trepidation and uncertainty.

"I had better hae said at once there was a stranger there," was her next natural reflection. "But then they wad hae been for asking him to breakfast. O sark us! what w'll I do!—And there's Gustyll walking in the garden, too!" she exclaimed internally on approaching the vicar—"and I daurna gang in the back way till he's off the coast. O sark! what w'll become of us!"

In this state of perplexity she approached the old-dressed brother with the purpose of decrying him out of the garden. But John Gustyll's temper was not improved by his decline in rank and increase in years. Like many parrish people, too, he seemed to have an intuitive perception as to what was most likely to tease those whom he conversed with; and on the present occasion all

Jenny's efforts to remove him from the garden served only to root him in it as fast as if he had been one of the shrubs. Unluckily, also, he had commenced florist during his residence at Fairy-Knave, and, leaving all other things to the charge of Lady Emily's servant, his first care was dedicated to the flowers, which he had taken under his special protection, and which he pruned, dug, and watered, passing all the while upon their respective merits to poor Jenny, who stood by him trembling, and almost crying with anxiety, fear, and impatience.

Fate seemed determined to win a match against Jenny this unfortunate morning. As soon as the ladies entered the house they observed that the door of the little parlour, the very apartment out of which she was desirous of excluding them, on account of its contiguity to the room in which Morton slept, was not only unlocked, but absolutely ajar. Miss Belfour was too much engaged with her own immediate subjects of reflection to take much notice of the circumstance, but desiring the servant to open the window-shutters, walked into the room along with her friend.

"He is not yet come," she said. "What can your brother possibly mean?—why express so anxious a wish that we should meet him here? and why not come to Castle Dismal as he proposed? I own, my dear Emily, that, even engaged as we are to each other, and with the sanction of your presence, I do not feel that I have done quite right in indulging him."

"Brevintale was never capricious," answered his sister; "I am sure he will satisfy us with his reasons, and if he does not I will help you to scold him."

"What I chiefly fear," said Emily, "is his having engaged in some of the plots of this fluctuating and unhappy time. I know his heart is with that dreadful Chanceryhouse and his army, and I believe he would have joined them, ere now but for my uncle's death, which gave him so much additional trouble on our account. How singular, that one so rational, and so deeply sensible of the evils of the wretched family, should be ready to risk all for their restoration!"

"What can I say?" answered Lady Emily; "it is a point of honour with Brevintale. Our family have always been loyal—he served long in the Guards—the Viscount of Dundee was his commander and his friend for years—he is looked on with an evil eye by many of his own relations, who set down his kno-

driving to the score of want of spirit. You must be aware, my dear Edith, how often family connections, and early predilections, influence our actions more than abstract arguments. But I trust Erskine will continue quiet—though, to tell you truth, I believe you are the only one who can keep him so."

"And how is it in my power?" said Miss Hollenden.

"You can frighten him with the Scriptural apology for not going forth with the host—"he has married a wife, and therefore cannot come;"

"I have promised," said Edith in a faint voice; "but I trust I shall not be urged on the score of time."

"Nay," said Lady Eglar, "I will leave Erskine (and here he comes) to plead his own cause."

"Stay, stay, for God's sake!" said Edith, endeavouring to detain her.

"Not I, not I," said the young lady, making her escape, "the third person makes a silly figure on such occasions. When you want me for breakfast I will be found in the wicker-walk by the river."

As she tripped out of the room Lord Erskine entered—"Good-morrow, brother, and good-bye till breakfast-time," said the lively young lady; "I trust you will give Miss Hollenden some good reasons for disturbing her rest so early in the morning."

And so saying, she left them together, without waiting a reply.

"And now, my lord," said Edith, "may I desire to know the meaning of your singular request to meet you here at so early an hour?"

She was about to add that she hardly felt herself excusable in having complied with it; but upon looking at the person whom she addressed, she was struck dumb by the singular and agitated expression of his countenance, and interrupted herself to exclaim—"For God's sake, what is the matter?"

"His Majesty's faithful subjects have gained a great and most decisive victory near Blair of Athole; but, alas! my gallant friend, Lord Dundee!"

"Has fallen?" said Edith, anticipating the rest of his tidings.

"True—most true—he has fallen in the arms of victory, and not a more valuable of talents and influence, sufficient to fill up

his loss in King James's service. This, Edith, is no time for temporising with our duty. I have given directions to raise my followers, and I must take leave of you this evening."

"Do not think of it, my lord," answered Edith; "your life is essential to your friends; do not throw it away in an adventure so rash. What can your single arm, and the few tenants or servants who might follow you, do against the force of almost all Scotland, the Highland clans only excepted?"

"Listen to me, Edith," said Lord Eversdale. "I am not so much as you may suppose me, nor are my present notions of such light importance as to affect only those personally dependent on myself. The Life-Guards, with whom I served so long, although now-moulded and now-offered by the Prince of Orange, retain a predilection for the cause of their rightful master; and"—(and here he whispered as if he feared even the walls of the apartment had ears)—"when my foot is known to be in the stirrup, two regiments of cavalry have sworn to renounce the usurper's service, and fight under my colors. They delayed only till Dundee should descend into the Lowlands;—but, since he is no more, which of his successors dare take that decisive step, unless encouraged by the troops declaring themselves! Meantime the soul of the soldiers will be away. I must bring them to a decision while their hearts are glowing with the victory their old leader has obtained, and burning to avenge his untimely death."

"And will you, on the faith of such men as you know these soldiers to be," said Edith, "take a part of such dreadful moment?"

"I will," said Lord Eversdale—"I must; my honour and loyalty are both pledged for it."

"And all for the sake," continued Miss Bellenden, "of a prince, whose measures, while he was on the throne, no one could condemn more than Lord Eversdale!"

"Most true," replied Lord Eversdale; "and as I mounted, even during the plenitude of his power, his innovations on church and state, like a froeborn subject, I am determined I will assert his real rights when he is in adversity, like a loyal one. Let justice and sympathy foster power and desert misfortune; I will rather be the one than the other."

"And if you are determined to act what my feeble judgment

must still turn sickly, why give yourself the pain of this untimely meeting?"

"Were it not enough to narrow," said Lord Emsdale, "that are rushing on battle, I wished to bid adieu to my betrothed bride!—Surely it is judging coldly of my feelings, and showing too plainly the indifference of your own, to question my motive for a request so natural."

"But why in this place, my lord?" said Edith,—"*and why with such peculiar circumstances of mystery?*"

"Because," he replied, putting a letter into her hand, "I have yet another request, which I dare hardly proffer, even when pressed by these circumstances."

In haste and terror Edith glanced over the letter, which was from her grandmother.

"My dearest child," such was its tenor in style and spelling, "I never more deeply regretted the nomination, which disqualified me from riding on horseback, than at this present writing, when I would most have wished to be where this paper will soon be, that is at Fairy-Knave, with my poor dear Will's only child. But it is the will of God I should not be with her, which I conclude to be the case, as much for the pain I now suffer, as because it hath now not given way either to commercial prudence or to dissipation of wild merriment, whereas I have often relieved others. Therefore, I must tell you, by writing instead of word of mouth, that, as my young Lord Emsdale is called to the present campaign, both by his honour and his duty, he hath currently solicited me that the bonds of holy matrimony be loosed before his departure to the wars between you and him, in fulfilment of the indenture formerly entered into for that effect, whereunto, as I see no reasonable objection, so I trust that you, who have been always a good and excellent child, will not derive any which has less than reason. It is true that the contract of our house have heretofore been celebrated in a manner more befitting our rank, and not in private, and with few witnesses, as a thing done in a corner. But it has been Heaven's own free will, as well as those of the kingdom whom we live, to take away from us our estate, and from the King his throne. Yet I trust He will yet restore the rightful heir to the throne, and turn his heart to the true Protestant Episcopal faith, which I have the better right to expect to see even with my old eyes, as I have beheld the royal family when

they were struggling as easily with masterful weapons and reliefs as they are now; that is to say, when his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, honoured our poor House of Tilletians, by taking his *siègeur* thence," &c. &c. &c.

We will not abuse the reader's patience by quoting more of Lady Margaret's poetic opiate. Suffice it to say, that it closed by laying her commands on her grandchild to amount to the solemnisation of her marriage without loss of time.

"I never thought till this instant," said Edith, dropping the letter from her hand, "that Lord Evensdale would have acted so generously."

"Ungenerously, Edith!" replied her lover. "And how can you apply such a term to my desire to call you mine, ere I part from you perhaps for ever!"

"Lord Evensdale ought to have remembered," said Edith, "that when his perseverance, and, I trust aid, a due sense of his merit and of the obligations we owed him, wrung from me a slow consent that I would one day comply with his wishes, I made it my condition, that I should not be pressed to a hasty accomplishment of my promise; and now he avails himself of his interest with my only remaining relative, to hurry me with precipitate and even insolent importunity. There is more selfishness than generosity, my lord, in such eager and urgent solicitation."

Lord Evensdale, evidently much hurt, took two or three turns through the apartment ere he replied to this accusation; at length he spoke—"I should have supposed this painful charge, first I at once have mentioned to Miss Holland as my principal reason for urging this request. It is one which she will probably dispute on her own account, but which ought to weigh with her for the sake of Lady Margaret. My death in battle must give my whole estate to my heirs of entail; my forfeitures as a traitor, by the usurping Government, may rest it in the Prince of Orange, or some Dutch favourite. In either case, my venerable friend and betrothed bride must remain unprotected and in poverty.—Vested with the rights and provisions of Lady Evensdale, Edith will find, in the power of supporting her aged parent, some consolation for having unhesitatingly to share the thine and fortune of one who does not pretend to be worthy of her."

Edith was struck dumb by an argument which she had not expected, and was compelled to acknowledge that Lord Eversdale's suit was urged with delicacy as well as with consideration.

"And yet," she said, "such is the waywardness with which my heart reverts to former times, that I cannot" (she burst into tears) "suppose a degree of conscious reluctance at fulfilling my engagement upon such a brief summons."

"We have already fully considered this painful subject," said Lord Eversdale; "and I hoped, my dear Edith, your own inquiries, as well as mine, had fully satisfied you that those regrets were needless."

"Needless indeed!" said Edith, with a deep sigh, which, as if by an unexpected echo, was repeated from the adjoining apartment. Miss Bellenden started at the sound, and severely composed herself upon Lord Eversdale's assurance that she had heard but the echo of her own respiration.

"It sounded strangely distinct," she said, "and almost ominous; but my feelings are so harassed that the slightest trifle agitates them."

Lord Eversdale eagerly attempted to soothe her alarm, and recurred to a measure, which, however hasty, appeared to him the only means by which he could secure her independence. He urged his claim in virtue of the contract, her grandmother's wish and command, the propriety of leaving her comfort and independence, and touched lightly on his own long attachment, which he had endured by so many and such various sorrows. These Edith felt the more, the less they were insisted upon; and at length, as she had nothing to oppose to his ardour, excepting a conscious reluctance, which she herself was ashamed to oppose against so much generosity, she was compelled to rest upon the impossibility of having the ceremony performed upon such hasty notice, at such a time and place. But for all this Lord Eversdale was prepared, and he explained, with joyful clarity, that the former chaplain of his regiment was in attendance at the Lodge with a faithful domestic, once a confidential officer in the same corps; that his sister was also possessed of the secret; and that Hadding and his wife might be added to the list of witnesses, if agreeable to Miss Bellenden. As to the place, he had chosen it on very purpose. The marriage was to remain a secret, since Lord Eversdale was to depart in disguise very soon after it was celebrated—a circumstance

which, had their taken been public, must have fallen upon him the attention of the Government, as being altogether unacceptable, unless from his being engaged in some dangerous design. Having hastily urged these motives and explained his arrangements, he ran, without waiting for an answer, to summon his sister to attend his bride, while he went in search of the other persons whose presence was necessary.

When Lady Emily arrived, she found her friend in an agony of tears, of which she was at some loss to comprehend the reason, being one of those damsels who think there is nothing either wonderful or terrible in matrimony, and joining with most who knew him in thinking, that it could not be rendered peculiarly alarming by Lord Eversdale being the bridegroom. Influenced by these feelings, she exhausted in succession all the usual arguments for courage, and all the expressions of sympathy and condolence ordinarily employed on such occasions. But when Lady Emily beheld her future sister-in-law deaf to all those ordinary topics of consolation,—when she beheld tears follow fast and without intermission down cheeks as pale as marble,—when she felt that the hand which she pressed in order to enforce her arguments turned cold within her grasp, and lay, like that of a corpse, insensible and unresponsive to her caresses, her feelings of sympathy gave way to those of hurt pride and pettish displeasure.

"I must own," she said, "that I am something of a loss to understand all this, Miss Hollenden. Months have passed since you agreed to marry my brother, and you have postponed the fulfilment of your engagement from one period to another, as if you had to avoid some dishonourable or highly disagreeable connection. I think I can answer for Lord Eversdale, that he will seek no woman's hand against her inclination; and, though his sister, I may boldly say that he does not need to urge any lady further than her inclinations carry her. You will forgive me, Miss Hollenden; but your present distress argues ill for my brother's future happiness, and I must needs say that he does not merit all these expressions of dislike and despair, and that they seem an odd return for an attachment which he has manifested so long, and in so many ways."

"You are right, Lady Emily," said Edith, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to resume her natural manner, though still betrayed by her faltering voice and the paleness of her cheeks

"—you are quite right—Lord Bransdale merits such usage from no one, least of all from her whom he has honoured with his regard. But if I have given way, for the last time, to a sudden and terrible burst of feeling, it is my consolation, Lady Emily, that your brother knows the cause; that I have bid nothing from him, and that he at least is not apprehensive of finding in Edith Bellenden a wife unworthy of his affection. But still you are right, and I mark your concern for indulging for a moment fruitless regret and painful remembrance. It shall be so no longer: my lot is cast with Bransdale, and with him I am resolved to bear it. Nothing shall in future occur to excite his complaints, or the resentment of his relations; no idle recollections of other days shall intervene to prevent the serious and affectionate discharge of my duty; no vain illusions recall the memory of other days."—

As she spoke these words, she slowly raised her eyes, which had before been hidden by her hand, to the latticed window of her apartment, which was partly open, uttered a dismal shriek, and fainted. Lady Emily turned her eyes in the same direction, but saw only the shadow of a man, which seemed to disappear from the window, and, terrified more by the state of Edith than by the apparition she had herself witnessed, she uttered shriek upon shriek for assistance. Her brother soon arrived with the chaplain and Jenny Deansons, but strong and vigorous remedies were necessary ere they could recall Miss Bellenden to sense and motion. Even then her language was wild and incoherent.

"Press me no farther," she said to Lord Bransdale; "it cannot be—Heaven and earth—the living and the dead, have inspired themselves against this ill-considered union. Take all I can give—my dearest regard—my devoted friendship. I will love you as a sister, and serve you as a bondswoman, but never speak to me more of marriage."

The attachment of Lord Bransdale may easily be conceived.

"Emily," he said to his sister, "this is your doing—I was accused when I thought of bringing you here—some of your unfounded folly has driven her mad!"

"On my word, brother," answered Lady Emily, "you're sufficient to drive all the women in Scotland mad. Because your mistress seems much disposed to jilt you, you quarrel with your sister, who has been arguing in your cause, and had

brought her to a quiet hearing, when, all of a sudden, a man looked in at a window, whose her ceased availability to look either for you or escape me else, and has treated us girls with an excellent tragic scene."

"What man? What window?" said Lord Bransdale, in impatient displeasure. "Miss Belcher is incapable of trifling with me—and yet what else could have"—

"Hush! hush!" said Jenny, whose interest lay particularly in shifting further inquiry; "for Heaven's sake, my lord, speak low, for my lady begins to rouse."

Edith was no sooner somewhat restored to herself than she begged, in a feeble voice, to be left alone with Lord Bransdale. All retreated,—Jenny with her usual air of officious dissipation—Lady Emily and the chaplains with that of awakened curiosity. No sooner had they left the apartment, than Edith beckoned Lord Bransdale to sit beside her on the couch; her next motion was to take his hand, in spite of his surprised resistance, to her lips; her last was to sink from her seat and to clasp his knees.

"Forgive me, my Lord!" she exclaimed—"Forgive me!—I must feel most truly by you, and break a solemn engagement. You have my friendship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude—You have more; you have my word and my faith—But O, forgive me, for the fault is not mine—you have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a sin!"

"You dream, my dearest Edith!" said Bransdale, proffered in the warmest degree,—"you let your imagination beguile you. This is but some delusion of an over-sensitive mind;—the person whom you preferred to me has been long in a better world, where your unavailing regret cannot follow him, or if it could, would only diminish his happiness."

"You are mistaken, Lord Bransdale," said Edith, solemnly. "I am not a sleep-walker, or a mad-woman. No—I could not have believed from any one what I have seen. But having seen him, I must believe mine own eyes."

"How him?—*when*?" asked Lord Bransdale, in great anxiety.

"Dearly Martin," replied Edith, uttering these two words as if they were her last, and very nearly dying when she had done so.

"Miss Belcher," said Lord Bransdale, "you trust me like a

fool or a child. If you repeat your engagement to me," he continued indignantly, "I am not a man to enforce it against your inclination; but deal with me as a man, and follow this bidding."

He was about to go on, when he perceived, from her quivering eye and pallid cheek, that nothing was less intended than imposture, and that, by whatever means her imagination had been so impressed, it was really disturbed by unfeigned awe and terror. He changed his tone, and exerted all his eloquence in endeavoring to soothe and extract from her the secret cause of such terror.

"I saw him!" she repeated—"I saw Henry Morton stand at that window, and look into the apartment at the moment I was on the point of abjuring him for ever. His face was darker, thinner, and paler than it was wont to be; his dress was a horseman's cloak, and hat bowed down over his face; his expression was like that he wore on that dreadful morning when he was examined by Claverhouse at Tillinstoun. Ask your sister, ask Lady Emily, if she did not see him as well as I.—I know what has called him up—he came to upbraid me that, while my heart was with him in the deep and dead sea, I was about to give my hand to another. My lord, it is sealed between you and me—in the consequences what they will, *do* cannot marry whose union disturbs the repose of the dead."

"Good heaven!" said Evanlake, as he passed the room, half mad himself with surprise and veneration—"her fine understanding must be totally overthrown, and that by the effort which she has made to comply with my claimant, though well-meant request. Without rest and attention her health is ruined for ever."

At this moment the door opened, and Haliday, who had been Lord Evanlake's principal attendant since they both left the Guards on the Revolution, stumbled into the room with a countenance as pale and ghastly as terror could paint it.

"What is the matter now, Haliday?" cried his master, starting up. "Any discovery of the?"

He had just recollection sufficient to stop short in the midst of the dangerous sentence.

"No, sir," said Haliday, "it is not that, nor anything like that; but I have seen a ghost!"

* Note G. supposed opposition of Morton.

"A ghost! you eternal idler!" said Lord Bransdale, forced altogether out of his patience. "Has all mankind come to go mad in order to drive me so!—What ghost, you simpleton?"

"The ghost of Henry Morton, the wing captain at Redoubt Bridge," replied Halliday. "He passed by me like a fire-drift when I was in the garden!"

"This is mid-winter madness," said Lord Bransdale, "or there is some strange villainy afoot.—Jenny, attend your lady to her chamber, while I endeavour to find a clue to all this."

But Lord Bransdale's inquiries were in vain. Jenny, who might have given (had she chosen) a very satisfactory explanation, had no interest to leave the matter in darkness; and interest was a matter which now weighed principally with Jenny, since the possession of an active and affectionate husband in her own proper sight had altogether altered her spirit of coquetry. She had made the best use of the first moments of confusion hastily to remove all traces of any one having slept in the apartment adjoining to the parlour, and even to cross the mark of footsteps beneath the window through which she conjectured Morton's hat had been seen while attempting, as he left the garden, to gain one look at her whom he had so long loved, and was now on the point of losing for ever. That he had passed Halliday in the garden was equally clear; and she learned from her older boy, whom she had employed to leave the stranger's horse saddled and ready for his departure, that he had rushed into the stable, thrown the child a broad gold piece, and, mounting his horse, had ridden with fearful rapidity down towards the Clyde. The secret was, therefore, in their own family, and Jenny was resolved it should remain so.

"For to be sure," she said, "although her lady and Halliday had'd Mr. Morton by broad daylight, that was no reason I said even to leaving him in the gloaming and by candlelight, and him keeping his face from Cuddie and me o' the time."

So she stood resolutely upon the negative when examined by Lord Bransdale. As for Halliday, he could only say, that as he entered the garden-door, the supposed assassin met him walking swiftly, and with a visage on which anger and grief appeared to be contending.

"He knew him well," he said, "having been repeatedly gazed upon him, and obliged to write down his marks of stature and visage in case of escape. And there were few faces like

Mr. Morton's." But what should make him leave the country where he was neither hanged nor shot, he, the old Halliday, did not pretend to conceive.

Lady Knolly confessed she had seen the face of a man at the window, but her evidence went no further. John Goolyff deposed not even in court. He had left his gardening to get his morning dress just at the time when the apparition had taken place. Lady Knolly's servant was waiting orders in the kitchen, and there was not another being within a quarter of a mile of the house.

Lord Bunsdale returned, perplexed and dissatisfied in the highest degree, at beholding a plan which he thought necessary not less for the protection of Edith in contingent circumstances, than for the assurance of his own happiness, and which he had brought as very new protection, thus broken off without any apparent or rational cause. His knowledge of Edith's character set her beyond the suspicion of receiving any suspicious change of determination by a pretended vision. But he would have set the apparition down to the influence of an extraordinary imagination, agitated by the circumstances in which she had so suddenly been placed, had it not been for the coinciding testimony of Halliday, who had no reason for thinking of Morton more than any other person, and knew nothing of Miss Follen-deu's vision when he promulgated his own. On the other hand, it seemed in the highest degree improbable that Morton, so long and so widely sought after, and who was, with such good reason, supposed to be lost when the *Voyahd* of Rotterdam went down with crew and passengers, should be alive and lurking in this country, where there was no longer any reason why he should not openly show himself, since the present Government favoured his party in politics. When Lord Bunsdale reluctantly brought himself to communicate these doubts to the chaplain, in order to obtain his opinion, he could only obtain a long lecture on demonology, in which, after quoting Delebe, and Bachelier, and De l'Ancre, on the subject of apparitions, together with sundry drilham and common lawyers on the nature of testimony, the learned gentleman expressed his definite and determined opinion to be, either that there had been an actual apparition of the deceased Henry Morton's spirit, the possibility of which he was, as a divine and a philosopher, neither fully prepared to admit or to deny; or else,

that the mild Henry Martin, being still in every nation, had appeared in his proper person that morning; or, finally, that some strong despite wind, or striking shudders of passion, had deceived the eyes of Miss Beltonden and of Thomas Halliday. Which of these was the most probable hypothesis, the Doctor declined to pronounce, but expressed himself ready to die in the opinion that one or other of them had occasioned that morning's disturbance.

Lord Eversdale soon had additional cause for distressful anxiety. Miss Beltonden was declared to be dangerously ill.

"I will not leave this place," he exclaimed, "till she is pronounced to be in safety. I neither can nor ought to do so; for whatever may have been the immediate occasion of her illness, I gave the first cause for it by my unhappy solicitation."

He established himself, therefore, as a guest in the family, which the presence of his sister, as well as of Lady Margaret Beltonden (who, in despite of her dissimulation, cannot herself to be transported thither when she heard of her grand-daughter's illness), rendered a step equally natural and delicate. And thus he anxiously waited, until, without injury to her health, Edith could sustain a final explanation on his departure on his expedition.

"She shall never," said the generous young man, "look on her engagement with me as the means of fostering her to a union, the idea of which seems almost to unshake her understanding."

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHTH.

Ah, happy life!—oh, pleasing shade!

Ah, little belov'd in vain!

Where once my mother childhood stay'd,

A stranger yet to pain.

—GEOFF. A. DODDIE'S PRIMER OF BIBLE COLLOQUIES.

It is not by corporal wants and infirmities only that men of the most distinguished talents are levelled, during their lifetime, with the common mass of mankind. There are periods of mental agitation when the finest of mortals must be ranked

with the weakest of his brethren; and when, in paying the general tax of humanity, his diseases are even aggravated by feeling that he transgresses, in the indulgence of his grief, the rules of religion and philosophy, by which he endeavours to govern to regulate his passions and his actions. It was during such a paroxysm that the unfortunate Morton left Fairy-Knave. To know that his long-loved and still beloved Edith, whose image had filled his mind for so many years, was on the point of marriage to his early rival, who had laid claim to her heart by so many services, so harshly left her a title to refuse his advances, bitter as the intelligence was, yet came not as an unexpected blow.

During his residence abroad he had once written to Edith. It was to bid her farewell for ever, and to conjure her to forget him. He had requested her not to answer his letter, yet he half hoped, for many a day, that she might transgress his injunction. The letter never reached her to whom it was addressed, and Morton, ignorant of its misarrivals, could only console himself half aside and forgotten, according to his own self-deceiving request. All that he had heard of their mutual relations since his return to Scotland, prepared him to expect that he could only look upon Miss Belvidere as the bewitched bride of Lord Brandaile; and, even if freed from the burden of obligation to the latter, it would still have been inconsistent with Morton's generosity of disposition to disturb their arrangements, by attempting the assertion of a claim, proscribed by shame, never sanctioned by the consent of friends, and barred by a thousand circumstances of difficulty. Why, then, did he seek the cottage which their broken fortunes had now rendered the retreat of Lady Margaret Belvidere and her grand-daughter? He yielded, we are under the necessity of acknowledging, to the impulse of an inconsistent wish, which many might have felt in his situation.

Accident apprised him, while travelling towards his native district, that the ladies, now whose services he most anxiously pass, were absent; and learning that Geddis and his wife acted as their principal domestics, he could not resist passing at their cottage, to learn, if possible, the real progress which Lord Brandaile had made in the affections of Miss Belvidere—*ah!* no longer his Edith. This rash experiment ended as we have related, and he parted from the house of Fairy-Knave, con-

scious that he was still beloved by Edith, yet compelled, by faith and honour, to relinquish her for ever. With what feelings he must have listened to the dialogue between Lord Bunsdale and Edith, the greater part of which he involuntarily overheard, the reader must imagine, for we dare not attempt to describe them. An hundred times he was tempted to listen upon their interview, or to exclaim aloud, "Edith, I yet live!"—and as often the recollection of her plighted truth, and of the debt of gratitude which he owed Lord Bunsdale (to whose influence with Claverhouse he justly ascribed his escape from torture and from death), withheld him from a rashness which might indeed have involved all in further distress, but gave little prospect of forwarding his own happiness. He repressed swiftly these selfish emotions, though with an agony which thrilled his every nerve.

"No, Edith!" was his internal oath, "never will I add a stone to thy pillow—That which Heaven has ordained, let it be; and let me not add, by my selfish sorrow, one atom's weight to the burden thou hast to bear. I was dead to thee when thy resolution was adopted; and never—never shalt thou know that Henry Morton still lives!"

As he formed this resolution, diffident of his own power to keep it, and seeking that firmness in flight which was every moment shaken by his continuing within hearing of Edith's voice, he hastily rushed from his apartment by the little door and the unlocked door which led to the garden.

But firmly as he thought his resolution was fixed, he could not leave the spot where the last tones of a voice so beloved still vibrated on his ear, without endeavouring to avail himself of the opportunity which the parker window afforded, to steal one last glance at the lovely speaker. It was in this attempt, made while Edith seemed to have her eyes unthinkably bent upon the ground, that Morton's presence was detected by her rising thence suddenly. So soon as her wild scream made this known to the unfortunate object of a passion so constant, and which seemed so ill-fated, he hurried from the place as if pursued by the fiend. He passed Halliday in the garden without recognizing, or even being sensible that he had seen him, threw himself on his horse, and, by a sort of instinct rather than recollection, took the first by-road in preference to the public route to Handley.

It is all probability this prevented Lord Branksdale from learning that he was actually in existence; for the news that the Highlanders had obtained a decisive victory at Killbuckie, had occasioned an accurate look-out to be kept, by order of the Government, on all the passes, for fear of some connection among the Lowland Jacobites. They did not omit to post sentinels on Bothwell Bridge, and as these men had not seen any traveller pass westward in that direction, and as, besides, their comrades stationed in the village of Bothwell were equally positive that none had gone westward, the supposition, in the existence of which Edith and Halliday were equally positive, became yet more mysterious in the judgment of Lord Branksdale, who was finally inclined to settle in the belief, that the heated and disturbed imagination of Edith had imagined up the phantom she stated herself to have seen, and that Halliday had, in some unaccountable manner, been infected by the same superstition.

Meanwhile, the by-path which Morton pursued, with all the speed which his vigorous horse could exert, brought him in a very few seconds to the brink of the Clyde, at a spot marked with the feet of horses, who were conducted to it as a watering-place. The steel, urged as he was to the gallop, did not pause a single instant, but, throwing himself into the river, was soon beyond his depth. The plunge which the animal made as his feet quitted the ground, with the feeling that the cold water rose above his round-let, was the first incident which recalled Morton, whose movements had been hitherto mechanical, to the necessity of taking measures for preserving himself and the noble animal which he bestrode. A perfect master of all easily executed, the management of a horse in water was as familiar to him as when upon a meadow. He directed the animal's course somewhat down the stream towards a low plain, or lake, which seemed to promise an easy escape from the river. In the first and second attempt to get on shore, the horse was frustrated by the nature of the ground, and nearly fell backwards on his rider. The instinct of self-preservation seldom fails, even in the most desperate circumstances, to withhold the human mind to some degree of equipoise, unless when altogether distracted by terror, and Morton was obliged to the danger in which he was placed for complete recovery of his self-possession. A third attempt, at a spot more carefully and judiciously selected, suc-

needed better than the former, and placed the horse and his rider in safety upon the further and left-hand bank of the Clyde.

"But whither," said Mathew, in the bitterness of his heart, "am I now to direct my course? or rather, what does it signify to which point of the compass a wretch so forsaken betakes himself? I would to God, could she wish to without a sin, that these dark waves had flowed over me, and drowned my recollection of that which was, and that which is!"

The sense of impatience, which the detached state of his feelings had commenced, scarcely had rooted itself in these violent expressions, ere he was struck with shame at having given way to such a paroxysm. He remembered how signally the life which he now held so lightly in the bitterness of his disappointment, had been preserved through the almost incessant perils which had beset him since he entered upon his public career.

"I am a fool!" he said, "and worse than a fool, to set light by that existence which Heaven has so often preserved in the most marvellous manner! Something there yet remains for me in this world, were it only to hear my sorrows like a man, and to aid those who need my assistance. What have I seen—what have I heard, but the very conclusion of that which I knew was to happen? They"—(he dared not utter their names even in allusion)—"they are enmeshed and in difficulties. She is stripped of her inheritance, and he seems rushing on some dangerous career, with which, but for the low voice in which he spoke, I might have become acquainted. Are there no means to aid or to warn them?"

As he pondered upon this topic, finally withdrawing his mind from his own disappointment, and compelling his attention to the affairs of Edith and her betrothed husband, the letter of Percy, long forgotten, suddenly rushed on his memory, like a ray of light darting through a mist.

"Their ruin must have been his work," was his internal conclusion. "If it can be repaired, it must be through his means, or by information obtained from him. I will search him out. Stern, crafty, and enthusiastic as he is, my plain and downright reminders of purpose has more than once prevailed with him. I will seek him out, at least; and who knows what influence the information I may acquire from him may have on the fortunes of those whom I shall never see more, and who will probably

never from that I am now suppressing my own grief, to add, if possible, to their happiness."

Animated by these hopes, though the foundation was but slight, he sought the nearest way to the highway; and as all the tracks through the valley were known to him since he hunted through them in youth, he had no other difficulty than that of surmounting one or two enclosures, ere he found himself on the road to the small lough where the feast of the people had been celebrated. He journeyed in a state of mind and indeed and dejected, yet relieved from its earlier and more intolerable state of anguish; the virtuous resolution and manly disinterestedness seldom fail to restore tranquillity even where they cannot create happiness. He turned his thoughts with strong effort upon the means of discovering Barley, and the chance there was of extracting from him any knowledge which he might possess favourable to her in whose cause he interested himself, and at length formed the resolution of pushing himself by the circumstances in which he might discover the object of his quest, trusting that, from Oakley's account of a certain hatred Barley and his brethren of the Presbyterian persuasion, he might find him less successfully disposed against Miss Redden, and inclined to exert the power which he asserted himself to possess over her fortunes, more favourably than heretofore.

Monteith had passed away, when our traveller found himself in the neighbourhood of his deceased uncle's habitation of Milnwood. It rose among glades and groves that were chequered with a thousand early recollections of joy and sorrow, and made upon Norton that powerful impression, soft and affecting, yet withal scolding, which the sensitive mind usually receives from a return to the haunts of childhood and early youth, after having experienced the vicissitudes and tempests of public life. A strong desire came upon him to visit the house itself.

"Old Allen," he thought, "will not know me, more than the lowest couple whom I saw yesterday. I may indulge my curiosity, and proceed on my journey, without her having any knowledge of my existence. I think they said my uncle had bequeathed to her my family mansion. Well—be it so. I have enough to sorrow for, to enable me to dispense with lamenting such a disappointment as that; and yet methinks he has chosen an odd successor in my grumbling old dame, to a line of respect-

sible if not distinguished ancestry. Let it be as it may, I will visit the old mansion at least once more."

The house of Milwood, even in its best days, had nothing cheerful about it, but its gloom appeared to be doubled under the suspicion of the old housekeeper. Everything, indeed, was in repair; there were no stains defacing upon the steep grey roof, and no panes broken in the narrow windows. But the grass in the courtyard looked as if the foot of man had not been there for years; the doors were carefully locked, and that which admitted to the hall seemed to have been shut for a length of time, since the spiders had fairly drawn their webs over the doorway and the staples. Lining sight or sound there was none, until, after much knocking, Morton heard the little window, through which it was usual to receive visitors, open with much caution. The face of Alice, puckered with some score of wrinkles, in addition to those with which it was furrowed when Morton left Scotland, now presented itself, enveloped in a toy, from under the protection of which some of her grey tresses had escaped in a manner more picturesque than beautiful, while her shrill tremulous voice demanded the cause of the knocking.

"I wish to speak an instant with one Alice Wilson, who resides here," said Henry.

"She's no at hame this day," answered Mrs. Wilson, in peevish tones, the state of whose head-dress, perhaps, implied her with this direct mode of denying herself; "and ye are but a mither'd person to speak for her in sic a manner. Ye might hae had an M. under your hat for Mistress Wilson of Milwood."

"I beg pardon," said Morton, internally smiling at finding in old Alice the same jealousy of disrepute which she used to exhibit upon former occasions—"I beg pardon;—I am but a stranger in this country, and have been so long abroad that I have almost forgotten my own language."

"Did ye come frae foreign parts?" said Alice; "then maybe ye may hae heard of a young gentleman of this country, that they call Henry Morton?"

"I have heard," said Morton, "of such a name in Germany."

"Then take a wee bit where ye are, friend—ye stay—gang round by the back o' the house, and ye'll find a high door; it's on the latch, for it's never barred till sunset. Ye'll open't—and

tell me ye dress it' over the tub, for the entry's dark—and then ye'll turn to the right, and then ye'll head straight forward, and then ye'll turn to the right again, and ye'll telt head o' the collar stairs, and then ye'll be at the door o' the little kitchen—it's o' the kitchen that's at Millwood now—and I'll come down tye, and whate'er ye wad say to Mrs. Wilson ye may very ably tell it to me."

A stranger might have had some difficulty, notwithstanding the minuteness of the directions supplied by Alice, to pilot himself in safety through the dark labyrinth of passages that led from the back-door to the little kitchen; but Henry was too well acquainted with the navigation of those streets to experience danger, either from the boyish which looked on one side in shape of a backing tub, or the Charitable which purred on the other in the probability of a winding collar-stair. His only impediment arose from the teasing and vehement harking of a small cooking spout, once his own property, but which, unlike to the faithful Argos, saw his master return from his wanderings without any symptoms of recognition.

"The little dogs and all!" said Morton to himself, on being discovered by his former favourite.—"I am so changed, that no breathing creature that I have known and loved will now acknowledge me!"

At this moment he had reached the kitchen, and soon after the tread of Alice's high heels, and the pat of the crutch-handled cane, which served at once to prop and to guide her footsteps, were heard upon the stairs, an exclamation which continued for some time as she fairly rushed the kitchen.

Morton had, therefore, time to survey the slender preparations for housekeeping which were now sufficient in the house of his ancestors. The fire, though coals are plenty in that neighbourhood, was husbanded with the closest attention to economy of fuel, and the small pipkin, in which was preparing the dinner of the old woman and her maid-of-all-work, a girl of twelve years old, incited, by its thin and watery vapour, that Alice had not needed her cheer with her improved fortune.

When she entered, the head which nodded with self-importance—the features in which an aristocratic perverseness, acquired by habit and indulgence, strove with a temper naturally affectionate and good-natured—the coil—the spoon—the blue checked gown, were all those of old Alice; but least pleasant,

hastily put on to meet the stranger, with some other trifling articles of decoration, marked the difference between Mrs. Wilson, Mistress of Milwood, and the housekeeper of the late proprietor.

"What were ye pleased to want wif Mrs. Wilson, sir?—I am Mrs. Wilson," was her first address; for the five educated times which she had gained for the business of the toilette, enabled her, she conceived, to assume the full merit of her *flattering name*, and shew forth on her guest its undiminished splendour. Morton's sensations, confounded between the past and present, fairly confused him so much, that he would have had difficulty in carrying her, even if he had known well what to say. But as he had not determined what character he was to adopt while concealing that which was properly his own, he had an additional reason for remaining silent. Mrs. Wilson, in perplexity, and with some apprehension, repeated her question.

"What were ye pleased to want wif me, sir?—Ye said ye knew'd Mr. Harry Morton?"

"Pardon me, madam," answered Harry; "it was of one Elias Morton I spoke."

The old woman's countenance fell.

"It was his father, then, ye knew'd o', the brother o' the late Milwood? Ye never mind him abroad, I wad think;—he was come home afore ye were born. I thought ye had brought me news of poor Master Harry."

"It was from my father I learned to know Colonel Morton," said Harry;—"of the one I know little or nothing; remove says he died abroad on his passage to Holland."

"That's ever like to be true," said the old woman, with a sigh, "and now a tear it's cost my auld son. His uncle, poor gentleman, just saugh'd awa' wif it in his mouth. He had been giving me precious directions anent the bread, and the wine, and the brandy, at his burial, and how often it was to be handed round the company (for, dead or alive, he was a prudent, frugal, palatizing man), and then he said, wad he, 'Aillie' (he aye ca'd me Aillie—we were auld acquaintance), 'Aillie, take ye care and hand the gear wad together; for the name of Morton of Milwood's gae out like the last saugh of an auld sang.' And as he fell out o' his dream into another, and na'er spak a word mair, unless it were something we co'dna mak out, about a dipped needle being gude enough to see to doo wif;—he co'd na'er

hide to see a muffled one, and there was one, by all luck, on the table."

While Mrs. Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old man, Morton was ostensibly engaged in diverting the audacious curiosity of the dog, which, recovered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much sniffing and examination, begun a course of snoring and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not forbear exclaiming, in a tone of hasty impatience, "Down, Elphie! down, sir!"

"Ye ken our dog's name," said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise—"Ye ken our dog's name, and it's no a common one. And the creature ken ye, too," she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone—"God guide us! it's my ain bairn!"

So saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton's neck, clung to him, kissed him as if he had been actually her child, and wept for joy. There was no purveying the discovery, if he could have had the heart to attempt any further disguise. He returned the embrace with the most grateful warmth, and movement—

"I do indeed too, dear Ailie, to thank you for all your kindness, past and present, and to rejoice that there is at least one friend to welcome me to my native country."

"Friends!" exclaimed Ailie—"ye'll hae many friends—ye'll hae many friends; for ye will hae gear, bairn—ye will hae gear. Heaven mak ye a gude guide o't!—But, oh, sir!" she continued, pushing him back from her with her trembling hand and shrivelled arm, and gazing in his face, as if to read, at some unvarnished distance, the sorrows which sorrow rather than time had made on his face—"Oh, sir! ye're aye ailed, bairn; your face is turned pale, and your een are watery, and your bonny red-and-white cheeks are turned a' dark and sunken. O, weary on the war! mair's the scone! how they destroy. And when can ye hae, bairn!—and when can ye hae!—and what has ye been doing!—and what for did ye no write to us!—and how can ye to pass yourself for dead!—and what for did ye come creepin' to your ain house as if ye had been an ither body, to gie poor auld Ailie do a start?" she concluded, smiling through her tears.

It was some time ere Morton could overcome his own emotion, so as to give the kind old woman the information which we shall communicate to our readers in the next chapter.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

————— Annals that was,
But that is gone for being Richard's friend ;
And, madam, you must call him Richard now.

ROMANUS II.

Two scenes of explanation was hastily removed from the little kitchen to Mrs. Wilson's own sitting room ; the very scene which she had occupied as housekeeper, and which she continued to retain. " It was," she said, " better secured against sitting while than the hall, which she had found dangerous to her domesticity, and it was more fitting for her use than the late Ellwood's apartment, honest man, which gave her sad thoughts ;" and as for the great oak parlour, it was never opened but to be shed, washed, and dusted, according to the irrevocable practice of the family, unless upon their most solemn festivals. In the sitting room, therefore, they were seated, surrounded by pickle-pots and preserves of all kinds, which the old-maid housekeeper continued to compound, out of mere habit, although neither she herself, nor any one else, ever partook of the morsels which she so regularly prepared.

Morton, adapting his narrative to the comprehension of his auditor, informed her briefly of the wreck of the vessel, and the loss of all hands, excepting two or three common seamen, who had only secured the skiff, and were just getting off from the vessel when he leaped from the deck into their boat, and unexpectedly, as well as contrary to their inclination, made himself partner of their voyage and of their safety. Landed at Flushing, he was fortunate enough to meet with an old officer who had been a novice with his father. By his advice he changed going immediately to the Hague, but forwarded his letters to the court of the Stadtholder. " Our Prince," said the veteran, " must as yet keep terms with his father-in-law, and with your King Charles ; and to approach him in the character of a Scottish volunteer would render it imprudent for him to distinguish

you by his dress. Walk, therefore, his orders, without forcing yourself on his notice; observe the strictest privacy and retirement; assume for the present a different name; shun the company of the British soldiers; and, depend upon it, you will not repeat your pretence."

The old friend of Miss Morton agreed justly. After a considerable time had elapsed, the Prince of Orange, in a progress through the United States, came to the town where Morton, impatient at his attention and the incognito which he was obliged to observe, still continued nevertheless to be a resident. He had an hour of private interview assigned, in which the prince expressed himself highly pleased with his intelligence, his goodness, and the liberal view which he seemed to take of the notions of his native country, their motives and their purposes.

"I would gladly," said Wilton, "attach you to my own person, but that cannot be without giving offence in England. But I will do as much for you, as well out of respect for the sentiments you have expressed, as for the recommendation you have brought me. Here is a commission in a Swiss regiment at present in garrison in a distant province, where you will meet few or none of your countrymen. Continue to be Captain Melville, and let the name of Morton sleep till better days."

"Thus began my fortune," continued Morton;—"and my services have, on various occasions, been distinguished by his Royal Highness, until the moment that brought him to Britain as our political deliverer. His commands must excuse my silence to my dear friends in Scotland; and I wonder not at the report of my death, considering the wreck of the vessel, and that I found no occasion to use the letters of exchange with which I was furnished by the liberality of some of them—a circumstance which must have confirmed the belief that I had perished."

"But, dear Wang," asked Mrs. Wilton, "did ye find new Scotch body at the Prince of Orange's court that had'd ye? I wad hae thought Morton o' Wilmwood was had'd a' through the country."

"I was purposely engaged in distant service," said Morton, "until a period when few, without as deep and kind a motive of interest as yours, Ails, would have known the stripping Morton to Major-General Melville."

"Mairile was your mother's name," said Mrs. Wilson; "but Morton sounds far kinder in my old legs. And when ye tak up the birchship, ye mair tak the old name and designation again."

"I am like to be in no haste to do either the one or the other, Ailie, for I have some reasons for the present to myself, my being alive from every one but you; and as for the birchship of Milwood, it is in as good hands."

"As gude hands, bannys!" rejoined Ailie; "I'm hopefu' ye are no meaning mine! The reeve and the laird are but a sair fish to me. And I'm ever failed to tak a helpmate, though Wylla Macdricht the writer was very pleasing, and spak very civilly; but I'm ever auld a cut to doun that stane before me—he came whill'erwar me as he's done mairy a man. And then I thought aye ye wad come back, and I wou'd get my pickle meal and my soup-milk, and keep o' things right about ye as I need to do in your pair wad's time, and it wou'd be just pleasure enough for me to see ye thrive and guide the gear canny—Ye'll ha' learned that in Holmud, I'm warrant, for they're thrifty folk there, as I hear tell.—But ye'll be in keeping rather a mair house than your auld Milwood that's gone; and, indeed, I wou'd approve o' your setting butcher-meat maybe as often as three times a week—it keeps the wind out o' the stomach."

"We will talk o' all this another time," said Morton, surprised at the generosity upon a large scale, which mingled in Ailie's thoughts and actions with habitual and world prejudice, and at the odd contrast between her love of saving and indifference to self-satisfaction. "You must know," he continued, "that I am in this country only for a few days on some special business of importance to the Government, and therefore, Ailie, not a word of having seen me. At some other time I will acquaint you fully with my motives and intentions."

"E'en be it so, my jo," replied Ailie;—"I can keep a secret like my neighbours; and woe wou'd Milwood ha'd it, honest man, for he wou'd see where he kept his gear, and that's what naist folk like to hae as private as possibly may be.—But come now, wif me, bannys, till I show ye the collocation; how grandly he's kept, just as if ye had been expected home every day—I loo nobody airt it but my ain hands. It was a kind o' diversionment to me, though whiles the tear ran into my ee, and I said to myself, what ails I look wif gates, and carpets,

and cushions, and the window looks magnificent, my maid! for they'll ne'er come home that ought it rightly."

With these words she bawled him away to this another chamber, the scrubbing and cleaning whereof was her daily employment, as its high state of good order constituted the very pride of her heart. Morton, as he followed her into the room, underwent a rebuke for not "dighting his shoes," which showed that Alice had not relinquished her habits of authority. On entering the oak-parlour, he could not but recollect the feelings of solemn awe with which, when a boy, he had been affected at his occasional and rare admission to an apartment, which he then supposed had not its equal save in the halls of princes. It may be readily supposed, that the worked-wooded chairs, with their short cherry legs and long upright backs, had lost much of their influence over his mind; that the large brass and brass-mounted chandeliers in splendor; that the green velvet tapestry appeared no masterpiece of the Arras loom; and that the room looked, on the whole, dark, gloomy, and dimmed. Yet there were two objects, "The most awful presentation of two brothers," which, dissimilar as those described by Hamlet, affected his mind with a variety of sensations. One full-length portrait represented his father, in complete armour, with a countenance indicating his masculine and determined character; and the other set forth his uncle, in velvet and brocade, looking as if he were ashamed of his own finery, though entirely indebted for it to the liberality of the painter.

"It was an ill fancy," Alice said, "to dress the honest soul man in that expensive attire that he ne'er wore in his life, instead o' doing English grey, and his hand wif the narrow riding."

In private, Morton could not help being much of her opinion; for anything approaching to the dress of a gentleman was as ill on the ungainly person of his relative, as an open or generous expression would have done on his mean and money-making features. He now estimated himself from Alice to visit some of his haunts in the neighbouring wood, while her own hands made an addition to the dinner she was preparing,—an incident no otherwise remarkable than as it cost the life of a fowl, which, for any event of less importance than the arrival of Henry Morton, might have cockled on to a good old age, ere Alice could have been guilty of the extravagance of killing and

dressing it. The meal was seasoned by talk of old times, and by the plans which Ailie laid out for Stanton, in which she assigned her young master all the prudential habits of her old one, and planned out the destiny with which she was to exorcise her duty as governess. Stanton let the old woman enjoy her day-dreams and needle-banking during moments of such pleasure, and deferred, till some fitter season, the communication of his purpose again to return and spend his life upon the Continent.

His next care was to lay aside his military dress, which he considered likely to render more difficult his reconnaissance after Darby. He exchanged it for a gray doublet and cloak, formerly his usual attire at Millwood, and which Mrs. Wilson produced from a chest of valises, wherein she had laid them aside, without forgetting carefully to brush and air them from time to time. Stanton retained his sword and scabbard, without which few persons travelled in those unsettled times. When he appeared in his new attire, Mrs. Wilson was most thankful "that they fitted him so *deverly*, since, though he was new clothes, yet he looked much neater than when he was then from Millwood."

Next she subjected on the advantage of saving old clothes to be what she called "best-masters to the new," and was far advanced in the history of a velvet cloak belonging to the late Millwood, which had first been converted to a velvet doublet, and then into a pair of breeches, and appeared each time as good as new, when Stanton interrupted her account of its transmigration to bid her good-bye.

He gave, indeed, a sufficient shock to her feelings, by expressing the necessity he was under of proceeding on his journey that evening.

"And where are ye gaein?—and what wad ye do that for?—and whar wad ye sleep but in your ain house, after ye has been so many years frae hame?"

"I feel all the wickedness of it, Ailie, but it must be so; and that was the reason that I attempted to conceal myself from you, as I suspected you would not let me part from you so easily."

"For whar are ye gaein, then?" said Ailie, once more. "Hae our mortal een the sight o' you, just to come an' noont, and see aye like an arrow out of a bow the next?"

"I must go down," replied Morton, "to Ned Stone, the Piper's Hovel; he can give me a bed, I suppose!"

"A bed!—the warrant can be," replied Aile, "and gear ye pay weel for't into the bargain. Laddie, I daresay ye hae lost your wife in these foreign parts, to gang and gie ailer for a supper and a bed, and might hae health for something, and that's the cry for sweeping them."

"I assure you, Aile," said Morton, desirous to allay her remonstrances, "that this is a business of great importance, in which I may be a great gainer, and cannot possibly be a loser."

"I think we know that can be, if you begin by giving maybe the look o' twal shillings Scots for your supper; but young folk are aye venturesome, and think to get ailer that way. My pale said master took a severe gale, and never parted wi' it when he had once gotten't."

Pursuing in his desperate resolution, Morton took leave of Aile, and mounted his horse to proceed to the little town, after exacting a solemn promise that she would counsel his return until she again saw or heard from him.

"I am not very extravagant," was his natural reflection, as he trotted slowly towards the town;—"but were Aile and I to set up house together, as she proposes, I think my profusion would break the good old country heart before a week were out."

CHAPTER FORTIETH.

Remember! What's the jolly best.

*You told us of! 'T has been my custom ever
To jockey with mine best.*

LOREN'S PROMISE.

Morton reached the borough town without meeting with any remarkable adventure, and alighted at the little inn. It had occurred to him more than once, while upon his journey, that his assumption of the dress which he had worn while a youth, although favourable to his views in other respects, might render it more difficult for him to remain incognito. But a few years of campaigns and wanderings had so changed his appearance,

that he had great confidence that in the grown man, whose brow exhibited the traces of reflection and considerate thought, none would recognise the raw and half-bred stripling who won the game of the popinjay. The only chance was that here and there some whig, whom he had led to battle, might remember the Captain of the Millwood Militiamen; but the risk, if there was any, could not be guarded against.

The Howff seemed tall and frequented as if possessed of all its old celebrity. The person and demeanour of Niel Howff, more fat and less civil than of yore, indicated that he had increased as well in years as in consequence; for in Scotland, a landlord's complaisance for his guests decreases in exact proportion to his rise in the world. His daughter had acquired the air of a dexterous bar-maid, undisturbed by the circumstances of love and war, so apt to perplex her in the course of her vocation. Both showed Morton the degree of attention which could have been expected by a stranger travelling without attendants, at a time when they were particularly the badges of distinction. He took upon himself exactly the character his appearance presented,—went to the stable and saw his horse accommodated,—then returned to the house, and seating himself in the public room (for to request one to himself, would, in those days, have been thought an overbearing degree of civility), he found himself in the very apartment in which he had some years before celebrated his victory at the game of the popinjay, a joyful pretence which led to as many serious consequences.

He felt himself, as may well be supposed, a much-changed man since that festivity; and yet, to look around him, the groups assembled in the Howff seemed not dissimilar to those which the same scene had formerly presented. Two or three burghers husbanded their "dribble o' brandy," two or three dragons lounged over their muddy ale, and cursed the inactive times that allowed them no better cheer. Their converse did not, indeed, play at backgammon with the cards in his cloak, but he drank a little medicine of aque valentilla with the grey-headed Presbyterian minister. The scene was another, and yet the same, differing only in person, but corresponding in general character.

"Let the tide of the world wax or wane as it will," Morton thought, as he looked around him, "enough will be found to

All the places which chance render vacant; and, in the usual occupations and amusements of life, human beings will succeed each other as leaves upon the same tree, with the same individual differences and the same general resemblance."

After passing a few minutes, Morton, whose experience had taught him the easiest mode of securing attention, ordered a pint of claret, and, as the smiling landlady appeared with the porter measure foaming fresh from the tap (for bottling wine was not then in fashion), he asked him to sit down and take a share of the good cheer. This invitation was peculiarly acceptable to Niel Blane, who, if he did not positively expect it from every guest not provided with better company, yet received it from many, and was not a whit abashed or surprised at the summons. He sat down along with his guest in a secluded nook near the chimney; and while he received encouragement to drink by far the greater share of the liquor before them, he entered at length, as a part of his expected function, upon the news of the country,—the births, deaths, and marriages,—the change of property,—the downfall of old families, and the rise of new. But politics, now the fertile source of eloquence, which host did not care to mingle in his theme; and it was only in answer to a question of Morton, that he replied with an air of indifference, "Och! ay! we are here soddgers among us, mair or less. There's a wuman German hame down at Glasgow yonder; they an' their commander Whittibody, or some sic name, though he's an' gaird and grievous an' auld Dutchman as e'er I saw."

"Wittichold, perhaps?" said Morton; "an' old man, with grey hair and short black moustaches—speaks aiddie?"

"And aiddie for aye," replied Niel Blane. "I see your honour knows the man. He may be a very gude man, too, for aiddie I see, that is, considering he is a sagger and a Dutchman; but if he were ten gairds, and as wawy Whittibodies, he has nae skill in the pipes; he ga'd nae way in the middle of Torphichen's Road, the best place o' mairds that ever lay ga' wad to."

"But these fellows," said Morton, glancing his eye towards the aiddies that were in the apartment, "are not o' his corps?"

"Na, na, these are Scotch dragons," said mine host—"our ain auld catapillars; these were Clever's lads a while ago, and wad be again, maybe, if he had the lang ton in his head."

"Is there not a report of his death?" inquired Morton.

"Truth is there," said the landlord; "your honour is right—there is sic a flooding rumour; but, in my pair opinion, it's lang or the deil die. I wad hae the folla here look to themselves. If he makes an outbreak, he'll be down frae the Highlands or I could drink this glass—and where are they then? A' these ballad-makers o' dragons wad be at his vehicle in a moment. The deevil they're Willie's man o'ma now, as they were James's a while syne: and crains good!—they fight for their joy; what else has they to fight for? They has neither lands nor houses, I trow. There's no guid thing o' the change, or the Revolution, as they ca' it,—like my speak out afore than Willie was, and nae fear o' being hauled awa. to the guard-house, or having the thumblins scoured on your finger-ends, just as I wad drive the score through a cork."

There was a little pause, when Morton, feeling confident in the progress he had made to raise host's familiarity, asked, though with the hesitation proper to one who puts a question on the matter to which rests something of importance,—
"Whether Blase knew a woman in that neighbourhood called Elizabeth Madure?"

"Whether I ken Beatie Madure?" answered the landlord, with a landlord's laugh—"How can I but ken my ain wife's—(deil be her rest!)—my ain wife's first gentleman's sister, Beatie Madure! An honest wench she is, but sair she's been tryed w' misfortunes—the loss o' twa dearest bairns o' hers, in the time o' the persecution, as they ca' it some-days; and deevily and deevily she has borne her burden, blessing mine, and condemning none. If there's an honest woman in the world, it's Beatie Madure. And to ken her twa sons, as I was saying, and to hae dragons staked down on her for a month hypos—for, be whig or tory government, they are quarter thus here on victuals—to ken, as I was saying"—

"This woman keeps an inn, then?" interrupted Morton.

"A public, in a pair way," replied Blase, looking round at his own superior accommodations—"a nice breast o' snow she that she sells to folk that are owre drearily w' travel to be aye; but nothing to ca' a stinking trade or a stinking change-house."

"Can you get me a guide there?" said Morton.

"Your honour will rust here o' the night!—ye'll hardly get

accommodation at Bessie's," said Nid, whose regard for his deceased wife's relative by no means extended to sending company from his own home to hers.

"There is a friend," answered Morton, "whom I am to meet with there, and I only called here to take a stirrup-cup and inquire the way."

"Your honour had better," answered the landlord, with the perseverance of his calling, "send some one to wait; your friend is come on here."

"I tell you, landlord," answered Morton, impatiently, "that will not serve my purpose; I must go straight to this woman Madure's house, and I desire you to find me a guide."

"Aweel, sir, ye'll choose for yourself, to be sure," said Nid Hame, somewhat disconcerted; "but did a guide ye'll need, if ye go down the water for ten mile or mae, as gin ye were bound for Millwood House, and then tak the first backen disjuncted-looking road that makes for the hills—ye'll hae't by a broken ash-tree that stands at the side o' a burn just where the road meets; and then taeve out the path.—ye mae miss Widow Madure's public, for duff another house or hae'd, is on the road for ten lang Scots miles, and that's worth twenty English. I am sorry your honour would think o' gaein out o' my house the night. But my wife's god-sister is a decent woman, and it's no lost that a friend gae."

Morton accordingly paid his reckoning and departed. The sunset of the summer day placed him at the ash-tree, where the path led up towards the moor.

"Here," he said to himself, "my misfortune commenced; for just here, when Hurley and I were about to separate on the last night we ever met, he was alarmed by the intelligence, that the paces were secured by soldiers lying in wait for him. Bessie that very morn'g into the old woman who apprised him of his danger. How strange that my whole fortune should have become inseparably interwoven with that man's, without anything more on my part than the discharge of an ordinary duty of humanity! Would to heaven it were possible I could find my humble quiet and tranquillity of mind upon the spot where I lost them!"

Thus struggling his reflections betwixt speech and thought, he turned his horse's head up the path.

Evening lowered around him as he advanced up the narrow

dell which had once been a wood, but was now a ravine directed of trees, unless where a fir, from their inaccessible situation on the edge of precipitous banks, or clinging among rocks and huge stones, defied the invasion of man and of cattle, like the scattered tribes of a conquered country, driven to take refuge in the barren strength of its mountains. These, too, wasted and decayed, seemed rather to exist than to flourish, and only served to indicate what the landscape had once been. But the stream branched down among them in all its freshness and vivacity, giving the life and animation which a mountain rivulet alone can confer on the forest and most savage scenes, and which the inhabitants of such a country miss when gazing even upon the temporary winding of a majestic stream through plains of fertility, and fertile palaces of splendor. The track of the road followed the course of the brook, which was now visible, and now only to be distinguished by its hurrying heard among the stones, or in the drifts of the rock, that occasionally interrupted its course.

"Nevertheless that does not," said Morton, in the enthusiasm of his remarks,—"why shaft with the rocks that stop thy course for a moment? There is a sea to receive thee in its bosom; and there is an eternity for man when his frail and hasty course through the vale of time shall be ceased and even. What thy petty flinging is to the deep and vast billows of a shuddering ocean, are our cares, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, to the objects which must occupy us through the mortal and boundless succession of ages!"

Thus musing, our traveller passed on till the dell opened, and the banks, receding from the brook, left a little green vale, exhibiting a croft, or small field, on which some corn was growing, and a cottage, whose walls were not above five feet high, and whose thatched roof green with moisture, age, house-look, and grass, had in some places suffered damage from the encroachment of two cows, whose appetite this appearance of verdure had diverted from their more legitimate pasture. An English and worse-written inscription intimated to the traveller that he might here find refreshment for man and horse;—no unrecognisable intimation, rude as the last appeared to be, considering the wild path he had trod in approaching it, and the high and waste mountains which rose in absolute dignity behind this humble abode.

"It must indeed have been," thought Morton, "in some

such spot as this, that Burley was likely to find a congenial confidant."

As he approached, he observed the good dame of the house herself, seated by the door; she had hitherto been concealed from him, by a huge silver-bush.

"Good evening, mother," said the traveller.—"Your name is Mistress Muckle?"

"Elizabeth Muckle, sir, a poor widow," was the reply.

"Can you lodge a stranger for a night?"

"I can, sir, if he will be pleased with the widow's cake and the widow's crust."

"I have been a soldier, good dame," answered Morton, "and nothing can come amiss to me in the way of entertainment."

"A soldier, sir?" said the old woman, with a sigh. "God send ye a better trade!"

"It is believed to be an honourable profession, my good dame. I hope you do not think the worse of me for having belonged to it?"

"I judge no one, sir," replied the woman, "and your voice sounds like that of a civil gentleman; but I have witnessed one wretchle El wif soldiering in this pair land, that I am s'te content that I can see nae mair o't wi' those sightless organs."

As she spoke thus, Morton observed that she was blind.

"Shall I not be troublesome to you, my good dame?" said he, compassionately; "your infirmity seems El calculated for your profession."

"Na, sir," answered the old woman; "I can gang about the house readily enough; and I hae a bit lassie to help me, and the dragonn hals will look after your horse when they come hame frae their patrol, for a sma' matter; they are civiler now than lang syne."

Upon these assurances, Morton alighted.

"Peggy, my bonny bairn," continued the hostess, addressing a little girl of twelve years old, who had by this time appeared, "tak the gentleman's horse to the stable, and slack his girths, and tak off the bridle, and shake down a lock o' hay before him, till the dragonn come back.—Come this way, sir," she continued; "ye'll find my house clean, though it's a pair ane."

Morton followed her into the cottage accordingly.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

Then out and spoke the old hostess,

And that her tears did tell—

"Ye wiles be earned, my son Jubah,
From the beating in this vein!"

OUR HALL.

When he entered the cottage, Morton perceived that the old hostess had spoken truth. The inside of the hut belied its outward appearance, and was neat, and even comfortable, especially the inner apartment, in which the hostess informed her guest that he was to sup and sleep. Refreshments were placed before him, such as the little inn afforded; and, though he had small occasion for them, he accepted the offer, as the means of maintaining some discourse with the landlady. Notwithstanding her blindness, she was anxious in her attendance, and, second, by a sort of instinct, to find her way to what she wanted.

"Have you no one but this pretty little girl to assist you in waiting on your guests?" was the natural question.

"None, sir," replied his old hostess; "I dwell alone, like the widow of Knapthorn. Few guests come to this fair place; and I have custom enough to hire servants. I had once two fine sons that looked after a thing—But God gives and takes away—His name be praised!" she continued, turning her clouded eyes towards Heaven—"I was once better off, that is, worldly speaking, even since I lost them; but that was before this last change."

"Indeed!" said Morton; "and yet you are a Presbyterian, my good mother!"

"I am, sir—praised be the light that showed me the right way!" replied the landlady.

"Then, I should have thought," continued the guest, "the Revolution would have brought you nothing but good."

"If," said the old woman, "it has brought the land gods, and freedom of worship to tender consciences, it's little matter what it has brought to a poor blind woman like me."

"Still," replied Morton, "I cannot see how it could possibly injure you."

"It's a long story, sir," answered his hostess, with a sigh.

"But as night, six weeks or thereby afore Bethwell Brigs, a young gentleman stepped at this pair cottages, stiff and bloody with wounds, pale and done out wif riding, and his horse was weary he couldna drag as fast after the other, and his fern were close about him, and he was een o' our country—What could I do, sir?—You that's a soldier will think me but a silly widd wife—but I did him, and relieved him, and kept him hidden till the parsons was awa."

"And who," said Morton, "dare disprove o' your having done as I?"

"I kenna," answered the blind woman—"I got ill-will about it among some o' our sin folk. They said I should hae been to him what Paul was to Simeon.—But wad I wad I had nae divine command to shed blood, and to save it was bairn like a woman and a Christian. And then they said I wanted natural affection, to relieve one that belonged to the hand that murdered my ten sons."

"That murdered your ten sons?"

"Ay, sir; though maybe y'e'll gie their deaths another name.—The tane fell wif sword in hand, fighting for a broken national Covenant; the tither,—Oh, they took him and shot him dead on the green before his mother's face!—My widd een dimmed when the shots were loosed off, and, to my thought, they waxed weaker and weaker ever since that warty day—and sorrow, and heart-break, and tears that would not be dried, might help on the disorder. But, ah! betraying Lord Branksdale's young blood to his enemies' sword wad na'er hae brought my Simeon and Johnie alive again."

"Lord Branksdale?" said Morton, in surprise; "was it Lord Branksdale whose life you saved?"

"Is troth, even he," she replied. "And kind he was to me after, and ga'e me a cow and calf, muck, meal, and silver, and nae durst stare me when he was in power. But we live on an outside bit o' Ellistounham land, and the estate was air pleid between Lally Margaret Holmston and the present Laird, Basil O'Hara, and Lord Branksdale backed the widd lally for loss o' her daughter Miss Edith, as the country said, one o' the best and bonniest lasses in Scotland. But they behaved to gie way, and Basil got the Castle and land, and on the back o' that came the Revolution, and wad na' turn out faster than the Laird! for he wad be had been a true whig o' the time, and

turned papist only for fashion's sake. And then he got drownded, and Lord Eversdale's head was under water; for he was over-pressed and man's' to bend to every blast o' wind, though many a one may live as wool as me, that be his ain principles as they might, he was no ill friend to our folk when he could protect us, and far kinder than Basil O'flint, that eye kept the cobble head down the stream. But he was set by and ill looked on, and his word ne'er asked; and then Basil, what's a revengeful man, set himself to vex him in a' shapes, and especially by oppressing and despoiling the wuld blind widder, Maude Blacker, that saved Lord Eversdale's life, and that he was no kind to. But he's mistaken, if that's his end; for it will be long or Lord Eversdale hurns a word that me about the selling my kye for rent or o'er it was due, or the putting the dragons on me when the country's quiet, or anything else that will vex him—I can bear my ain burden patiently, and wuld's loss is the least part o't."

Amused and interested at this picture of patient, grateful, and high-minded resignation, Morton could not help bestowing an observation upon the poor-spirited man who had taken such a dastardly course of vengeance.

"Dane curse him, sir," said the old woman; "I have heard a good man say, that a curse was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and must like to return on the head that sent it. But if ye ken Lord Eversdale, bid him look to himself, for I hear strange words pass amon the widders that are bring here, and his name is often mentioned; and the tale o' them has been twice up at Tillinstoulen. He's a kind o' favourite w' the Laird, though he was in former times one o' the main cruel oppressors ever made through a country (not-taken Sergeant Bothwell)—they ca' him Ingles."^a

"I have the deepest interest in Lord Eversdale's safety," said Morton; "and you may depend on my finding some mode to apprise him of these suspicious circumstances;—and, in return, my good friend, will you indulge me with another question? Do you know anything of Quentin Mackell of Invergry?"

"Do I know whom?" echoed the blind woman, in a tone of great surprise and alarm.

"Quentin Mackell of Invergry," repeated Morton,—"is there anything so alarming in the sound of that name?"

^a Note B. Peter Ingles.

"Na, na," answered the woman, with hesitation, "but to hear him asked after by a stranger and a soldier—Oude protect us! what mischief is to come next?"

"Nae by my name, I assure ye," said Morton; "the subject of my inquiry has nothing to fear from me, if, as I suppose, this Quistin Mackell is the same with John Dal'—"

"Do not mention his name," said the widow, pressing his lips with her fingers. "I see you have his secret and his password, and I'll be free w' ye. But, for Gude's sake, speak low and low. In the name of Heaven, I trust ye ask him not to his hurt!—Ye said ye were a soldier?"

"I said truly; but ere he has anything to fear from. I rem-mended a party at Bothwell Bridge."

"Indeed!" said the woman. "And verily there is something in your voice I can trust. Ye speak prompt and readily, and like an honest man."

"I trust I am so," said Morton.

"But was displeased to ye, sir; in these warf' times," continued Mrs. Maclure, "the hand of brother is against brother, and he fears as much should free this Government as e'er he did frae the said persecutors."

"Indeed!" said Morton, in a tone of inquiry; "I was not aware of that. But I am only just now returned from abroad."

"I'll tell ye," said the kind woman, first assuming an attitude of listening, that showed how affectionally her powers of collecting intelligence had been transferred from the eye to the ear; for instead of casting a glance of circumspection around, she stooped her face, and turned her head slowly around, in such a manner as to ensure that there was not the slightest sound stirring in the neighbourhood, and then continued—"I'll tell ye. Ye ken how he has laboured to rise up again the Covenant, burned, broken, and buried in the hard hearts and selfish devices of this stubborn people. Now, when he went to Holland, far from the countenance and shade of the great, and the comfortable fellowship of the gentry, both which he was in right to expect, the Prince of Orange wad show him no favour, and the ministers no godly communion. This was hard to bide for one that had suffered and done much—ever much, it may be—but why said I he a judge? He came back to me and to the said place o' refuge that had often

received him in his distress, such especially before the great day of victory at Drumclog, for I will ne'er forget how he was bewailing bitter o' nights in the year on that evening after the play when young Milwood was the poplajay; but I warned him off for that time.

"What!" exclaimed Morton, "it was you that set in your red-coat by the high-road, and told him there was a lion in the path?"

"In the name of Heaven! wha are ye?" said the old woman, breaking off her narrative in astonishment. "But be ye wha ye may," she continued, resuming it with tranquillity, "ye can lose nothing wat'er o' me than that I ha'e been willing to save the life o' blind and dea."

"I know no ill of you, Mither, and I mean no ill by you—I only wished to show you that I know so much of this person's affairs, that I might be safely entrusted with the rest. Proceed, if you please, in your narrative."

"There is a strange command in your voice," said the blind woman; "though the tones are sweet. I have little more to say. The Stuarts ha'e been defenced, and William and Mary reign in their stead,—but not their word of the Covenant than if it were a dead letter. They ha'e torn the indulgent doggy, and an Erastian General Assembly of the same pure and triumphant Kirk of Scotland, even into their very arms and bosoms. Our faithful champions o' the testimony agree o'er war wif this than wif the open tyranny and apostasy of the present ruling times; for souls are hardened and deadened, and the mouths of fasting multitudes are crissimed wif fustianous trim instead of the sweet word in season; and many a hungry, starving creature, when he sits down on a Sunday forenoon to get something that might warm him to the great work, has a dry chatter o' morality deliver about his legs, and"—

"In short," said Morton, desirous to stop a discussion which the good old woman, so enthusiastically attached to her religious profession as to the duties of humanity, might probably have indulged longer—"In short, you are not disposed to acquiesce in this new government, and Dalry is of the same opinion?"

"Many o' our brethren, sic, are of belief we fought for the Covenant, and fasted, and prayed, and suffered for that grand national league, and now we are like neither to see nor hear

tell of that which we suffered, and sought, and fasted, and prayed for. And now it was thought something might be made by bringing back the wild family on a new bargain and a new bottom, so after it, when King James went over, I understood the great quarrel of the English against him was in behalf of seven unbelieved prelates; and now, though as part of our people were free to join wth the present model, and levied an armed regiment under the Earl of Angus; yet our honest friend, and others that stood up for purity of doctrine and freedom of conscience, were determined to leave the mouth of the Jacobites before they took part again there, fearing to fall to the ground like a wall built with unskilful mortar, or from sitting between two stools."

"They chose an odd quarter," said Morton, "from which to expect freedom of conscience and purity of doctrine."

"O, dear, sir!" said the landlady, "the natural day-spring rises in the east, but the spiritual day-spring may rise in the west, for what we billeted mortals here."

"And Burley went to the north to seek it!" replied the guest.

"Truly, ay, sir; and he saw Claver's himself, that they call Dundee now."

"What?" exclaimed Morton, in amazement; "I would have sworn that meeting would have been the last of one of their lives."

"Na, na, sir;—is troubled times, as I understand," said Mrs. Madrigal, "there's sudden changes—Montgomery, and Ferguson, and many another that were King James's greatest foes, are on his side now. Claver's spoke our friend fair, and sent him to consult with Lord Branksdale. But then there was a knock-off, for Lord Branksdale wadna look at, hear, or speak wth him; and now he's once wed and eye wear, and runs for revenge again Lord Branksdale, and will hear naught of settling but bars and slay—and oh, then starts a passion!—they waste his mind, and gie the enemy air advantages."

"The enemy?" said Morton—"What enemy?"

"What enemy? Are ye acquainted familiarly wth John Balliol of Burley, and dinna ken that he has had air and frequent combats to maintain against the Earl Caw? Did ye ever see him alone but the Bible was in his hand, and the sword fixed on his knee! Did ye never sleep in the same room wth

him, and hear him strive in his dreams with the delusions of Satan! O, ye poor little o' him, if ye have seen him only in this daylight, for our men can put the face upon his doleful visits and strifes that he can do. I have seen him, after a strife of agony, tremble, that an infant might have held him, while the hair on his brow was dropping as fast as ever my poor thatched roof did in a heavy rain."

As she spoke, Morton began to recollect the appearance of Barley during his sleep in the hay-loft at Millwood, the report of Cadell that his senses had become impaired, and some whisper current among the Conservatives, who boasted frequently of Barley's mad-carriecoe, and his strifes with the devil dead; which several circumstances led him to conclude that this man himself was a victim to those delusions, though his mind, naturally acute and forcible, not only dignified his superstition from those in whose opinion it might have discredited his judgment, but by exerting such a force as is said to be proper to those afflicted with epilepsy, could postpone the fit which it contained until he was either freed from superstitiousness, or surrounded by such as held him more highly in account of those visitations. It was natural to suppose, and could easily be inferred from the narrative of Mrs. Machree, that disappointed ambition, wrecked hopes, and the downfall of the party which he had served with such desperate fidelity, were likely to aggravate enthusiasm into temporary insanity. It was, indeed, an uncommon circumstance in those singular times, that men like Sir Henry Vane, Harrison, Overton, and others, themselves slaves to the wildest and most enthusiastic dreams, would, when mingling with the world, conduct themselves not only with good sense in difficulties, and courage in dangers, but with the most acute sagacity and determined valour. The subsequent part of Mrs. Machree's information confirmed Morton in these impressions.

"In the gay of the morning," she said, "my little Peggy will show ye the gate to him before the soldiers are up. But ye must let his hear of danger, as he can't fit, be over, when ye venture on him in his place of refuge. Peggy will tell ye when to venture in. She knew his ways well, for while she carried him some little helps that he could do without to sustain life."

"And in what retreat, then," said Morton, "has this unfortunate person found refuge?"

"An awsome place," answered the blind woman, "as ever living creatures took refuge in. They call it the Black Line of Litchfield; it's a doleful place, but no worse in shame o' others, because has was often born in safe hiding there; and it's my belief he pecked it to a tapestried chamber and a down bed. But ye'll see't. I has seen it myself many a day since. I was a daft bungle head then, and little thought what was to come o't. What ye choose any thing, sir, are ye betake yourself to your rest, for ye must stir wif the first dawn o' the grey light!"

"Nothing more, my good mother," said Morton; and they parted for the evening.

Morton recommended himself to Heaven, threw himself on the bed, heard, between sleeping and waking, the trampling of the dragon horses at the riders' return from their patrol, and then slept soundly after such painful agitation.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

The darkness over they enter, when they find
The severed man, low sitting on the ground,
Blowing but sadly in his broken wind.

SHAKESPEARE.

As the morning began to appear on the mountains, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the humble apartment in which Morton slept, and a girlish voice asked him from without, "If he wad please gang to the Linn or the fall side?"

He rose upon the invitation, and, dressing himself hastily, went forth and joined his little guide. The mountain maid tript lightly before him, through the grey haze, over hill and moor. It was a wild and varied walk, unmarked by any regular or distinguishable track, and keeping, upon the whole, the direction of the ascent of the brook, though without tracing its windings. The landscape, as they advanced, became wilder and more wild, until nothing but heath and rock encumbered the side of the valley.

"Is the place still distant?" said Morton.

"Nearly a mile off," answered the girl. "We'll be there before."

"And do you often go this wild journey, my little maid?"

"When grunts come one wif' milt and meal to the lean," answered the child.

"And are you not afraid to travel so wild a road alone?"

"Hark on, sir," replied the guide; "no living creature would touch do a bit thing as I am, and grunts says we need never fear anything else when we are doing a gale tara."

"Strong in innocence as in triple mail!" said Morton to himself, and followed her steps in silence.

They soon came to a deepened thicket, whose branches and thorns supplied the room of the oak and birches of which it had once consisted. Here the guide turned short off the open track, and, by a sheep-track, conducted Morton to the brook. A horse and wheelbarrow had in past prepared him for the scene which presented itself, yet it was not to be viewed without surprise, and even terror. When he emerged from the devious path which conducted him through the thicket, he found himself placed on a ledge of flat rock, projecting over one side of a chasm not less than a hundred feet deep, where the dark mountain-stream made a decided and rapid shoot over the precipice, and was swallowed up by a deep, black, yawning gulf. The eye in vain strove to see the bottom of the fall; it could catch but one sheet of foaming upsurge and sheer descent, until the view was obstructed by the projecting crags which marked the bottom of the water-fall, and hid from sight the dark pool which received its turbulent waters. For beneath, at the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile, the eye caught the winding of the stream as it emerged into a more open course. But, for fast distance, they were lost to sight as much as if a curtain had been arched over them; and indeed the steep and projecting ledges of rock through which they wound their way in darkness, were very sandy sloping and over-roofing their course.

While Morton gazed at this scene of terrors, which seemed, by the surrounding thickets and the cliffs into which the water descended, to seek to hide itself from every eye, his little attendant, as she stood beside him on the platform of rock which commanded the best view of the fall, pulled him by the sleeve, and said, in a tone which he could not hear without stooping his ear near the speaker, "Hear till him! Eh! hear till him!"

Morton listened more attentively, and out of the very abyss into which the brook fell, and amidst the tumultuary sounds of

the coarsest, thought he could distinguish shouts, screams, and even articulate words, as if the tortured demon of the victim had been mingling his complaints with the roar of his broken waters.

"This is the way," said the little girl: "follow me, give ye please, sir, but tak tent to your feet;" and, with the dashing agility which custom had rendered easy, she vanished from the platform on which she stood, and, by notches and slight projections in the rock, scrambled down its face into the chasm which it overhung. Steadily, bold, and active, Morton hesitated not to follow her; but the necessary attention to secure his hold and footing in a descent where both foot and hand were useful for security, prevented him from looking around him, till, having descended eight twenty feet, and being sixty or seventy above the pool which received the fall, his guide made a pause, and he again found himself by her side in a situation that appeared equally romantic and precarious. They were nearly opposite to the waterfall, and in point of level situated at about one-quarter's depth from the point of the cliff over which it thundered, and three-fourths of the height above the dark, deep, and restless pool which received its fall. Both these tremendous points,—the first short, namely, of the yet unbroken stream, and the deep and smothered slope into which it was engulfed,—were full before him, as well as the whole continuous sweep of billowy froth, which, dashing from the one, was eddying and boiling in the other. They were so near this grand phenomenon that they were covered with its spray, and well-nigh hidden by the incessant roar. But crossing in the very front of the fall, and at some three yards' distance from the attract, an old oak-tree, hung across the chasm in a manner that seemed accidental, formed a bridge of scarcely narrower dimensions and uncertain footing. The upper end of the tree rested on the platform on which they stood—the lower or uprooted extremity extended behind a projection on the opposite side, and was so covered, Morton's eye could not discover where. From behind the same projection glimmered a strong red light, which, glancing in the waves of the fallen water, and tinging them partially with crimson, had a strange preternatural and sinister effect when contrasted with the beams of the rising sun, which glanced on the first broken waves of the fall, though even its meridian splendour could not give the third of its fall

depth. When he had looked around him for a moment, the girl again pulled his sleeve, and pointing to the ark and the projecting point beyond it (for hearing speech was now out of the question), indicated that there lay his further passage.

Morton gazed at her with surprise; for although he well knew that the persecuted Presbyterians had in the preceding reign sought refuge among dells and thickets, caves and crannies—in spots the most extraordinary and secluded—although he had heard of the champions of the Covenant, who had long abidden beside Dal's Glen, on the wild heights of Polmaiden, and others who had been concealed in the yet more terrific caverns called Crispog's Glen, in the parish of Chesham,⁶—yet his imagination had never exactly figured out the horrors of such a residence, and he was surprised how the strange and romantic scene which he now saw had remained concealed from him, while a curious investigator of such natural phenomena. But he readily conceived, that, lying in a remote and wild district, and being destined as a place of concealment to the persecuted preachers and professors of nonconformity, the secret of its existence was carefully preserved by the few shepherds to whom it might be known.

As, breaking from these meditations, he began to consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge, which, skirted by the cascade, and rendered wet and slippery by its constant drizzle, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall, his guide, as if to give him courage, tript over and back without the least hesitation. Barring for a moment the little bare feet which sought a safer hold of the rugged side of the cleft than he could pretend to with his heavy boots, Morton nevertheless resolved to attempt the passage, and, fixing his eyes firm on a stationary object on the other side, without allowing his head to become giddy, or his attention to be distracted by the dash, the foam, and the roar of the waters around him, he strode steadily and safely along the uncertain bridge, and reached the mouth of a small cavern on the further side of the torrent. Here he paused; for a light, proceeding from a fire of red-hot charcoal, permitted him to see the interior of the cave, and enabled him to contemplate the appearance of its inhabitants, by whom he himself would not be so readily distinguished, being concealed by the shadow of the rock. What

⁶ Now St. The retreats of the Covenanters.

he observed would by no means have encouraged a less determined man to proceed with the task which he had undertaken.

Burley, only altered from what he had been formerly by the addition of a grizzly beard, stood in the midst of the cove, with his clasped Bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. His figure, dimly reddened by the light of the red charcoal, seemed that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium, and his gestures and words, as far as they could be heard, seemed equally violent and irregular. All about, and in a place of almost unapproachable isolation, his denunciations were that of a man who strives for life and death with a mortal enemy. "Ha! ha!—there—there!" he exclaimed, accompanying each word with a thrust, urged with his whole force against the impossible and empty air—"Did I not tell thee so!—I have resisted, and thou fliest from me!—Churned as thou art—come in all thy terrors—come with mine own evil deeds, which render thee most terrible of all—there is enough between the boards of this book to smother me!—What matterest thou of grey hairs!—It was well done to slay him—the more ripe the corn, the readier for the sickle.—Art gone? art gone?—I have ever known thee but a coward—ha! ha! ha!"

With these wild exclamations he sunk the point of his sword, and remained standing still in the same posture, like a statue whose fit is over.

"The dangerous time is by now," said the little girl, who had followed; "it seldom lasts beyond the time that the man's over the hill; ye may gang in and speak wi' him now. I'll wait for you at the other side of the line; he wants bide to see two folk at once."

Slowly and cautiously, and keeping constantly upon his guard, Morton presented himself to the view of his old associate in crime.

"What! comest thou again when thine hair is over?" was his first exclamation; and flourishing his sword aloft, his countenance assumed an expression in which ghastly terror seemed mingled with the rage of a demagogue.

"I am come, Mr. Felfur," said Morton, in a steady and composed tone, "to renew an acquaintance which has been broken off since the fight of Rothwell Bridge."

As soon as Burley became aware that Morton was before him,

in person—an idea which he caught with nervousness and energy—he at once exerted that mastery over his heated and enthusiastic imagination, the power of coloring which was a most striking part of his extraordinary character. He took his sword-point at once, and as he stole it vigorously into the scabbard, he muttered something of the damp and cold which sent an old soldier to his freezing exercise, to prevent his blood from chilling. This done, he proceeded in the cold determined manner which was peculiar to his ordinary discourse.

"Then hast hurried long, Henry Morton, and hast not come to the village before the twelfth hour has struck. Art thou yet willing to take the right hand of fellowship, and be one with those who look not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture, for their direction?"

"I am surprised," said Morton, evading the direct answer to his question, "that you should have known me after so many years."

"The features of those who ought to act with me are engraved on my heart," answered Bailey; "and few but Elias Morton's son durst have followed me into this my castle of retreat. Frost than that dewbridge of nature's own construction?" he added, pointing to the prostrate oak-tree—"one spur of my foot, and it is overbalanced in the abyss below, bidding farewell on the farther side stand at defiance, and hailing enemies on this, at the mercy of one who never yet met his equal in single fight."

"Of such defenses," said Morton, "I should have thought you would now have had little need."

"Little need?" said Bailey impatiently—"What little need, when incarnate fiends are combined against me on earth, and Satan himself—But it matters not," added he, checking himself—"enough that I like my place of refuge—my cave of Adulterers, and would not change its rude ribs of limestone rock for the fair chambers of the castle of the Duke of Devon, with their broad boards and harney. There, unless the fabled sword be ever, mayst think differently."

"It was of these very possessions I came to speak," said Morton; "and I doubt not to find Mr. Folger the same rational and reflecting person which I knew him to be in times when mad dissipated brethren."

"Ay!" said Barley—"indeed I—Is such truly your hope?—will thou express it more plainly?"

"In a word, then," said Morton, "you have exercised, by means at which I can guess, a secret but most prejudicial influence over the fortunes of Lady Margaret Bollenclaw and her grand-daughter, and in favour of that base, oppressive aristocrat, Basil Oliphant, whom the law, deceived by thy operations, has placed in possession of their hereditary property."

"Suppose thou?" said Balfour.

"I do say so," replied Morton; "and face to face you will not deny what you have reached by your handwriting."

"And suppose I deny it not?" said Balfour,— "and suppose that thy eloquence were found equal to persuade me to retract the steps I have taken on matured resolve, what will be thy next? Dost thou still hope to possess the fair-haired girl, with her wide and rich inheritance?"

"I have no such hope," answered Morton calmly.

"And for whom, then, hast thou ventured to do this great thing, to seek to rend the prey from the valiant, to bring forth food from the den of the lion, and to extract sweetness from the marrow of the devourer?—For whose sake hast thou undertaken to rend this riddle, more hard than Samson's?"

"For Lord Bransdale's and that of his heirs," replied Morton, firmly. "Think better of meddling, Mr. Balfour, and believe there are some who are willing to sacrifice their happiness to that of others."

"Then, as my soul liveth," replied Balfour, "thou art, to wear beard, and hack a horse, and draw a sword, the truest and most gallant puppet that ever sustained injury unavenged. What! thou wouldst help that accursed Bransdale to the arms of the woman that thou lovest!—thou wouldst endow them with wealth and with heritage, and thou thinkest that there lives another man, affected even more deeply than thou, yet equally cold-blooded and more-spirited, crawling upon the face of the earth, and hast dared to suppose that one other to be John Balfour?"

"For my own feelings," said Morton, composedly, "I am invulnerable to none but Heaven.—To you, Mr. Balfour, I should suppose it of little consequence whether Basil Oliphant or Lord Bransdale possess those estates."

"Thou art deceived," said Barley. "Both are indeed in

order darkness, and strangers to the light, as he whose eyes have never been opened to the day;—but this Basil Ormont is a Nabab—a Demos—a base clerk, whose mouth and power are at the disposal of him who can threaten to deprive him of them. He became a professor because he was deprived of these lands of Tillietoullou—he turned a papist to obtain possession of them—he called himself an Emancipator, that he might not again lose them, and he will become what I feel while I have in my power the document that may deprive him of them. These lands are a bit between his jaws and a hook in his nostrils, and the reins and the list are in my hands to guide them as I think meet; and his they shall therefore be, unless I find assurance of bestowing them on a sure and sincere friend. But Lord Kynschie is a malignant, of heart like first, and lower like adamant; the gods of the world fall on him. His knees on the frost-bound earth, and unmoved he will see them whirled off by the first wind. The heathen virtues of such as he are more dangerous to us than the sordid cupidity of those who, governed by their interest, must follow where it leads, and who, therefore, themselves the slaves of avarice, may be compelled to work in the vineyard, were it but to earn the wages of sin."

"This might have been all well some years since," replied Morton; "and I could understand your argument, although I could never acquiesce in its justice. But at this crisis it seems useless to you to persevere in keeping up an influence which can no longer be directed to an useful purpose. The land has power, liberty, and freedom of conscience—and what would you more?"

"More?" exclaimed Barley, again unsheathing his sword, with a vivacity which nearly made Morton start. "Look at the scabbards upon that weapon; they are three in number, are they not?"

"It seems so," answered Morton; "but what of that?"

"The fragment of steel that parted from this first gap, rested on the skull of the perfidious traitor who first introduced Episcopacy into Scotland;—this second notch was made in the ribcage of an impious villain, the boldest and best soldier that upheld the papistic cause at Drumclog;—this third was broken on the steel head-piece of the captain who defended the Chapel of Holyrood when the people rose at the Revolution—I dash him to the teeth through steel and bone. It has done great deeds this little

weapon, and each of those blows was a deliverance to the church. This sword," he said, again sheathing it, "has yet more to do—to woad out this base and pestiferous heresy of Episcopalianism—to vindicate the true liberty of the Kirk in her purity—to restore the Covenant in its glory,—then let it rustle and rust beside the bones of its master!"

"You have neither men nor means, Mr. Baillie, to disturb the Government as now settled," argued Morton; "the people are in general satisfied, excepting only the gentlemen of the Jacobite interest; and surely you would not join with those who would only use you for their own purposes?"

"It is they," answered Baillie, "that should serve ours. I went to the camp of the malignant Charles, as the future King of Israel sought the head of the Philistines: I arranged with him a rising, and, but for the villain Brandalo, the Episcopians are now had been driven from the west—I could slay him," he added with a vindictive accent, "were he grasping the hame of the altar!" He then proceeded in a calmer tone: "If thou, son of mine ancient comrade, wert wiser for thyself in this Edith Bellenden, and wert willing to put thy hand to the great work with me equal to thy courage, think not I would prefer the friendship of Earl Offarth to thine; thou shouldst then have the means that this document" (he produced a parchment) "affords, to place her in possession of the lands of her fathers. This have I longed to say to thee ever since I saw thee fight the good fight so strongly at the fatal bridge. The maiden loved thee, and thou her."

Morton replied freely—"I will not dispute with you, Mr. Baillie, even to gain a good end. I came in hopes to persuade you to do a deed of justice to others, not to gain any selfish end of my own. I have failed—I grieve for your sake, more than for the loss which others will sustain by your injustice."

"You refuse my proffer, then?" said Baillie, with blinding eyes.

"I do," said Morton. "Would you be really, as you are desirous to be thought, a man of honour and conscience, you would, regardless of all other considerations, restore that parchment to Lord Brandalo, to be used for the advantage of the laird's heir."

* Note E. Predictions of the Covenanters.

"Sooner shall it perish!" said Balfour; and casting the deed into the heap of red shrouds beside him, pressed it down with the heel of his boot.

While it smacked, skivvled, and crackled in the flames, Morton sprang forward to snatch it, and Barclay catching hold of him, a struggle ensued. Both were strong men, but although Morton was much the more active and younger of the two, yet Balfour was the most powerful, and effectually prevented him from rescuing the deed until it was fairly reduced to a cinder. They then quitted hold of each other, and the excitement, rendered fiercer by the contest, glared on Morton with an eye expressive of frantic revenge.

"Thou hast my secret," he exclaimed; "thou must be mine, or die!"

"I condemn your threats," said Morton; "I pity you, and leave you."

But, as he turned to retire, Barclay stepped before him, pushed the caltropic from its resting-place, and as it fell thundering and crackling into the abyss beneath, drew his sword, and cried out, with a voice that rivalled the roar of the cannon and the shudder of the falling oak,—*"Now thou art at bay!—fight—yield, or die!"* and standing in the mouth of the cavern, he furnished his naked sword.

"I will not fight with the man that preserved my father's life," said Morton;—"I have not yet learned to say the words, I yield; and my life I will rescue as I best can."

So speaking, and ere Balfour was aware of his purpose, he sprang past him, and exerting that youthful agility of which he possessed an uncommon share, leaped clear across the fearful chasm which divided the mouth of the cave from the projecting rock on the opposite side, and stood there safe and free from his imminent enemy. He immediately ascended the ravine, and, as he turned, saw Barclay stand for an instant agast with astonishment, and then, with the fury of disappointed rage, rush into the interior of his cavern.

It was not difficult for him to perceive that this unhappy man's mind had been so long agitated by desperate schemes and sudden disappointments, that it had lost its equilibrium, and that there was now in his conduct a shade of lunacy, not the less striking, from the vigour and craft with which he pursued his wild designs. Morton soon joined his guide, who had been

terrified by the fall of the oak. This he represented as accidental; and she assured him in return, that the inhabitants of the cave would experience no inconvenience from it, being always provided with materials to construct another bridge.

The adventures of the morning were not yet ended. As they approached the hut, the little girl made an exclamation of surprise at seeing her grandmother groping her way towards them, at a greater distance from her home than she could have been supposed capable of travelling.

"O, ah, sir!" said the old woman, when she heard them approach, "gie' ye hoo'd Lord Evendale, help now, or never!—God be praised that left my hearing when he took my poor eye-sight!—Come this way—this way; and O! tread lightly.—Peggy, hurry, gang a-side the gentleman's horse, and bid him cowerly skint the thorny shore, and bide him there."

She conducted him to a small window, through which, himself unobscured, he could see two dragons seated at their morning draught of ale, and conversing earnestly together.

"The more I think of it," said the one, "the less I like it, Iaglie. Evendale was a good officer, and the soldier's friend; and though we were punished for the meeting at Tilletstown, yet, by ———, Frank, you must own we deserved it."

"D———a woe me, if I forgive him for it, though!" replied the other; "and I think I can sit in his stirrups now."

"Why, man, you should forget and forgive—Better take the start with him along with the rest, and join the resting Highlanders. We have all eat King James's bread."

"That cut an ear. The start, as you call it, will never happen; the day's put off. Halliday's seen a ghost, or Miss Bolander's father sick of the pipp, or some blasted nonsense or another; the thing will never keep two days longer, and the first bird that sings out will get the reward."

"That's true, too," answered his comrade; "and will this fellow—this Basil Offutt, pay handsomely?"

"Like a prince, man," said Iaglie. "Evendale is the man on earth whom he hates worst; and he fears him, besides, about some law business, and were he once rubbed out of the way, ah, he thinks, will be his own."

"But shall we have warrants and force enough?" said the other fellow. "Few people here will stir against my lord, and we may find him with some of our own fellows at his back."

"That's a cowardly fool, Dick," returned Ingles; "he is lying quietly down at Fairy-Knave to avoid suspicion. Giffart is a magistrate, and will have some of his own people that he can trust along with him. There are no two, and the Laird says he can get a desperate fighting wild fellow called Quentin Mackell, that has an old grudge at Bransdale."

"Well, well, you are my officer, you know," said the private, with true military conscience, "and if anything is wrong"—

"I'll take the blame," said Ingles. "Come, another pot of ale, and let us to Tiberiadeum.—Hoo, blind Ben! why, where the devil has the old bag crept to?"

"Delay them as long as you can," whispered Morton, as he thrust his purse into the hostess's hand; "all depends on gaining time."

Then, walking swiftly to the place where the girl held his horse ready, "To Fairy-Knave!—no; alone I could not protect them.—I must instantly to Glasgow, Wintonfold, the commandant there, will readily give me the support of a troop, and procure me the countenance of the civil power. I must drop a caution as I pass.—Come, Moorcock," he said, addressing his horse as he mounted him—"this day must try your breath and speed."

CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.

Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of reality he saw;
Oh, splendour for a little space he lay,
Then grasped the hand he held, and sighed his soul away.
FALCONER AND ASCHER.

THE indignation of Edith confined her to bed during the eventful day on which she had received such an unexpected shock from the sudden apparition of Morton. Next morning, however, she was reported to be so much better, that Lord Bransdale resumed his purpose of leaving Fairy-Knave. At a late hour in the forenoon, Lady Relfy entered the apartment of Edith with a peculiar gravity of manner. Having received and paid the compliments of the day, she observed it would be

a sail one for her, though it would relieve Miss Bellenden of an embarrassment—"My brother leaves us to-day, Miss Bellenden."

"Laura no!" exclaimed Edith in surprise; "for his own home, I trust!"

"I have reason to think he meditates a more distant journey," answered Lady Eglby; "he has little to detain him in this country."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Edith, "why was I born to become the wreck of all that is manly and noble? What can be done to stop him from running headlong on ruin? I will come down instantly—Say that I implore he will not depart until I speak with him."

"It will be in vain, Miss Bellenden; but I will execute your commission;" and she left the room as formally as she had entered it, and informed her brother, Miss Bellenden was as much recovered as to propose coming down stairs ere he went away. "I suppose," she added, pettishly, "the prospect of being speedily released from our company has wrought a cure on her shattered nerves."

"Nonsense," said Lord Eversdale, "you are unjust, if not curious."

"Unjust I may be, Eversdale, but I should not have doubted," glancing her eye at a mirror, "of being thought nervous without better cause.—But let us go to the old lady; she is making a feast in the other room, which might have died all your troop when you had one."

Lord Eversdale accompanied her in silence to the parlour, for he knew it was in vain to contend with her prepossessions and offended pride. They found the table covered with refreshments, arranged under the careful inspection of Lady Margaret.

"Ye could hardly well be said to breakfast this morning, my Lord Eversdale, and ye must o'm partake of a small collation before ye ride, such as this poor house, whose inmates are so much indebted to you, can provide in their present circumstances. For my ain part, I like to see young folk take some refreshment before they ride out upon their sports or their affairs, and I said as much to his most sacred Majesty when he breakfasted at Tillicoultry in the year of grace sixteen hundred and fifty-one; and his most sacred Majesty was pleased to reply, drinking to my health at the same time in a flagon of Glenisk wine, "Lady Margaret, ye speak like a Highland crone." There

were his Majesty's very words; so that your lordship may judge whether I have not good authority to press young folk to partake of their views."

It may be well supposed that much of the good lady's speech fitted Lord Bransdale's ears, which were then employed in listening for the light step of Edith. His absence of mind on this occasion, however natural, cost him very dear. While Lady Margaret was playing the kind hostess, a part she delighted and excelled in, she was interrupted by John Gedyll, who, in the natural phrase for announcing an intruder to the mistress of a family, said, "There was one wanting to speak to her lordship."

"And what one? Has he any name? Ye speak as if I kept a shop, and was to come at everybody's whistle."

"Yes, he has a name," answered John, "but your lordship likes ill to hear it."

"What is it, you fool?"

"It's Chiff-Gibbin, my lordy," said John, in a tone rather above the pitch of domestic respect, as which he occasionally transposed, confiding in his merit as an ancient servant of the family, and a faithful follower of their humble fortunes—"It's Chiff-Gibbin, as your lordship will know, that keeps Rolo Henshaw's eye down yonder at the Brigg-end—that's him that was Chiff-Gibbin at Tilletstown, and good to the wappinshaw, and that"—

"Hold your peace, John," said the old lady, rising in dignity; "you are very impatient to think I wad speak w' a peace like that. Let him tell his business to you or Mrs. Heddrigg."

"He'll no hear o' that, my lordy; he says, them that sent him back him gie the thing to your lordship's ain hand direct, or to Lord Bransdale's, he wad no walk. But, to say the truth, he's far frae foolish, and he's but an idiot as he wad."

"Then turn him out," said Lady Margaret, "and tell him to come back to-morrow when he is sober. I suppose he means to crave some benefice, as an ancient follower o' the house."

"Like enough, my lordy, for he's a' in rage, poor creature."

Gedyll made another attempt to get at Gibbin's commission, which was indeed of the last importance, being a few lines from Morton to Lord Bransdale, acquainting him with the danger in which he stood from the practices of Gibbin, and exhorting him

either to instant flight, or else to come to Glasgow and surrender himself, where he could secure him of protection. This billet, hastily written, he entrusted to Gibbie, whom he saw feeding his horse beside the bridge, and backed with a couple of dollars his desire that it might instantly be delivered into the hand to which it was addressed.

But it was deemed that Gossie Gibbie's intermediation, whether as an emissary or as a messenger, should be unfortunate to the family of Tilleshaw. He reluctantly tarried so long at the stable-door, to prove if his employer's coin was good, that, when he appeared at Fairy-Knave, the little some-what nervous lad given him was affectionately dressed in ale and bread, and instead of asking for Lord Bransdale, he demanded to speak with Lady Margaret, whose name was more familiar to his ear. Being refused admittance to her presence, he staggered away with the letter undelivered, perversely faithful to Marston's instructions in the only point in which it would have been well had he departed from them.

A few minutes after he was gone, Edith entered the apartment. Lord Bransdale and she met with mutual embarrassment, which Lady Margaret, who only knew in general that their union had been postponed by her grand-daughter's indisposition, set down to the bashfulness of a bride and bride-groom, and, to place them at ease, began to talk to Lady Emily on indifferent topics. At this moment, Edith, with a countenance as pale as death, muttered, rather than whispered, to Lord Bransdale, a request to speak with him. He offered his arm, and supported her into the small anteroom, which, as we have noticed before, opened from the parlor. He placed her in a chair, and, taking one himself, awaited the opening of the conversation.

"I am distressed, my lord," were the first words she was able to articulate, and those with difficulty; "I cannot know what I would say, nor how to speak it."

"If I have any share in concealing your weakness," said Lord Bransdale, mildly, "you will soon, Edith, be released from it."

"You are determined, then, my lord," she replied, "to run this desperate course with desperate men, in spite of your own better sense—in spite of your friends' entreaties—in spite of the almost inevitable risk which yawns before you?"

"Forgive me, Miss Bellenden; even your solicitude on my account must not detain me when my honour calls. My horses stand ready saddled, my servants are prepared, the signal for riding will be given as soon as I reach Kildrath—If it is my fate that calls me, I will not shun meeting it. It will be something," he said, taking her hand, "to die deserving your remembrance, since I cannot give your love."

"Oh, my lord, remain!" said Edith, in a tone which went to his heart; "there may explain the strange circumstance which has shocked me so much; my agitated nerves may recover their tranquillity. Oh, do not rush on death and ruin! remain to be our prop and stay, and hope everything from time!"

"It is too late, Edith," answered Lord Eversdale; "and I were most ungrateful could I protest on the warmth and kindness of your feelings towards me. I know you cannot love me; nervous distress, as strong as to conjure up the appearance of the dead or absent, indicates a predilection too powerful to give way to friendship and gratitude alone. But were it otherwise, the die is now cast."

As he spoke thus, Cuddie burst into the room, terror and haste in his countenance. "O, my lord, hide yourself!—they have burst the curtains of the house," was his first exclamation.

"They? Who?" said Lord Eversdale.

"A party of horse, headed by Basil Oliphant," answered Cuddie.

"O hide yourself, my lord!" echoed Edith, in an agony of terror.

"I will not, by Heaven!" answered Lord Eversdale. "What right has the villain to assail me, or stop my passage? I will make my way, were he backed by a regiment! Tell Halliday and Hunter to get out the horses—And now, farewell, Edith!" He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly; then, hearing from his sister, who, with Lady Margaret, volunteered to detain him, rushed out and mounted his horse.

All was in confusion—the women shrieked and hurried in consternation to the front windows of the house, from which they could see a small party of horsemen, of whom two only seemed soldiers. They were on the open ground before Cuddie's cottage, at the bottom of the descent from the house, and showed caution in approaching it, as if uncertain of the strength within.

"He may escape; he may escape!" said Babb; "O, would he but take the by-road!"

But Lord Brandaile, determined to face a danger which his high spirit undervalued, commanded his servants to follow him, and rode composedly down the avenue. Old Gudyfil ran to arm himself, and Caddie snatched down a gun which was kept for the protection of the house, and, although on foot, followed Lord Brandaile. It was in vain his wife, who had hurried up on the alarm, long by his skirts, threatening him with death by the sword or halberd for meddling with other folk's matters.

"Haud your peace, ye b——!" said Caddie, "and that's braid Scotch, or I wotna what is; is itither folk's matters to see Lord Brandaile murdered before my face?" and down the avenue he marched. But considering on the way that he composed the whole infantry, as John Gudyfil had not appeared, he took his vantage ground behind the hedge, hammered his flint, cocked his piece, and taking a long aim at Laird Basil, as he was called, stood prompt for action.

As soon as Lord Brandaile appeared, Offiant's party spread themselves a little, as if preparing to enclose him. Their leader stood fast, supported by three men, two of whom wore daggers, the third in dress and appearance a countryman, all were armed. But the strong figure, stern features, and resolute manner of the third attendant, made him seem the most formidable of the party; and whoever had before seen him, could have no difficulty in recognising Edith's of Hurley.

"Follow me," said Lord Brandaile to his servants, "and if ye are forcibly opposed, do as I do." He advanced at a hand gallop towards Offiant, and was in the act of demanding why he had thus beset the road, when Offiant called out, "Shoot the traitor!" and the whole four fired their carbines upon the unfortunate nobleman. He reeled in the saddle, advanced his hand to the holster, and drew a pistol, but, unable to discharge it, fell from his horse mortally wounded. His servants had presented their carbines. Hunter fired at random; but Halliday, who was an intrepid fellow, took aim at Ingles, and shot him dead on the spot. At the same instant, a shot, from behind the hedge, still more effectually avenged Lord Brandaile, for the ball took place in the very midst of Basil Offiant's forehead, and stretched him lifeless on the ground. His followers, who

nished at the execution done in so short a time, seemed rather disposed to stand inactive, when Bailey, whose blood was up with the contest, exclaimed, "Down with the *Militairen!*" and attacked Baillieu sword in hand. At this instant the clatter of hoofs' hoofs was heard, and a party of horse, rapidly advancing on the road from Glasgow, appeared on the fatal field. They were foreign dragoons, led by the Dutch commandant Wittenbold, accompanied by Marton and a civil magistrate.

A hasty call to surrender, in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Bailey, who turned his horse and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officer, but, being well mounted, only the two headmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice, and discharging first one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell Bridge, where, for his misfortune, he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from hence, he made for a place where the river seemed possible, and plunged into the stream,—the bullets from the pistols and muskets of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took effect when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his head, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently appeared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one, which tumbled him from his horse. The other dragoon, a strong muscular man, had in the meanwhile laid hands on him. Bailey, in reply, grasped his throat as a dying tiger seizes his prey, and both, losing the middle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Bailey clinging to him in a manner that showed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Baillieu's grasp could not have been unloosened

without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a rustic squalor.*

While the soul of this stern enthusiast fitted to its account, that of the brave and generous Lord Brendale was also released. Morton had flung himself from his horse upon perceiving his situation, to render his dying friend all the aid in his power. He knew him, for he pressed his hand, and, being unable to speak, intimated by signs his wish to be conveyed to the house. This was done with all the care possible, and he was soon surrounded by his lamenting friends. But the clamorous grief of Lady Rally was far exceeded in intensity by the silent agony of Edith. Unconscious even of the presence of Morton, she hung over the dying man; nor was she aware that Fate, who was removing one faithful lover, had restored another as if from the grave, until Lord Brendale, taking their hands in his, pressed them both affectionately, united them together, raised his face, as if to pray for a blessing on them, and sunk back and expired in the next moment.

* Note U. John Dalrymple, called Barclay.

CONCLUSION.

I HAD determined to waive the task of a concluding chapter, leaving to the reader's imagination the arrangements which must necessarily take place after Lord Brendale's death. But as I was aware that precedents are wanting for a practice, which might be found convenient both to readers and compilers, I confine myself to have been in a considerable dilemma, when fortunately I was honoured with an invitation to drink tea with Miss Martha Dalshedy, a young lady who has carried on the profession of maitre-d'hôtel at Ganderbough and in the neighbourhood, with great success for about forty years. Knowing her taste for narratives of this description, I requested her to look over the loose sheets the morning before I waited on her, and enlighten me by the experience which she must have acquired in reading through the whole stock of three circulating libraries, in Ganderbough and the two next neighbourhoods. When, with a palpitating heart, I appeared before her

in the evening, I found her much disposed to be complimentary.

"I have not been more affected," said she, wiping the glasses of her spectacles, "by any novel excepting the Tale of Jonany and Janny Jonany, which is indeed pathos itself; but your plan of ending a formal conclusion will never do. You may be as harrowing to our nerves as you will in the course of your story, but unless you had the genius of the author of *Julia de Roubigné*, never let the end be altogether overloaded. Let us see a glimpse of sunshine in the last chapter; it is quite essential."

"Nothing would be more easy for me, madam, than to comply with your injunctions; for, in truth, the parties in whom you have had the goodness to be interested, did live long and happily, and beget sons and daughters."

"It is unnecessary, sir," she said, with a slight nod of resignation, "to be particular concerning their matrimonial comforts. But what is your objection to let us have, in a general way, a glimpse of their future felicity?"

"Really, madam," said I, "you must be aware that every volume of a narrative turns less and less interesting as the author draws to a conclusion; just like your tea, which, though excellent green, is necessarily weaker and more insipid in the last cup. Now, as I think the tea is by no means improved by the luscious lump of half-dissolved sugar usually found at the bottom of it, so I am of opinion that a history, growing already vapid, is but daily crusted up by a detail of circumstances which every reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhaust on them every flowery epithet in the language."

"This will not do, Mr. Patteson," continued the lady. "You have, as I may say, backed up your first story very hastily and clumsily at the conclusion; and, in my trade, I would have cuffs the youngest apprentice who had put such a horrid and loughed spot of work out of her head. And if you do not release this gross error by telling us all about the marriage of Morton and Edith, and what became of the other personages of the story, from Lady Margaret down to Goose-Giblets, I assure you, that you will not be held to have accomplished your task handsomely."

"Well, madam," I replied, "my materials are so ample, that

"I think I can satisfy your curiosity, unless it descended to very minute circumstances indeed."

"First then," said she, "for that is most essential,—Did Lady Margaret get back her fortune and her castle?"

"She did, indeed, and in the easiest way imaginable,—as help, namely, to her worthy cousin, Basil Oliphant, who died without a will; and thus by his death, not only restored, but even augmented, the fortune of her, whom, during his life, he had pursued with the most insatiable malice. John Gudyff, reinstated in his dignity, was more important than ever; and Cecilia, with rapturous delight, entered upon the cultivation of the Muses at Tibbitholton, and the occupation of his original cottage. But with the above caution of his character, he was never hard to boast of having fired the lucky shot which repossessed his lady and himself in their original habitation. 'After all,' he said to Jenny, who was his only confidant, 'said Basil Oliphant was my lady's cousin, and a good gentleman; and though he was acting again the law, as I understood, for he never showed any warrant, or required Lord Evandale to surrender, and though I risked killing him was more than I wd do a mischief, yet it's just as well to keep a calm sough about it.' He not only did so, but ingenuously enough countenanced a report that old Gudyff had done the deed, which was worth many a gill of brandy to him from the old ladies, who, the different in disposition from Cecilia, was much more inclined to exaggerate than suppress his exploits of manhood.—The blind widow was provided for in the most comfortable manner, as well as the little guide to the Lion; and"——

"But what is all this to the marriage—the marriage of the principal personages?" interrupted Miss Bushbody, impatiently tapping her snuff-box.

"The marriage of Horton and Miss Selkirk was delayed for several months, as both went into deep mourning on account of Lord Evandale's death. They were then wedded."

"I hope not without Lady Margaret's consent, ah?" said my fair critic. "I love books which teach a proper deference in young persons to their parents. In a word, the young people may fall in love without their consent, because it is essential to the necessary intimacy of the story; but they must always have the benefit of their consent at last. Even old Delville married Cecilia, though the daughter of a man of low birth."

"And even so, madam," replied I, "Lady Margaret was prevailed on to countenance Morton, although the old Ceremoniar, his father, stuck sorely with her for some time. Edith was her only hope, and she wished to see her happy. Morton, or Melville Morton, as he was more generally called, stood as high in the reputation of the world, and was in every other respect such an eligible match, that she put her prejudice aside, and consoled herself with the recollection, that marriage went by doating, as was observed to her, she said, by his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, when she showed him the portrait of her grandfather Porges, third Earl of Torwood, the handsomest man of his time, and that of Countess Jane, his second Lady, who had a humpback and only one eye. This was his Majesty's observation, she said, on one remarkable morning when he deigned to take his dinner"—

"Nay," said Miss Blackbody, again interrupting me, "if she brought such authority to countenance her acquiescing in a subsilience, there was no more to be said.—And what became of old Mrs. Whatsher-name, the housekeeper?"

"Mrs. Wilson, madam!" answered I. "She was perhaps the happiest of the party; for once a-year, and not oftener, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Morton dined in the great vainglorious chamber in solemn state,—the hangings being all displayed, the carpet laid down, and the huge brass candlestick set on the table, stuck round with leaves of laurel. The preparing the room for this yearly festival employed her mind for six months before it came about, and the putting matters to rights occupied old Alice the other six; so that a single day of rejoicing found her business for all the year round."

"And Edith Elms?" said Miss Blackbody.

"Lived to a good old age, drank ale and brandy with guests of all persuasions, played whig or jacobite tunes as best pleased his customers, and died worth as much money as married Juney to a cook maid. I hope, madam, you have no other inquiries to make, for really"—

"Gone-Glides, sir!" said my persevering friend—"Gone-Glides, whose military was fraught with such consequences to the pericage of the narrative?"

"Charles, my dear Miss Blackbody—(I beg pardon for the familiarity)—but pray consider, even the memory of the renowned Schabazunda, that Emperor of Tale-tellers, could not

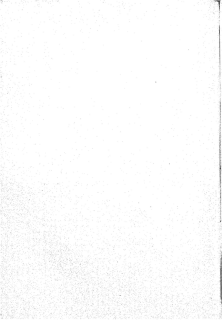
preserve every circumstance. I am not quite positive as to the fate of *Cocoa-Gills*, but I am inclined to think him the same with our Gilbert Dudden, alias Gull-Gills, who was whipped through Hamilton for stealing poultry."

Miss Blackbody now placed her left foot on the fender, crossed her right leg over her knee, lay back on the chair, and looked towards the ceiling. When I observed her assume this contemplative mood, I concluded she was studying some further excommunication, and therefore took my hat and wished her a hasty good-night, ere the Demon of Criticism had supplied her with any more queries. In like manner, gentle Reader, returning you my thanks for the patience which has sustained you thus far, I take the liberty to withdraw myself from you for the present.

PRESORATION.

It was mine earnest wish, most courteous Reader, that the "*Tales of my Landlord*" should have reached thine hands in one entire succession of issues, or volumes. But as I sent some five more manuscript quires, containing the continuation of these most pleasing narratives, I was apprised, somewhat unceremoniously, by my publisher, that he did not approve of words (as he injuriously called these real histories) extending beyond four volumes, and, if I did not agree to the first four being published separately, he threatened to decline the article. (O, ignorance! as if the vernacular article of our mother English were capable of declension!) Whereupon, somewhat moved by his remonstrances, and more by heavy charges for print and paper, which he stated to have been already incurred, I have resolved that these four volumes shall be the health or event-mentors of the *Tales* which are yet in my possession, nothing doubting that they will be eagerly devoured, and the remainder anxiously demanded, by the unnumbered ranks of a discerning public. I rest, esteemed Reader, thine as thou shalt construe me,

JEREMIAH CLARENDONHAM.



NOTES TO OLD MORTALITY.

NOTE A, p. 50.—FESTIVAL OF THE FOREMAN.

THE Festival of the Foreplay is still, I believe, practised at Maypole, in Ayrshire. The following passage in the History of the Somerville family suggested the scene in the text. The author of that curious manuscript* thus celebrates his father's dissipation at such an assembly:—

"Having now passed his infancy, in the tenth year of his age, he was by his grandfather put to the grammar school, then being then at the house of Robert a very able master that taught the grammar, and fitted him for the college. During his educating in this place, they had then a custom, every year to celebrate the first Sunday of May with dancing about a May-pole, firing of pieces, and all manner of revelling then in use. Their being at that time five or six merchants in this petty village, to furnish companies for the schoolboys sports, this youth resolved to provide himself shewmen, so that he may appear with the best. In order to this, by break of day he runs and goes to Hamilton, and there bestows all the money that for a long time before he had gotten from his friends, or had otherwise purchased, upon ribbons of diverse colours, a new hat and gloves. But in nothing he bestowed his money more liberally than upon paropercs, a great quantity whereof he buys for his own use, and to supply the wants of his comrades; these furnished with these commodities, but one empty purse, he returns to Robert by seven o'clock (having travelled that distance saving above eight miles), puts on his shewmen and new hat, lying with ribbons of all colours; and in this equipage, with his little phoe (toss) upon his shoulder, he marches to the church point, where the May-pole was set up, and the solemnity of that day was to be kept. There first at the football he spented any one that played; but in handling his place, in sharpening and discharging, he was so ready, and shoot so near the mark, that he soon surpassed all his fellow scholars, and became a teacher of that art to them before the thirteenth year of his own age. And really, I have often admired his dexterity in this, both at the celebrating of his studies, and when for recreation. I have gone to the gaming with him when I was but a strapping scull; and often that pastime was the exercise I delighted most in, yet could I never attain to any perfection comparable to him. This day spent being over, he had the applause of all the spectators, the kyndness of his fellow-scholars, and the favour of the whole inhabitants of that little village."

* (Hist. MS. was published by the Author, under the title of *Memoir of the Somervilles*, being a history of the Baronet House of Somerville, 4 vols. Edin. 1773, 8vo.)

BOOK II, p. 48.—FRANCIS STEWART.

The history of the restless and ambitious Francis Stewart,* Earl of Bothwell, makes a considerable figure in the reign of James VI. of Scotland, and First of England. After being repeatedly punished for acts of treason, he was at length obliged to retire abroad, where he died in great misery. Great part of his forfeited estate was bestowed on Walter Scott, First Lord of Buccleuch, and on the first Earl of Roxburgh.

Francis Stewart, son of the first Earl, obtained from the favour of Charles I. a Scotch-warrant, appointing the two noblemen, grandsons of his father's peers, to reduce the same, or make some new provision for retaining it. The favour of Charles, with its beautiful motto, "was counteracted by the sinners of Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, but he retained the far more extensive property in Liddesdale. James Stewart also, as appears from writings in the author's possession, made an advantageous composition with the Earl of Roxburgh. "But," says the satirical Scotchman, "contemporis peius clementia"; for he never touched them beyond what now was anything the richer, since they scorned to be his creditors, and are now in the possession of Dr. Hutton. His eldest son Francis became a trooper in the late war; as for the other brother, John, who was a Monk of Coldingham, he also disposed all that estate, and now has nothing, but lives on the charity of his friends. (*The Suppering Story of the Scotch Noblemen for one hundred years*, by Sir John Scott of Roxburgh, Edinburgh, 1744. P. 104.)

Francis Stewart, who had been a trooper during the great Civil War, seems to have married no pretensions, after the Restoration, suited to his high birth. Though, in fact, allied cousin to Charles II. Captain Crispin, the friend of Dean Swift, who published his *Memoirs*, found him a private gentleman in the King's Life-Guards. At the same time this was no degrading condition; for Frobeniusall records a duel fought between a Life-Guardsman and an officer in the militia, because the latter had taken upon him to assume superior rank as an officer, to a gentleman private in the Life-Guards. The Life-Guardsman was killed in the encounter, and his antagonist was executed for murder.

The character of Bothwell, except in relation to the name, is entirely ideal.

BOOK II, p. 51.—MEMOIRS OF ARTHURIST GLENN.

The leader of this party was David Hackett, of Rathliff, a gentleman of ancient blood and good estate. He had been participant in his younger days, but having been led from activity to attend the convalescence of the nonconforming clergy, he adopted their principles in the fullest extent. It appears that Hackett had some personal quarrel with Archbishop Glenny, which induced him to decline the command of the party when the slaughter was determined upon, thinking his acceptance might be ascribed to motives

* [The father of Francis Stewart was Lord John Stewart, First of Coldingham. He was a natural son of King James V., and married Lady Jane Hepburn, sister of the notorious Earl of Bothwell. In virtue of this connection, King James VI., in 1587, raised Francis to the peerage as Earl of Bothwell.]

of personal quality. He felt himself free in conscience, however, to be present; and when the archbishop, dragged from his carriage, started towards him on his knees for protection, he replied calmly, "No, I will never lay a finger on you." It is remarkable that Harkness, as well as a shepherd who was also present, but passive, on the occasion, were the only two of the party of assassins who suffered death by the hands of the executioners.

On Harkness's refusing the command, it was by universal suffrage conferred on John Ballour of Kinloch, called Barby, who was Harkness's brother-in-law. He is described "as a little man, aquiline-eyed, and of a very fierce aspect."—"He was," adds the same author, "by some reckoned none of the most religious; yet he was always reckoned serious and house-trained, conspicuous in every enterprise, and a brave soldier, seldom any occupying that name into his hands. He was the principal actor in killing that traitor to the Lord and his church, James Sharpe."²

NOTE D, p. 85.—LOCKING THE DOOR AGAINST DEATH.

This was a point of high etiquette.—The custom of keeping the door of a house or chamber locked during the time of dinner, probably arises from the family being customarily assembled in the hall at that meal, and thence to surprise. But it was in many instances continued as a point of high etiquette, of which the following is an example:—

A considerable landed proprietor in Dumfriesshire, being a bachelor, without near relations, and determined to make his will, resolved previously to visit his two nearest kinsmen, and decide which should be his heir, according to the degree of kindness with which he should be received. Like a good clansman, he first visited his own chief, a baronet in rank, descendant and representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland. Unhappily the dinner-table had rung, and the door of the castle had been locked before his arrival. The visitor in vain announced his name and requested admittance; but his chief adhered to the ancient etiquette, and would on no account suffer the door to be unlocked. Irritated at this cold reception, the old laird rode on to Sanguhar Castle, then the residence of the Duke of Queensberry, who on seeing heard his name, then, knowing well he had a will to make, the drawbridge dropped, and the gates flew open—the table was covered anew—his guest's bachelor and kinsman's kinsman was received with the utmost attention and respect; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that upon his death some years after, the visitor's considerable landed property went to augment the domains of the ducal house of Queensberry. This happened about the end of the seventeenth century.

NOTE E, p. 181.—WOMEN'S MANS.

The punishment of riding the wooden mare was, in the days of Charles and long after, one of the various and cruel modes of punishing military delinquents. In front of the old guard-house in the High Street of Edinburgh, a large horse of this kind was placed, on which were and then, in the more

² See *Scottish Worthies*. See. 1.6th, 16th, 7. 186.

most times, a retinue might be seen mounted, with a dragoon tied to each foot, attending the more usual offices.

There is a singular work, entitled *Memoirs of Prince William Henry, Duke of Cumberland* son of Queen Anne, from his birth to his sixth year, in which Judith Lewis, an honest Welshman in attendance on the royal infant's person, is pleased to record that his Royal Highness taught, *cried, cur'd, and said Ay and Dy*, very like a babe of pluckian descent. He had also a promotion taste for the discipline as well as the show of war, and had a corps of twenty-one boys, swayed with paper cups and wooden swords. For the maintenance of discipline in this juvenile corps, a warden house was established in the Presence-chamber, and was constantly employed in the punishment of offences not strictly military. Hopton, the Duke's tailor, having made him a suit of clothes which were too tight, was appointed, in an order of the day issued by the young prince, to be placed on this penal stool. The man of necessity, by dint of supplication and supplication, escaped from the prison, which was likely to equal the inconveniences of his brother artist's execution trip to Rometel. But an attendant named Wastharty, who had presumed to bring the young prince a toy which he had discarded the use of them, was actually executed on the wooden horse without a minute, with his feet to the tail, while he was pined by four servants of the household with cyrils and aquilas, till he had a thorough swelling. "He was a waggish fellow," says Lewis, "and would not lose anything for the job's sake when he was putting his tricks upon others, so he was obliged to submit cheerfully to what was inflicted upon him, being at our mercy to play him off well, which we did accordingly." And much more nonsense, Lewis's book shows that this poor child, the son of the British monarch, who died when he was eleven years old, was in truth of prevailing parts, and of a good disposition. The volume, which rarely occurs, is in two, published in 1789, the editor being Dr. Philip Baynes of Oxford.

NOTE F, p. 118.—*Sir James Turner.*

Sir James Turner was a soldier of fortune, bred in the civil wars. He was intrusted with a commission to levy the fleet imposed by the Privy Council for insubordination, in the district of Denbigh and Salway. In this capacity he waded the country so much by his rations, that the people rose and made him prisoner, and then proceeded in arms towards Mil-lodine, where they were defeated at Fyfehead Hill in 1655. Besides his treatise on the Military Art, Sir James Turner wrote several other works, the most curious of which is his *Memories of his own Life and Times*, which has just been printed (1850), under the charge of the Romanyer Club.

NOTE G, p. 120.—*John Galtland or Galtvood.*

This remarkable person valued the naturally inconsistent qualities of courage and cowardice, a disinterested and devoted loyalty to his prince, with a disregard of the rights of his fellow-subjects. He was the unsung hero of the Scottish Privy Council in opposing the madman's invasion of the Government in Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. ;

but he redeemed his character by the zeal with which he asserted the cause of the latter monarch after the Revolution, the military skill with which he supported it at the battle of Marston, and by his own death in the arms of victory.

It is said by tradition, that he was very desirous to see, and be introduced to, a certain Lady Elphinstoun, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years and upwards. The noble mistress, being a staunch whig, was rather unwilling to receive Claver's (as he was called from his title), but at length consented. After the usual compliments, the ladies observed to the lady, that having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must in her time have seen many strange changes. "Don't you, sir," said Lady Elphinstoun, "the world is just as old with you as it began. When I was entering life, there was one Knap doering as a' o' his claver, and now I am graying out, there is one Claver's doering as a' o' his claver."

Claver signifying, in common parlance, his clut, the double pun does credit to the ingenuity of a lady of a hundred years old.

Part II, p. 188.—CORNET GRABAME.

There was actually a young cornet of the Life-Guards named Grabame, and probably some relation of Claverhouse, slain in the skirmish of Drumclog. In the old ballad on the battle of Rerkwell Bridge, Claverhouse is said to have continued the slaughter of the fugitives in revenge of this gentleman's death.

"Hold up your hand," thus Kenneth said;
 "Be quarters to these men for me,"
 But bloody Claver's sword on earth,
 His Kenneth's death avenged should be.

The body of this young man was found shockingly mangled after the battle, his eyes pulled out, and his features so much distorted, that it was impossible to recognize him. The story continues that this was done by the whigs; because, finding the name Grabame wrought in the young gentleman's waistcoat, they took the corpse for that of Claver's himself. The story authentic gives a different account, from tradition, of the cause of Cornet Grabame's body being thus mangled. He had, say they, refused his own dog any food on the morning of the battle, offering, with an oath, that he should have no breakfast laid upon the flesh of the whigs. The servants, alarmed, it is said, flew at his master as soon as he fell, and lacerated his face and throat.

These two stories are presented to the reader, leaving it to him to judge whether it is most likely that a party of persecuted and desperate fanatics should mangle a body supposed to be that of their chief enemy, in the same manner as several persons present at Drumclog had shortly before treated the person of Archbishop Sharp; or that a domestic dog should, for want of a single breakfast, become so ferocious as to feed on his own master, selecting his body from wounds that were lying around equally accessible to his voracious appetite.

WEEK 1, p. 112.—PROOF AGAINST MEAT GIVEN BY SATAN.

The belief of the Quakers that their political enemies, and Charles Sumner in particular, had obtained from the devil a charm which rendered them proof against leaden bullets, led them to persist even the circumstances of his death. Henry of Longueville, after giving some account of the battle of Killcrankie, adds:—

"The battle was very bloody, and by Mackay's third son, Charles Sumner, son of whom historians give little account; but it has been said for certain, that his own mother-in-law, taking a resolution to end the world of this traitorous bloody monster, and knowing he had proof of lead, shot him with a silver bullet he had before taken off his own coat for that purpose. However, he fell, and with him Popery, and King James's interest in Scotland."—*God's Judgment on Persecution*, p. xxxix.

Original Note.—"Perhaps some may think this strange proof of a shot a paradox, and be ready to object here, as formerly, concerning Bishop Sharp and Dabell:—How can the devil have so given a power to men like 'em. Without entering upon the thing in its reality, I shall only observe,—but, That it is neither in his power, or of his nature, to be a creator of men's lives, as he is called Apollyon the destroyer. No, That even in this case he is said only to give reinforcement against one kind of metal, and this does not save life: for the lead would not take Sharp or Charles Sumner's lives, yet steel and silver would do it: and for Dabell, though he died not on the field, he did not escape the arrows of the Almighty."—*Notes*.

NOTE 2, p. 180.—CHARLES SUMNER'S CHARM.

It appears, from the letter of Charles Sumner afterwards quoted, that the horse on which he rode at Brandy was not black, but white. The Author has been misled as to the colour by the many extraordinary traditions current in Scotland concerning Charles Sumner's famous black charger, which was generally believed to have been a gift to its rider from the Author of Evil, who is said to have performed the Quaker's operation upon its flanks. This horse was so stout, and its rider so expert, that they are said to have outstepped and outlasted, or turned, a horse upon the River-Law, near the head of Moffat Water, where the descent is so precipitous, that no merely earthly horse could keep its feet, or merely mortal rider could keep the saddle.

There is a curious passage in the testimony of John Duff, one of the suffering Presbyterians, in which the author, by describing each of the persecutions by their predominant qualities or passions, shows how little their best-beloved adherents would avail them in the great day of judgment. When he introduces Charles Sumner, it is to approach him with his passion for horses in general, and for that steel in particular, which was killed at Drumming in the manner described in the text:—

"And for that bloodthirsty sword, Charles Sumner, how little he to shelter himself that day! Is it possible the gentle thing can be so mad as to stick to secure himself by the sheath of his horse's cresture, he has so much respect for, that he regarded more the loss of his horse at Drumming, than all the wounds he there, and were there full rather than on either party

tion himself) ! No, sure—though he could tell upon a diplomat that could extract the spirits out of all the leaves in the world, and believe them to be mine, though he were on that landscape never so well invested, in most not dream of copying." (P. 26.) *A Treatise on the Doctrine, Heresies, Schisms, and Government of the Church of Scotland, etc.*, as it was left in writing by that truly pious and eminently faithful, and now glorified Minister, Mr. John Hall. To which is added, his last Speech and Sermon on the Scaffold, on Sat. March 1684, which day he sealed this testimony, etc. 17 vol. 8vo. As you or others of us think.

The reader may perhaps desire some further information on the subject of Ernest Graham's death and the flight of Charbonnet, from the following Latin text, a part of a poem entitled *Notae Mathematicae*, by Andrew Baily, which entry is mentioned in the *Advanced Literature* ...

[illegible]

Abstract

Form E. 100—Revised 10-1-60

This affair, the only one in which Clarkson was defeated, or the insurgent Cameronian successful, was fought pretty much in the manner mentioned in the text. The Beparians lost about thirty or forty men. The commander of the Presbyterian, or rather seceding party, was Mr. Robert Hamilton, of the honorable House of Peers, brother of Sir William Hamilton, to whose title and senate he afterwards succeeded; but according to his biographer, Marquis of Londonderry, he never took possession of either, as he could not do so without acknowledging the right of the

William (an unscrupulous monarch) to the north. Hamilton had been told by Bishop Burnet, while the latter lived at Glasgow; his brother, Sir Thomas, having married a sister of that historian. "He was then," says the Bishop, "a lively, impetuous, young man; but getting into that company, and into their notions, he became a craft-brained enthusiast."

Several well-meaning persons have been much scandalized at the manner in which the victims are said to have conducted themselves towards the prisoners at Drumclog. But the principle of these poor knaves (I mean the high-flying, or Cameronian party) was to obtain not merely toleration for their church, but the same supremacy which Presbyterians had acquired in Scotland after the treaty of Rippon, between Charles I. and his Scottish subjects, in 1640.

The fact is, that they considered themselves a chosen people, sent forth to subjugate the heathen, like the Jews of old, and under a similar charge to shew no quarter.

The historian of the Restoration of Scotland makes the following explicit avowal of the principles on which their General acted:—

"Mr. Hamilton discovered a great deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict with, and pursuit of, the enemy; but when he and some other were pursuing the enemy, others flew too greedily upon the spoil, so that as it was, instead of pursuing the victory; and some, without Mr. Hamilton's knowledge, and directly contrary to his express command, gave fire of those bloody musket quarrels, thus let them go. This greedily grieved Mr. Hamilton when he saw some of Bala's troops appear after that the Lord had delivered them into their hands, that they might dash them against the stones.—Fisher recorded it. In his own account of this, he relates the sparing of three muskets, not letting them go, to be among their first shoppings aside, for which he feared that the Lord would not honour them to do much more for him; and says, that he was neither for taking them from, nor giving fire to, the Lord's muskets." See *A true and impartial Account of the persecuted Presbyterians in Scotland*, their being in arms, and styled of *Stewart's Army*, in 1679, by *William Wilson*, late Schoolmaster in the parish of Douglas. The reader who would authenticate the quotation, must not consult any other edition than that of 1677; for somewhere or other the publisher of the last edition has omitted this remarkable part of the narrative.

Mr. Robert Hamilton himself felt neither remorse nor shame for having yet to death one of the prisoners after the battle with his own hand, which appears to have been a charge against him, by some whose fanaticism was less excited than his own.

"As for that accusation they bring against me of killing that poor man (as they call him) at Drumclog, I may easily prove that my account can be no other but some of the house of God, or Christ, or some such thing again to signify that poor gentleman (that) his quarrel against honest Camels, for his striving to kill that poor man Aggie, after the king's giving him quarter. But I, being so commanded that day, gave out the word that no quarter should be given; and returning from pursuing Charles's house, some two of these fellows were standing in the midst of a company of our friends, and some were shooting the quarrels, others against it. None could blame me to handle the controversy, and I leave the Lord for it to this day. There were five more that without my knowledge got quarter, who were brought to me

after we were a mile from the place we had engaged quarter, which I reckoned among the first stoppings made; and seeing that spirit amongst us at that time, I then told it to some that were with me (as my best remembrance, it was James and John Watson), that I feared the Lord would not favour us to do much more for him. I shall only say this,—I desire to bless his holy name, that since ever he helped me to set my face to his work, I never had, nor would take, a favour from manna, either on right or left hand, and desired to give as free."

The preceding passage is extracted from a long vindication of his own conduct, sent by Sir Robert Hamilton, 7th December 1694, addressed to the anti-Popish, anti-Protestant, anti-Whig, anti-Revolution true Presbyterian members of the Church of Scotland; and the substance is to be found in the work or collection called, *Fortnight's Conversations Displayed*, collected and transcribed by John Brown.

As the skirmish of Drumclog has been, of late the subject of some inquiry, the reader may be curious to see Claverhouse's own account of the affair, in a letter to the Earl of Lauderdale, written immediately after the action. This passage, as it may be called, occurs in the volume called *Dundas's Letters*, printed (1818) by Mr. George Haythorn (of Melrose) as a contribution to the Bannockburn Club. The original is in the library of the Duke of Buckingham. Claverhouse, it may be observed, speaks like a chamber-maid.

"FOR THE BATTLE OF LATRIMORE."

[*Commander-in-chief of King Charles II.'s Forces in Scotland.*]

"Glasgow, Jan. the 1, 1679.

"My Lords,—Upon Saturday's night, when my Lord Howe came into this place, I married out, and because of the darkness that had been down two nights before at Glasgow, I went thither and tapped for the women. As much as I got there, I sent my party to assist in them, and found not only three of those rogues, but also one intermeddler called King. We had them at seven about six in the morning yesterday, and reaching to convey them to this, I thought that we might make a little tour to see if we could fall upon a conventicle; which we did, late to our advantage; for when we came in sight of them, we found them drawn up in battal, upon a most advantageous ground, to which there was no coming but through moors and lakes. They were not marching, and had got away all their muskets and shiffring. They consisted of two battalions of foot, and all well armed with pikes and pibrochs, and three squadrons of horse. We sent both parties to skirmish, they of foot and we of dragoons; they ran for it, and sent down a battalions of foot against them; we sent three-score of dragoons, who made them run aside shamefully; but in and they perceiving that we had the better of them in skirmish, they received a general engagement, and immediately advanced with their foot, the horse following; they came through the lakes: the greatest body of all made up against my troops; we kept our fire till they were within ten paces of us; they reared our fire, and advanced to attack; the first they gave us brought down the Colonel Mr. Crawford and Captain Maule, besides that with a pibroch they made such an opening in my foot horse's body, that his gate being

cut half an eye, and yet he saved me of an eye; which we thought our men, that they obtained not the shock, but fell into disorder. These losses took the occasion of this, and persuaded us so badly that we had no time to rally. I saved the standards, but lost on the place about eight or ten men, besides wounded; but the dragons lost many more. They were not run only at on the other side, for I saved several of them fall before we came to the shock. I read the best retreats the confusion of our people would suffer, and I am now laying with my Lord Howe. The loss of Murray drew up as we was making our retreat, and thought of a plan to cut us off, but we took courage and fell to them, made them run, leaving a domain on the place. What these regiments will do yet I know not, but the country was looking to them from all hands. This may be counted the beginning of the retreat, in my opinion.

"I am, my lord,

Your lordship's most humble servant,

"J. GRAYSON.

"My lord, I am so worried, and so sleepy, that I have written this very confusedly."

NOTE I, p. 224.—*Force among the Dissenters.*

These facts, which tend to place the British army of insurgents, turned nearly on the point whether the king's interest or royal authority was to be saved or not, and whether the party in arms was to be controlled with a few standards of their own religion, or based upon the re-establishment of Presbytery in its supreme authority, and with full power to predominate over all other forms of worship. The few country gentlemen who joined the insurrection, with the most sensible part of the clergy, thought it best to limit their demands to what it might be possible to obtain. But the party who urged these moderate views were turned by the more ardent spirits, the Reaction party,—men, namely, who were willing to place the church under the influence of the civil government, and therefore they associated them, "A sword upon Miquis, and a net spread upon Tobin."—See the life of Sir Robert Hamilton in the Scottish Fortification, and his account of the battle of Redbank Bridge, *postea*.

NOTE II, p. 224.—*Royal Army at Redbank Bridge.*

A Commercial man was awakened from slumber on this solemn occasion, and gave the following account of the muster of the royal forces, in poetry nearly as melodiously as the subject:—

They marched out, through Ulster's lanes
 For to strike their foes;
 And went for all the north's country
 To come, both foot and horse.

Marching did come, and Affairs took,
 And with them many more;
 And all the Highland Armies
 That had been there before.

The London Mellicams* they
 Came with their coats of liver ;
 Five hundred men from London came,
 (Gild in a reddish hue.

When they were assembled one and all,
 A full brigade were they ;
 Laid in a park of holly hedges,
 Looking after their prey.

When they were all provided well,
 In armour and munition,
 Then further wonder did they cause
 Most cruel of taxation.

The royalties exhibited their victory in stanzas of equal merit. Specimens of both may be found in the curious collection of *Fugitive Scottish Poetry*, principally of the Seventeenth Century, printed for the Bazaar, London, Edinburgh.

NOTE D, p. 231.—*REVEREND PRESBYTERIAN.*

The Author does not, by any means, desire that Presbyter should be regarded as a just representation of the moderate Presbyterians, among whom were many ministers whose courage was equal to their good sense and sound views of religion. Were he to write the tale anew, he would probably endeavour to give the character a higher tone. It is certain, however, that the Conservatives inspired in their opponents in opinion concerning the Indulgences, or others of their strained and fanciful notions, a disposition not only to seek their own safety, but to enjoy themselves. Hamilton speaks of these clergymen of this description as follows :—

"They pretended great zeal against the Indulgences ; but alas ! that was all ; their private character being but very gross, which I shall not hint at in short. When great Chalmers and those with him were taking many a cold blast and storm in the fields and among the cot-houses in Scotland, these three had for the most part their residence in Glasgow, where they found good quarters and a full table, which I should not but have bestowed upon them from real affection to the Lord's cause ; and when these three were together, their greatest work was who should make the finest and sharpest remark, and breathe the quickest jest upon one another, and to tell what valiant acts they were to do, and who could laugh loudest and most heartily among them ; and when at any time they came out to the country, whenever other things they had, they were careful each of them to have a great stock of brandy with them, which was very heavy to some, particularly to Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Chappell, and Henry Hall—I shall never be more."—*Scottish Churchings*, p. 131.

NOTE Q, p. 237.—*GENERAL DUNLOP.*

In *Orkney's Memoirs*, edited by Smith, where a particular account of this remarkable person's down and hair is given, he is said never to have worn

* *Scottish Mellicams.*

lights. The following account of his encounter with John Paton of Kimberland, showed, that in action at least he were pretty stout ones, when the matter he believed to believe in the truth of his having a chance, which made him proud against him.

"Dabell," says Paton's biographer, "advanced the whole left wing of his army on Colonel Wallace's right. Here Captain Paton behaved with great courage and gallantry. Dabell, knowing him to be the better man, advanced upon him himself, thinking to take him prisoner. Upon his approach, such provoked his pistol. On their first discharge, Captain Paton perceiving his pistol-bell to lay upon Dabell's heels, and knowing what was the man, (he having sworn) put his hand in his pocket for some small pieces of silver he had there for the purpose, and put one of them into his other pistol. But Dabell, having his eye upon him in the meanwhile, retired, behind his own man, who by that means was slain."

Dabell's Prosecution.

I General Thomas Dalrymple, Lieutenant General of his Majesty's Forces Do sincerely affirm and declare that I judge it unlawful for subjects upon pretence for Information or other pretence whatsoever to enter Leagues and Covenants or to rise up in arms against the King or those commissioned by him; and that all those gatherings, Conventions, Petitions, Proclamations, revelling and keeping of General tables that were used in the beginning and for carrying on the late troubles were unlawful and seditious and particularly those tables whereof the use is commonly called the National Covenant (as it was revised and explained in the year 1638 and thereafter) and the other entitled a Solemn League and Covenant, &c. &c.

At Edinburgh 1st May 1644.

DALRYMPL.

NOTE P, p. 221.—NOTE TO CHARLES TRENT-BRIDGE.

The principal incident of the foregoing Chapter was suggested by an occurrence of a similar kind, told me by a gentleman, now deceased, who held an important situation in the Bank, to which he had been raised by active and valuable services in an inferior department. When employed as a supervisor on the coast of Galway, at a time when the insurrection of the Isle of Man rendered smuggling almost universal in that district, this gentleman had the fortune to offend, highly avowed of the leaders in the contraband trade, by his zeal in serving the revenue.

This rendered his situation a dangerous one, and, on more than one occasion, placed his life in jeopardy. At one time in particular, as he was riding after sunset on a summer evening, he came suddenly upon a gang of the most desperate smugglers in that part of the country. They surrounded him, without violence, but in such a manner as to show that it would be resorted to if he offered resistance, and gave him to understand he must spend the evening with them, since they had met so happily. The officer did not attempt opposition, but only asked leave to send a country lad to tell his wife and family that he should be detained later than he expected. As he had to charge the boy with this message in the presence of the

strugglers, he could find no hope of deliverance from it, nor what might arise from the sharpness of the father's observation, and the natural anxiety and affection of his wife. But if his wound should be delivered and treated liberally, as he was conscious the struggles expected, it was likely that it might, by suspending alarm about his absence from home, postpone all search after him till it might be useless. Making a merit of necessity, therefore, he instructed and despatched his messenger, and went with the contraband traders, with seeming willingness, to one of their ordinary haunts. He sat down at table with them, and they began to drink and indulge themselves in gross jokes, while, like Michael in the "Innocent," their placidness hid the heavy task of resisting their inclination to wit, converting their hearts with good-humour, and withholding from them the opportunity which they sought of engaging him in a quarrel, that they might have a pretence for mistaking him. He succeeded for some time, but soon became satisfied it was their purpose to murder him outright, or else to hurt him in such a manner as soon to leave him with life. A report for the security of the British evening, which still calmly circulated among these lawless men, averted their habitual violation of divine and social law, prevented their commencing their intended cruelty until the Sabbath should be terminated. They were sitting around their various pipes, muttering to each other words of terrible import, and watching the index of a clock, which was slowly to strike the hour at which, in their apprehension, murder would become lawful, when their intended victim heard a distant rustling like the wind among withered leaves. It came nearer, and resembled the sound of a brook in that chafing within its banks; it came nearer yet, and was plainly distinguished as the galloping of a party of horse. The absence of his husband, and the account given by the boy of the suspicious appearance of those with whom he had remained, had induced Mrs. — to apply to the neighbouring town for a party of dragoons, who then providentially arrived in time to save him from extreme violence, if not from actual destruction.

NOTE Q, p. 104.—SUSPECTED APPEARANCE OF MORTON.

This incident is taken from a story in the *History and Family of Apperleys* (London, 1728) written by Daniel Defoe, under the assumed name of Morton. To abridge the narrative, we are under the necessity of omitting many of those particular circumstances which give the fiction of this most ingenious author such a lively air of truth.

A gentleman married a lady of family and fortune, and had one son, by her, after which the lady died. The widower afterwards united himself in a second marriage; and his wife proved such a very agreeable to the heir of the first marriage, that, dissatisfied with his situation, he left his father's house, and set out on distant travels. His father heard from him occasionally, and the young man for some time drew regularly the certain allowances which were settled upon him. At length, owing to the instigation of his mother-in-law, one of his draughts was refused, and the bill interest discontinued.

After receiving this affront, the youth drew no bills, and wrote no more letters, nor did his father know in what part of the world he was.

The stepmother seized the opportunity to reproach the young man as dishonest, and to urge her husband to settle his estate now upon her children, of whom she had several. The father for a length of time positively refused to disinherit his son, contented as he was, in his own mind, that he was still alive.

At length, worn out by his wife's importunities, he agreed to execute the new deeds, if his son did not return within a year.

During the interval, there were many violent disputes between the husband and wife, upon the subject of the family settlements. In the midst of one of these altercations, the lady was startled by seeing a hand at a moment of the window; but as the iron bars, according to the ancient fashion, fastened to the inside, the hand seemed to creep the furnishings, and being unable to make them, was immediately withdrawn. The lady, forgetting the quarrel with her husband, exclaimed that there was some one in the garden. The husband rushed out, but could find no trace of an intruder, while the walls of the garden seemed to render it impossible for any such to have made his escape. He therefore turned his wife with having feared that which she supposed she saw. She maintained the accuracy of her sight; on which her husband observed, that it must have been the devil, who was apt to tempt those who had evil consciences. This last remark brought back the matrimonial dialogue to its original subject. "It was no devil," said the lady, "but the ghost of your son comes to tell you he is dead, and that you may give your estate to your husband, since you will not settle it on the lawful heir."—"It was my son," said he, "come to tell me that he is alive, and ask you how you can be such a devil as to urge me to disinherit him;" with that he started up and exclaimed, "Alexander, Alexander! if you are alive, show yourself, and do not let me be haunted every day with being told you are dead."

At these words, the comment which the hand had been seen at, opened of itself, and his son, Alexander looked in with a full face, and, staring directly at the mother, with an angry countenance, cried, "Eve!" and then vanished in a moment.

The lady, though much frightened at the apparition, had wit enough to make it serve her own purpose; for, as the specter appeared at her husband's summons, she made otherwise that he had a familiar spirit who appeared when he called it. To escape from this discreditable charge, the poor husband agreed to make the new settlement of the estate in the terms demanded by the unreasonable lady.

A meeting of friends was held for that purpose, the new deed was executed, and the wife was about to cancel the former settlement by tearing the seal, when on a sudden they heard a rushing noise in the parlour in which they sat, as if something had come in at the door of the room which opened from the hall, and then had gone through the room towards the garden-door, which was shut; they were all surprised at it, for the sound was very distinct, but they saw nothing.

This noise interrupted the business of the meeting, but the persevering lady brought them back to it. "I am not frightened," said she, "not I.—Come," said she to her husband, laughingly. "I'll cancel the old writings if forty devils were in the room;" with that she took up one of the deeds, and was about to tear off the seal. But the double-ganger, or *diabolus*, of

Alexander, was as particular in guarding the rights of his principal, as his companion in invading them.

The same moment she asked the pages to destroy it, the document flew open, though it was shut in the instant just as it was before, and the shadow of a body was seen as standing in the garden without, the face looking into the room, and staring directly at the woman with a stern and angry countenance.—"Hush!" said the speaker, as if speaking to the help, and immediately closed the window and retired. After this second interruption, the new settlement was attended by the consent of all concerned, and Alexander, in about four or five months after, arrived from the East Indies, to which he had gone four years before from London in a Portuguese ship. He could give no explanation of what had happened, excepting that he deemed his father had written him an angry letter, threatening to disinherit him.—*The History and Antiquity of Apparitions*, chap. viii.

NOTE B, p. 304.—*PARADISE LOST*.

The death of a man, or rather a monster, of this name, are recorded upon the two leaves of one of those volumes which it was Old Mortality's delight to rattle. I do not remember the name of the monster's parent, but the circumstances of the crime were as terrible to my childish imagination, that I am confident the following copy of the epitaph will be found nearly correct, although I have not seen the original for forty years at least:—

"This monster was by Peter Inglish shot,
By birth a tiger rather than a host;
That, that his Indian offspring might be seen,
Cut off his head, then looked it over the green;
Thus was the head which was to wear the crown,
A foot-ball made by a profane dragon."

In Dr. Butler's Letters, Captain Inglish, or Inglis, is repeatedly mentioned as commanding a troop of horse.

The murdered woman here referred to was James White, of the parish of Yewstich, Argyshire. The epitaph appeared in the *Chronicle of Scotland*, a well-known work published in 1718; but the brutal conduct of Inglish is thus stated in a pamphlet or "Mineral" printed in 1699:—"Item—The said Peter or Peirick Inglish killed one James White, steward of his land with an ax, brought it to Newcastle, and played at the Foot-ball with it, he killed him at Little-black wood, the twelfth year 1698."

As proof of the Author's singular memory, it may be stated that the epitaph as quoted above is almost verbatim with the original, except in the third line, which runs thus, "who, that his monstrous Extent might be seen."

This Peter Inglish, a comical or dragons, was the son of Captain John Inglish for Inglish, as Lord Dundee calls him, above mentioned. In the earlier editions of the *Scotts Worthies*, John Brown, the author, calls an Appendix, "God's Justice exemplified in his Judgments upon Persecutors." Here it is stated regarding Peter Inglish, that if not he himself, some other "profane dragons," connected with the atrocious incident described in the

upright on White, not with a sudden death by falling backward, from the battlement of the garbion-house near Kilmacow, known as *Donn Castle*.]

NOTE 8, p. 434.—THE EXHIBITS OF THE CONCLAVE.

The severity of persecution often drove the sufferers to hide themselves in dens and caves of the earth, where they had not only to struggle with the real dangers of damp, darkness, and famine, but were called upon, in their disordered imaginations, to oppose the infernal powers by whom such caverns were believed to be haunted. A very romantic scene of robes, blankets, and candles, called *Orléans Hall*, on the walls of *Clonsilla* (*Dunfinkilish*), is said to have been the retreat of many of these enthusiasts, who judged it safer to face the apparitions by which the place was thought to be haunted, than to expose themselves to the rage of their mortal enemies.

Another remarkable encounter between the *Peat Fire* and the champions of the *Command*, is preserved in certain rude rhymes, not yet forgotten in *Ulster Forest*. Two men, it is said, by name *Robert Bolton* and *David Day*, constructed for themselves a place of refuge in a hidden cavity, of a very strange character, by the side of a considerable waterfall, near the head of *Ballis Water*. Here, concealed from human eyes, they were assailed by beings himself, who came upon them grinning and making mouths, as if trying to frighten them, and disturb their devotions. The warriors, more intimated than astonished at this supernatural visitation, scolded their ghostly visitors, buffeted him soundly with their staves, and compelled him at length to change himself into the semblance of a pack of dried salmon, in which shape he rolled down the cascade. The shape which he assumed was probably designed to excite the curiosity of the woodmen, who, as hunters of *bollocks*, might have been disposed to attempt something to serve a purpose of good hunting. Thus,

"*Rob Day and David Day,
Being the Ball over Bolton's Life.*"

The popular verses recording this feat, to which Burns seems to have been indebted for some hints in his "*Address to the Deil*," may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. II.

It cannot be matter of wonder to any one at all acquainted with human nature, that enthusiasts should have appeared, by no means, the apprehensions to which men of enthusiastic character were disposed by the gloomy legends to which they had tied for refuge.

NOTE 9, p. 435.—PUNISHMENTS OF THE CONCLAVE.

The record of Captain John Paton of *Strathbarnet*, a *Companion* known for his personal prowess, bore testimony to his station in the ranks of the *Command*, and was typical of the oppression of the times. "This sword of short blades" (*pointed, Italian*) "not razed," says Mr. *Stowe* of *Leithgum*. "It was thus by his propensities" (*meaning descendants*), a rather unusual use of the word "scathed" to have twenty-eight gaps in

its edge; which made them afterwards observe, that there were just as many pains in the throes of the persecution as there were steps or broken places in the edge thereof."—*Scottish Martyrs*, edit. 1797, p. 412.

The persecuted party, in their circumstances led to their placing a due and solemn reliance on heaven, when earth was scarce permitted to hear them, fell naturally into enthusiastic credulity; and, as they imagined, direct communion with the powers of darkness, so they conceived none amongst them to be possessed of a power of prediction, which, though they did not exactly call it inspired prophecy, seems to have approached, in their opinion, very nearly to it. The subject of these predictions was generally of a melancholy nature; for it is during such times of blood and confusion that

"Pale-eyed prophecies whisper fearful things."

The celebrated Alexander Peden was haunted by the terrors of a French invasion, and was often heard to exclaim, "Oh, the Moscovs, the French Moscovs!" (the Moscovs, doubtless, "how they run! How long will they run! O Lord, cut their throats, and stay their running!") He afterwards declared, that French blood would run thicker in the waters of Ayr and Clyde than ever did that of the Highlanders. Upon another occasion, he said he had been made to see the French marching with their swains through the length and breadth of the land to the head of all rivers, up to the British-ness, and that for a burning, heaving, and horrid covenant.

Gabriel Saurin also prophesied. In passing by the house of Kilmarnock, to which workmen were making some additions, he said, "Look, you are very busy making and repairing that house, but it will be burned like a crow's nest in a misty May morning;" which accordingly came to pass, the house being burned by the English forces in a cloudy May morning. Other instances might be added, but these are enough to show the character of the people and times.

NOTE D, p. 412.—JOHN BULLOCK, CALLED BUCKY.

Dear reader, I did request of mine honest friend Peter Freeland, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his fidelity and just dealings, as well in words and numbers as in small wares, to procure me, on his next perambulations to that village, a copy of the Epistle which thou hast, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus:—

Have been and abode in prisoner's cells;
Being John Bullock, sometime of Berley,
Who stirred up to vengeance John,
For Robert Leaper and George's friends,
Upon the Mager-Moor in 1746,
Did rob James Gray the apostate's life;
By Debban's hands was hatched and shot,
Then drawn to Clyde over the same spot.

The return of John Bullock of Kilmock, called Bucky, to Scotland, as well as his violent death in the manner described, is entirely fictitious. He was wounded at Redford Bridge, when he stirred the execution train

forced to the west, not much in unison with his religious perceptions. He afterwards escaped to Holland, where he found refuge, with other fugitives of that disturbed period. His biographer seems simple enough to believe that he ran high in the Prison of Orange's tower, and observed, "That having still a desire to be avenged upon those who persecuted the Lord's cause and people in Scotland, it is said he obtained liberty from the Prison for that purpose, but died at sea before he arrived in Scotland; whereby that design was never accomplished, and so the blood was never cleansed by the blood of those who had shed innocent blood, according to the law of the Lord, Gen. ix. 5, Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."—*Scottish Worthies*, p. 321.

It was reserved for this historian to discover, that the moderation of King William, and his professed anxiety to prevent that perpetrating of bloody quarrels, which he called in modern times Revolution, were only adopted in consequence of the death of John Balliol, called Bruce.

The late Mr. Wemyss, of Wemyss Hall, in Fife-shire, succeeded to Dalme's property in late times, and had several accounts, papers, articles of dress, &c., which belonged to the old household.

His name seems still to exist in Holland or Flanders; for in the Dutch papers of 1784, July 1808, Lieutenant Colonel Dalme de Burleigh is named Commandant of the troops of the King of the Netherlands in the West Indies.

GLOSSARY

OF

CERTAIN SCOTCH WORDS AND PHRASES, AS APPLIED IN OLD MORTALITY.

A', all.
Aaun, above.
Aaunnaunna, indifferently.
Aa, one.
Aaun, against, with.
Aaun, behind.
Aaun, every.
Aa, it.
Aa, a short.
Aaun, turned every.
Aa', all.
Aa, one.

Faa, a hawk.
Faa, long.
Faun, a neighbour.
Faun, a child.
Faunna, a nose.
Faun, the wife.
Faunna, halfpenny.
Faunna, health, greenfinger.
Faunna, directly.
Faun, well provided.
Faunna, standing.
Faun, within, between, well mixed for.
Faunna, a hole.
Faun, with, within.
Faunna, shelter.
Faunna, to eat.
Faunna, a lively little fellow.
Faun, love.
Faunna, a good bit.
Faunna, coloured, healthy.
Faunna, happy.
Faunna, a small copper coin.
Faunna, an aperture.
Faunna, pretty.
Faun, a ball.
Faunna, the, have.
Faunna, horse-collar.
Faunna, freedom.
Faunna, spreading.

Faunna, nothing.
Faunna, a lightest skin.
Faunna, the pulse of wind, also liking.
Faunna, a lowering.
Faunna, look up.
Go', call : on the platoon, work the plough.
Go', call, a fall.
Go', call, quiet, careless.
Go', call, a fellow.
Go', call, join.
Go', call, old English, vintner.
Go', call, a fellow.
Go', call, somewhat.
Go', call, a fellow.
Go', call, chimney.
Go', call, stolen.
Go', call, partly, somewhat, somewhat.
Go', call, somewhat.
Go', call, partly.
Go', call, cheap.
Go', call, a top-head on the head,
 bound by a knot.
Go', call, horse.
Go', call, likely to a room, room.
Go', call, road.
Go', call, a part important girl.
Go', call, looking, stirring.
Go', call, looking, slight.
Go', call, room.
Go', call, death.
Go', call, daily.
Go', call, spreading, rising.
Go', call, horse.
Go', call, do not.
Go', call, as one, a room.
Go', call, do.
Go', call, quiet, careless.
Go', call, to double a lady or lady.
Go', call, nothing.
Go', call, do not.

Tan's sa, did not that.
Tany, to suffer.
Tanyon, dry, thirsty.
Tanyon, divided.
Tany, clothes.
Tany, beautiful.
Tany, a crown.

Ta, eye.
Tay, eye.
Tay, eye.
Tayon, attentive.
Tay, in addition.

Ta', fall.
Tayon, are you a, with him.
Tay, to collect.
Tay, inside.
Tayon, toward.
Tayon, intention.
Tay are moving, wings and beauty.
Tay, provide.
Tayon, intention.
Tayon, illness.
Tayon, outside.
Tay, answer.
Tay, cold.
Tay, inside.
Tayon, draw up together, become intimate.
Tay, and, ill.
Tay to Ta, ill both you.
Tayon, a poison.
Tay, always.

Tay, go.
Tayon, go.
Tay, white, oblige.
Tay, way, with, direct him.
Tayon, a stand for rain.
Tay, property.
Tay, as, my truck, ready child.
Tay, give.
Tay, a brother.
Tayon, a head-stone.
Tayon, dyed-dyeing.
Tay, quiet.
Tay, to intend.
Tayon, bright.
Tayon, give.
Tayon, but, stoppage.
Tay, a hat.
Tayon, inside.
Tayon, give.
Tayon, when.
Tayon, given.

Tayon, toward.
Tayon, tail.
Tayon, inside.
Tayon, my, look is open.
Tayon, hold.
Tayon, answer.
Tayon, the heart.
Tayon, intention, intention.
Tayon, give.
Tayon, do.
Tayon, the Commission takes me
slipped on the hill.
Tayon, house.
Tayon, rough.
Tayon, better.
Tayon, a retreat.
Tayon, looking.
Tayon, looking.
Tay, like, such, every.
Tayon, do.

Tayon, respect.
Tay, a direction.
Tay, rain, with the person, both.
Tayon, intention intention intention
to take care the work.
Tayon, a night.
Tay, three.
Tayon, a night.
Tayon, looking.
Tayon, talking, spring.
Tay, like.
Tayon, a point.

Tayon, long.
Tayon, of long time.
Tayon, a little girl.
Tayon, the intention.
Tayon, the intention.
Tayon, answer.
Tayon, path of the land.
Tayon, a letter.
Tayon, spirit.
Tayon, change.
Tayon, long.
Tayon, three.
Tayon, the one.
Tayon, always.

Tayon, a little one.
Tayon, toward.
Tayon, toward, path.
Tayon, good.
Tayon, patient.
Tayon, a hat.

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